THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEC. 7, 1918

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CHANGE OF VENUS

Ranchers From Ten Miles Up and Down the Creek Would Drop Important Work Just to Ride Over and Tell Him Harsh Facts About the Law, and How, as Man to Man, it Looked Dark Indeed for Him

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MA PETTENGILL and I rode laboring horses up a steep way between two rocky hillsides that doubled the rays of the high sun back upon us and smothered the little breeze that tried to follow us up from the flat lands of the Arrowhead. We breathed the pointed smell of the sage and we breathed the thick hot dust that hung lazily about us; a dust like powdered chocolate, that cloyed and choked.

As recreation it was blighting; and I said almost as much. Ma Pettengill was deaf to it, her gray head in its broad-brimmed hat sternly bowed in meditation as she wove to her horse's motion. Then I became aware that she talked to another; one who was not there. She said things I was sure he would not have liked to hear. She hung choice insults upon his name and blistered his fair repute with calumnies. She was a geyser of invective, quiet perhaps for fifty yards, then grandly in action.

"Call yourself a cowman, hey? What you ought to be is matron of a foundling asylum. Yes, sir!"

This was among the least fearful of her dusty scornings. And I knew she would be addressing one Homer Gale, temporary riding boss of the Arrowhead. Indeed, Homer's slightly pleading accents were now very colorably imitated by his embittered employer:

"'Yes'm, Mis' Pettengill, it's a matter of life and death; no less. I got to git off for two days—a matter of life and death. Yes'm; I just got to!'"

On the completion of this a hoarse hoot of scorn boomed through the haze and Homer was told that men like himself often caused perfectly decent people to be tried for murder. And again Homer's rightful job was echoed as "Matron of a foundling asylum!"

I felt the embarrassment of one unwittingly come upon the adjustment of a private grievance. I dropped delicately a few paces behind, unnoticed, I thought; but Ma Pettengill waited for me to overtake her again.

Then, as we pushed through the dust together, she told me that her days were swifter than a weaver's shuttle and spent without hope. If it wasn't one thing it was another. What she'd like—she'd like to wake up in a strange place and find she'd clean forgot her name and address, like these here parties you read about in the papers. And why wouldn't she? A dry year; feed short on the range; water holes dusty that never did go dry before; half a hay crop and winter threatening right spang in the summertime! Think of having to gather cattle off the range in the middle of August when other times you could let 'em run till the middle of October! In fact, this was the kind of a year that cattle raisers had a technical term for. It was known technically as one hell of a year, if I wanted to be told.

And having to do the work with mental defectives and cripples and Bolsheviki, because every able-bodied puncher in the country had gone over to create a disturbance in Europe! Hadn't she combed out the county hospital and poor farm to get a haying crew? Didn't the best cowboy now on the pay roll wear a derby hat and ride a motorcycle by preference? And paying seventy-five dollars to these imitation punchers to fight her gentle saddle horses, no colt, it seemed, having been ridden on the place in the memory of man. She didn't know; taking one thing with another, sometimes she almost wished that the world was going to stay unsafe for democracy.

Of course this technically described bad year wasn't so bad one way, because the sheepmen would sure get a tasty wallop, sheep being mighty informal about dying with the weather below zero and scant feed. When cattle wasn't hardly feeling annoyed sheep would lie down and quit intruding on honest cattle raisers for all time. Just a little attention from a party with a skinning knife was all they needed after that. And so on, back to Homer Gale, who had gone to Red Gap for two days on a matter of life and death—and of this the less repeated here the better.

Now our narrow way spread to a valley where the sun's rays were more widely diffused and the dust less pervasive. We could see a mile ahead to a vaster cloud of dust. This floated over a band of Arrowhead cattle being driven in from a range no longer sustaining. They were being driven by Bolsheviki, so my informant disclosed.

We halted above the road and waited for the dusty creatures to plod by us down to the pleasant lea, where feed was still to be had and water was sweet. Then came the Bolshevik rear guard. It consisted of Silas Atterbury and four immature grandchildren.

Grandpa Atterbury was ninety-three and doing his first labor since he retired, at eighty-five. The grandchildren, two male and two female, should have been playing childish games. And they were Bolsheviki, all because they had refused to bring in this bunch of stock except for the wage customarily paid to trained adults. Even the

youngest, known as Sissy Atterbury, aged eight and looking younger, despite her gray coating of powdered alkali, had tenaciously held out for a grown man's pay, which made her something even worse than a Bolshevik; it made her an I. W. W.

But, as Ma Pettengill said, what could a lady do when Fate had a strangle hold on her? There was, indeed, nothing to do but tell Sissy to tell one of her incendiary brothers to get up close to grandpa, and yell good and loud at him, and make him understand he was to get a count on that bunch at the first gate, because it didn't look to us that there was over three hundred head where there ought to be at least five hundred.

And then there was nothing to do but ride ahead of the toiling beasts and again down the narrow way that would bring us to the lowlands of the Arrowhead, where the dust no longer choked and one could see green and smell water. From the last mesa we looked out over the Arrowhead's flat fields, six thousand acres under fence, with the ranch house and outbuildings hazy in the distance.

It was a pleasant prospect and warmed Ma Pettengill from her mood of chill negation. She remarked upon the goodliness of the scene, quite as if the present were not a technical year for cattle raisers. Then, as we jogged the six miles home by peaceful thoroughfares, the lady, being questioned persistently and suitably, spoke with utter freedom of Homer Gale, who had shamefully deserted his job for two days at the busiest end of the season, when a white man wouldn't of thought of leaving, even on a matter of life and death.

Had Homer the shadow of an excuse?

We shall see.

Well then, this here celluloid imitation of a cowman that I been using violent words about come into the valley three years ago and rapidly got a lot of fame by reason of being a confirmed bachelor and hating the young of the human species with bitterness and constancy. I was the one that brought him in; I admit that. First time I seen him he was being a roistering blade in the Fashion Waffle Kitchen, down at Red Gap. He was with Sandy Sawtelle and a couple other boys from the ranch here, and Sandy tells me later that he is looking for work, being a good cowhand. I said he looked like something else, being dressed in an uproarious check suit of clothes that would instantly of collected a crowd in most city streets. But Sandy says that's all right; he's a regler cowman and had to wear these startling garments for a disguise to get him safe out of Idaho.

It seems he'd been crowded out of that thriving state by a yearning and determined milliner that had witnesses a plenty and intended to do something about it. Defendant claimed he hadn't ever meant anything of the sort and was just being a good pal; but it looked like the cruel teeth of the law was going to bite right into his savings if this breach-of-promise suit ever come to trial, the lady having letters from him in black and white. So Homer had made a strategic retreat, avoiding contact with the enemy, and here he was. And how about taking him on at the Arrowhead, where he could begin a new life?

Needing another hand just then, I fussed none at all about Homer's scandalous past. I said he could throw in with us; and he did. When he got dressed in a legal manner he looked like he couldn't be anything else but a cow-hand. About forty and reliable, he looked. So I sent him to a summer camp over on the Madeline plains, where I had a bunch of cattle on government range. Bert Glasgow lived in a shack with his wife and family there and had general charge, and Homer was to begin his new life by helping Bert.

His new life threatened to be short. He showed up here late the third night after he went over, looking sad and desperate and hunted. He did look that way more or less at all times, having one of these long sad mustaches and a kind of a bit-into face. This night he looked worse than usual. I thought the hellhounds of the law from Idaho might of took up his winding trail; but no. It was the rosy-cheeked tots of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Glasgow that had sent him out into the night.

"Say," he says; "I wouldn't have you think I was a quitter, but if you want to suicide me just send me back to that horrible place. Children!" he says. "That's all; just children! Dozens of 'em! Running all over the place, into everything, under everything, climbing up on you, sticking their fingers into your eyes—making life unbearable for man and beast. You never once let on to me," he says reproachfully, "that this Bert had children."

"No," I says; "and I never let on to you that he's got a mole on his chin either. What of that?"

Then the poor lollop tries to tell me what of it. I saw he really had been under a nervous strain, all right. Suffering had put its hot iron on him. First, he just naturally loathed children anyway. Hadn't he run away from a good home in Iowa when he was sixteen, account of being the oldest of seven? He said some things in general about children that would of got him no applause at a mothers' meeting. He was simply afraid to look a child in the eye; and, from what he'd like to do to 'em all, it seemed like his real middle name was Molech. Wasn't that the party with hostile views about children? Anyway, you could see that Homer's idea of a real swell festivity would be to hide out by an orphan asylum some night until the little ones had said their prayers and was tucked all peaceful into their trundle beds and then set fire to the edifice in eight places after disconnecting the fire alarm. That was Homer, and he was honest; he just couldn't help it.

And Bert's tikes had drove him mad with their playful antics. He said he'd be set down for a bite of dinner and one of 'em would climb up his back and feel his hair—not saying a word, just taking hold of it; then it would jump down and another would climb up and do the same thing, and him not daring to defend himself. He'd got so worked up he was afraid to stay on the place.

"And you know," he says—"what I can't understand—danged if Bert don't seem to kind of like 'em. You may think I'm a liar, but he waited for one the other morning when it squealed at him and kept a hold of its hand clean down to the hay barn. What do you think of that? And besides these that go round infesting the place outside he's got a short yearling and a long two-year-old that have to be night-herded. I listened to 'em every night. One yelled and strangled all last night, till I s'posed, of course, it was going to perish everlastingly; but here this morning it was acting like nothing at all had happened.

"All I can say is, Bert don't have much luck. And that littlest yeller always unswallowing its meals with no effort whatever! It's horrible! And the mother, with no strength of character—feeble-minded, I reckon—coddles 'em! She never did cuss 'em out proper or act human toward 'em. Kids like them, what they need—upside down and three quick hard ones. I know!"

I was fool enough to argue with him a bit, trying to see if he didn't have a lick of sense. I told him to look how happy Bert was; and how his family had made a man of him, him getting more money and saving more than ever in his past life. Homer said what good would all that money do him? He'd only fool it away on his wife and children.

"He regrets it, all right," says Homer. "I says to myself the other day: 'I bet a cookie he'd like to be carefree and happy like me!'"

This Party Was No Simpering Schoolgirl. She Was Thirty-Five or So and Square-Jawed, and Did Her Hair Plain, and Was a Good Conversationalist

Homer was a piker, even when he made bets with himself. And the short of it was I sent a man that didn't hate children over to Bert's and kept Homer on the place here.

He stayed three months and said it was heaven, account of not having them unnecessary evils on the place that would squirm round a man's legs and feel of his hair and hide round corners and peek at him and whisper about him. Then I changed foremen and Scott Humphrey, the new one, brought three towheads with him of an age to cause Homer the anguish of the damned, which they done on the first day they got here by playing that he was a horse and other wild animals, and trying to pull the rest of his hair out.

He come in and cut himself out of my life the day after, shaking his head and saying he couldn't think what the world was coming to. As near as I could make him, his idea was that the world was going to be swamped with young ones if something wasn't done about it, like using squirrel poison or gopher traps.

I felt like I wanted to cuff him up to a peak and knock the peak off; but I merely joked and said it was too bad his own folks hadn't come to think that way while he could still be handled easy. I also warned him it was going to be hard to find a job without more or less children on the outskirts, because ours was a growing state. He said there must be a few sane people left in the world. And, sure enough, he gets a job over to the Mortimers'—Uncle Henry and Aunt Molly being past seventy and having nothing to distress Homer.

Of course the secret of this scoundrel's get-away from Idaho had got round the valley, making him a marked man. It was seen that he was a born flirt, but one who retained his native caution even at the most trying moments. Here and there in the valley was a hard-working widow that the right man could of consoled, and a few singles that would of listened to reason if properly approached; and by them it was said that Homer was a fiend for caution. He would act like one of them that simply won't take no for an answer—up to a certain point. He would seem to be going fur in merry banter, but never to words that the law could put any expensive construction on. He would ride round to different ranches and mingle at dances and picnics, and giggle and conduct himself like one doomed from the cradle to be woman's prey—but that was all.

Funny how he'd escaped through the years, him having apparently the weak and pliant nature that makes the ideal husband, and having reached the time of life when he was putting sheep dip on his hair where the lining shone through on top. But so it was. And his views on children had also become widely known. Mothers used to grab up their youngest ones when he'd go into the post office down at Kulanch or meet one on the road. He made no hit at all with such views among them that had learned better. Still there was hopeful ones that thought he might be made to take a joke sooner or later, and the fact that he was known to save his wages and had a nice little stake laid by didn't work against him any with such parties as might have a chance to be swept off their feet by him in a mad moment.

Then over at the Mortimers' place he meets Mrs. Judson Tolliver, a plausible widow lady who come into the valley every once in a while to do sewing round at different ranches. She was a good-built, impressive person, with a persuading manner; one of these competent ones that can take charge of affairs and conduct them unassisted, and will do so if not stopped. Uncle Henry Mortimer brought her to the house in his light wagon one morning, with her sewing machine in the back. And Homer was there to help her out, and help out with the machine and see it was placed right in the sitting room; and then help out with her satchel and ask in a gentlemanly manner if everything was all right—and everything was: Thank you so much, Mr. Gale!

This party was no simpering schoolgirl. She was thirty-five or so and square-jawed, and did her hair plain, and had a managing voice that would go good at club meetings. She read library books and was a good conversationalist. And what did she do the first evening, when Homer was mending one of his shirts by the kitchen lamp, but wrench it away from him roguishly and do the job herself, while she entertained him with conversation. It was bound to be entertaining, for she started in about what trials children was to their tormented parents and how the world would be brighter and better if it consisted entirely of adults.

Anyone might of thought she'd been hearing gossip about Homer's

(Continued on Page 75)

The Control of Raw Materials

By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

DECORATION BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

THE writer spent a large part of 1916 in Germany attached to the American Embassy. At that time the intelligent public in Germany stood at the parting of the ways of opinion. It had become clear that the war as originally conceived could not be won. It was being realized that the post-war period of a conflict that had reached such unprecedented dimensions would be crucial for the contesting parties and for the neutral world. The naturally speculative German mind was at that time busily engaged in discussions of the future industrial relations of Germany. The industries of Germany revolve about chemistry. Uppermost in the German mind at that time was the problem of the control of raw materials, partial or complete. Could raw materials be controlled against Germany? Could Germany control raw materials? The current opinion in Germany was that, though coercion of a foreign people through control of raw materials would be very difficult for any nation, it would be possible for Germany with respect to one particular commodity, and with greater ease than for any other nation with any other commodity. The Germans distinguished between control for the purpose of positive monopoly and for negative repression.

It is interesting to compare the points of view now contending in the Allied countries with those of two years ago in Germany. Control through restriction of raw material is in reality a Made-in-Germany idea, now being turned against her by those who have suffered under her policy of manipulation of key industries. On contrasting these discussions the writer cannot resist the conviction that all proposals looking toward trade control through embargo on raw materials contain fallacies. It is not the purpose of this article to consider the political or governmental aspect of the question, but merely to measure the distance that lies between a plan of control of raw materials and the successful coercion of industrial development under such a plan.

Hoping for a Correct Decision

ACCORDING to the Germans their success in conquering the markets of the world for the products of their industry lay in a series of the following interrelated factors:

Study of the wants of consumers in each particular country, and willingness to meet the wants.

Quantitative production at a low price.

Uniformity of quality of product.

A unified and coördinated policy of foreign banking.

Long-term credits.

These were the externalities of an efficient system of manufacture, efficient because it represented a careful study of the processes of production from the standpoint of first-grade chemical engineering. Wherever German industry developed a product, that development was based upon the best scientific knowledge of the processes of manufacture. There is no evidence to indicate that efficiency in what might be termed the external relations of manufacture—including such elements as computation of cost, control of overhead, and so on—was more highly developed in Germany than elsewhere. Particular industries in France, Sweden, Belgium, the United States and England often excelled as contrasted with Germany. The oft-repeated assertion that efficiency is a quality peculiar to the German mind is sheer nonsense, and represents another illustration of that strange self-adulation that became war madness. A famous theologian in an exhortation upon the war in the summer of 1916 said: "As a pious Lutheran, I recognize that the issue of the war lies in the hands of Almighty God. I fervently hope that he may reach a correct decision."

This point of view represents the degree of egotism with which the modern school of political economy in Germany regard the economic position of their country.

For the Germans in 1916 the problem of the control of raw materials was regarded only in part as related to the problem of the retention of their foreign markets for manufactured products. Germans did not believe that any nation in the world except Japan could attempt to attain the enumerated conditions above stated, upon which German success has been founded; and even Japan, they were convinced, would never attain uniformity of product, it being at that time the fashion to decry the quality of Japanese products. The Germans did not believe that they would have materially cheaper labor after the war than their competitors in Europe; nor that this labor was more faithful or intelligent. They relied upon leadership in development rather than upon qualities resident in the workers. As for the United States, they did not believe that the people of our country would consent to reduce their present standard of living; and they were certain that the disparity in the cost of living between Germany and the United States could not be effectively counterbalanced by a tariff.

The Germans were keenly solicitous regarding the American patent laws and conventions, which have always operated to the advantage of the Germans and to the disadvantage of Americans. Time and again a monopoly in a chemical product has been maintained in this country for years after it has expired in Europe; and the regulations of our patent laws frequently permitted a German product to obtain in this country a monopoly that was not accorded to the same product in the home country. The Germans recognized that their method of warfare had built up a wall of hate about the Central Powers. This wall of hate they believed would crumble within a few years, particularly in neutral countries, through bombardment by the German seller on the one side and by the neutral buyer on the other. In any event they believed that they could circumvent the aversion of the world, as evinced by internal boycott, by manufacturing their articles in Germany with a foreign trade-mark—such as "Made in Switzerland" or "Made in Holland"—or by actually establishing factories outside of Germany, though entirely under German control. Germany has attempted by withdrawal of coal supply to coerce manufacturers in adjacent neutral countries to buy Made-in-Germany goods.

The German dread of control of raw material was related to their fear that their malevolent influence over key industries in foreign lands might be disturbed. Disturbance in the control of key industries, such as they possessed upon declaration of war in 1914, would directly react upon their manufactures. Control of raw material by Germany was the alternative, in indirect application, to the control of key industries in foreign lands.

The need of the several nations for raw materials after the war will be in part for domestic use, in part for manufacture for export. That nation that has the largest foreign debt will, other things being equal, need the most raw material, since she must pay her obligations with commodities. Viewed from this point of view the United Kingdom will need more raw materials than Germany, since many British bonds are held in foreign lands, while few German bonds are held outside Germany.

But the thinkers of Germany were by no means united. There were two distinct camps. The one strove for greater syndication under government control. Syndication in Germany before the war was applied to the pooling of industries for the purpose of eliminating competition. The war development of industrial syndication means nothing else than syndication of national effort. The extreme wing of this movement holds that one export and import agency directly under government control should have centralized authority over all external relations of German commerce and should be able to say to any foreign nation: "Unless you buy toys we will not buy copper; unless you sell us cotton we will not furnish you with potash; unless you take our silk clothes we will not sell you our fast-black socks; we will not sell our dyes unless you buy our bathtubs," and so on. This would be a directly centralized governmental coercion, entirely outside of the law of international supply and demand, destined ultimately to secure raw materials for Germany through coercion with commodities in which she excels, at a price for raw materials that would only intensify the subjection of the foreign nation and remove competition in manufactured commodities. The extreme wing of this movement is composed of political economists of ruthless type. Personal experiences of the writer with officials of the Central Importing Bureau made it clear that, to the standardized military German mind, attitude toward and treatment of military forces, civilians, works of art, fruit trees and domesticated animals of the enemy were upon one and the same plane. And between neutral and enemy there was no distinction. It was also the program of the pseudo-sentimental nationalists of Germany, who are convinced that the world destiny of Germany encircles the earth.

The Opponents of Syndication

IN SCHMOLLER'S Jahrbuch, xxxix, 1915, page 76, in a footnote written after the commencement of the war attached to an article written before the war—on Objectivity!—occur the following sentiments: "But now the glorious and happy day has come; the world spirit steps forth openly for combat. . . . The history of the world begins now a new era; the salvation and progress of the world depend solely on Germany."

On the other side was the wing representing not merely exporters and importers, who were familiar with trade, but also manufacturers, engineers and political economists as well, who saw in this movement great danger and little opportunity, even when calculated upon a purely sordid basis. The experiences of the writer in Germany have convinced him that, though Germans, high and low, had lost love of liberty and freedom of thought, still many intelligent Germans retained opinions in regard to the war, though they had lost courage for public expression, all power of opposition to any plan that had even momentarily the support of the militaristic party.

When the writer was discussing the trade situation one day with one of the largest manufacturers of chemicals in Germany the man, who spoke English almost as well as German, remarked sarcastically and bitterly: "We are a

troop of idiots. We complain of the freedom of the sea. The sea has been free enough to enable us to overhaul the commerce of England and permit German manufacturers to develop and control a large part of the best markets in all countries of the world. The one sense in which the sea was not free to Germany was that the navy of Germany could not control it against the navy of England; but so far as pacific penetration of the markets of the world was concerned the sea was obviously free. But in our country we have a great many people who have never seen the sea. They have no vision of trade, and to them trade with a country means nothing unless we possess also a military route to that country or actual governmental control.

"For example," he continued, warming up to his subject, "we had control of the best markets in South America. South America is a group of unstable governments. Only two of them rest upon a secure financial foundation. Any one of the others may be upset by nothing more than a trivial revolution. Since we had the profits of their trade what more do we wish in South America? And yet there is a large section of the German people who believe we ought also to have colonies in South America, and thus have the burdens and responsibilities of governing a people not yet qualified for stable government. What difference to us who governs Persia, Turkey and the whole country in the direction of Bagdad so long as we possess the trade? Our curse is the craze for rulership."

As time passed, the wing in Germany that opposed the Pan-Germanic expansion became much less audible. The left wing of the socialistic party ceased to be insistent upon the claims of Belgium. The traders, manufacturers and shippers of Germany, who were far from Junkerism naturally, have with each succeeding year relinquished opposition to the policy of the German dynasty that conquered territory in Europe must be held and new colonies secured in the world. The surrender to Junkerism was accomplished by the argument of the Pan-Germanic economists that Germany would not be able to pay for her costs of the war except through the acquisition of territory.

The writer once saw a computation that has to his knowledge never been published, in which the costs of the war were forecast for a series of possibly four years after 1915, on the basis of the costs experienced up to that time and without any reference to the possibility of the entrance of the United States into the war. From these estimates it was argued that Germany with peace *in statu quo ante bellum* would be bankrupt, since German industry and banking could not support the amount imposed. France must be crippled as a future competitor by the withdrawal of that fraction of the iron fields left to her at the close of the Franco-Prussian War.

Plans to Cripple France

IF ONE scans a map of the Franco-German frontier one notices an indentation at the juncture of Luxemburg and Lorraine, east of Verdun. The obliteration of this indentation constitutes in German opinion "the rectification of the Franco-German frontier," representing approximately a line drawn from Montmédy to Mars-la-Tour. The result of such a westward shifting of boundary would be to rob France of her best iron mines and to give Germany absolute control of this highly developed iron basin. Since France has long suffered severely from inferiority in coal supply the added inferiority in iron would place her in the rôle of a second-rate industrial nation. Belgium was necessary for the acquisition of her manufacturing facilities and the inclusion of her coast line and harbors.

The expansionists in Germany have not only dreamed in terms of geography, but also in terms of commodities. One popular Teutonic formula for the post-war period provided that the several Allied nations should pay indemnities to the Central Powers over a term of years in the shape of raw materials. Extension was necessary, both east and west, in order to place upon the peoples and industries of the conquered areas the costs of the war. Gradually the conscience of the thinking classes has yielded to avarice, until to-day there would be few opponents to Pan-Germanic expansion if it could succeed—merely because it would pay. When the German people have abandoned the policy of expansion that will represent surrender.

The idea that the Entente or the Central Powers could so control raw materials after the war as to make effective an economic blockade fails to include as factors in practical reasoning two sets of circumstances—one political and geographical, the other technical:

(*a*) The world is not divided into two groups—the Entente and the Central Powers; there is a third group—the numerous heterogeneous, scattered, neutral nations of diversified interests. The neutral nation was always the stumblingblock of the military blockade; she will be the stumblingblock of the economic blockade. Let us assume that the blockading group possesses all the known supply of a particular raw material, the blockaded and the neutral nations none. The exclusion must be applied alike to blockaded nation and neutrals, until the neutral nations agree not to resell to the blockaded nation. But further, the neutral nations must also agree not to sell to the blockaded nation articles manufactured from the particular raw material. Such application of the doctrine of ultimate destination is intricate, devious and impracticable.

Germany is already organizing importing companies in neutral nations, as cloaks for the procurement of raw materials. To oppose such cloaked operations a blacklist would have to be applied to the neutral country, and the tradesmen and banks split into two factions. Whether the restriction be partial or complete—partial in the form of preferential option in quantity or price, or complete in the sense of an economic blockade—the reaction will be the same, because the difference is but one of degree, not of kind. Restriction cannot be effectively applied through regulation of shipping, since under these circumstances each vessel of a neutral nation becomes a potential blockade runner.

(*b*) Whenever a material is lacking, the difficulty can be overcome in one of three directions: By the development of new sources of supply; substitution of material, directly or indirectly, or of the total function; synthesis of the material in the industrial laboratory.

Of most raw materials neutrals have sources, as well as the two contending groups. Under stimulus of need and pressing demand new deposits of minerals are opened, new agriculture developed. When neutral nations as well as the blockading group possess sources of supply of raw material, then to exclude that material from the blockaded nations the blockading nations have one or all of three devices available: They may control the finances of the industry in the neutral nations; they may buy all the raw material against the competition of the blockaded nations; they may coerce the neutral nations so as to prevent the sale of the raw material or manufactured product to the blockaded nations. In other words an economic blockade must sooner or later be applied to neutral nations as well as to the blockaded nations. Forced to the final analysis this will ultimately divide the neutral nations into two camps, and we should witness the whole world arrayed in blockade. And necessarily the neutral nations will be injured as severely or more so than the contending groups.

This is the inevitable development of the situation as illustrated by blockades in wartime and trade pacts in peacetime. The present war has yielded us pertinent illustrations.

Germany possesses in the Stassfurt fields large, well-developed and thoroughly understood deposits that lend themselves to mass production at a low price. Germany sold potash everywhere at a price determined not by the cost of production but by the circumstances and exigencies of trade. The uses of potash in time of peace are largely related to its employment as a fertilizer. The potash mines were controlled by a syndicate the organization of which originally caused great difficulties. This pool, which is supposed to have suffered an internal disruption since the war, had been efficiently perfected in 1914. The supposed internal disruption has been due to the fact that, with foreign trade cut off, the potash business has suffered great losses; and the internal difficulties are related to the distribution of these losses among the different companies. But whatever may be the truth of these statements, the German Government will see to it that the potash industry presents a united front at the close of the war.

German Potash Propaganda

THE use of potash as a fertilizer was intensified by a world-wide propaganda, the effect of which was to induce agriculturists to use more potash than they needed. Potash was supposed to be especially essential in connection with growth involving fiber; for illustration, with potato, sugar beet, cotton, tobacco and citrus. Now as a matter of fact these crops have suffered amazingly little in the absence of the customary application of potash. We may be certain that after the war, even with potash at the price of 1914, the American farmer will never again use anything like the amounts that were employed in the pre-war period. The Germans themselves have reduced greatly their consumption of potash during the war.

Now potash was the raw material that the Germans believed they controlled. Everywhere in the world, since Germany was isolated by the blockade, prospecting for potash has been undertaken. We are now producing something like sixty thousand unit tons per annum as contrasted with previous imports of almost five times that amount. Reviving an old Scotch procedure we are securing potash through ashing of sea kelp in California; we are leaching the green sands of New Jersey; we are recovering it through precipitation of potash particles from the fumes of blast furnaces and cement works; we are cracking potassium rocks in the Western mountains; we are securing relatively large amounts from deposits of alkaline lakes in Nebraska, Utah and California. It is confidently believed that production from alkaline lakes and from blast furnaces and cement plants will be able to maintain itself against German potash after the war, with the aid of such a tariff as previous experience would not term unreasonable. We should probably have difficulties in securing on a competitive basis the amounts of potash that the Germans would like to have us believe we need; but we will certainly secure the amount of potash that we shall really need; we shall be independent.

Everywhere in the world the search for potash has been undertaken eagerly. It has led to one great discovery in Spain. There have been uncovered large deposits of potash quite like those in the Stassfurt fields. Preliminary surveys have indicated that the deposits are extensive, the conditions of mining easy and the composition of the salt favorable. In addition Spain has relatively cheap labor, and the deposits are not far from seaboard. Naturally the Germans are greatly concerned over the discovery of these deposits and are already attempting to secure financial or economic control; and there are already in the development of the potash interests in Spain a pro-German party and an anti-German party. We may assume that the Castilian point of view will never tolerate the subjection of Spanish potash to the interests of the Stassfurt syndicate.

Other deposits have been discovered elsewhere in the world; for example, in Sicily. Within four years, therefore, we observe in connection with potash the developments that are to be expected when any raw material has suddenly disappeared from the free market. Potash cannot of course be synthesized, but new deposits have already been discovered, and in addition the situation has revised the world's estimates of need. When the war is over the Germans will find it impossible to coerce anyone in the world through control of potash.

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Antwerp—A Memory

By Grace Ellery Channing

ANTWERP! Your children all were dancing down your ways
Like sunny streams that to one center go;
Bright from all quarters came their overflow,
A rainbow torrent in your fair Green Place.
From its laced stone your marvelous belfry shook
Soft strokes of music on the listening air;
A dozen bands the buoyant challenge took,
With golden drum and crimson trumpet's flare;
You were in flags, music above, below,
Joyously glad, an innocent folk and gay;
The tall ships thronged your stately waterway
And the charmed Orient at your broad quays lay.
No red to-morrow threatened yesterday.

Belgium! Among the lands men have made fair,
How great great art and civic virtue may
Render a people, it was given to you
To show; with what a ready royal heart
Who lives for beauty shall know how to die
For faith—which is the beauty of a state,
For truth—which is the glory of great art,
For freedom—without which nothing can be true.
Nations should envy and not mourn your fate!
You have lost nothing; down the imperishable years
Music shall be your name in all men's ears;
A luster to their eyes shall Belgium blaze,
Mankind's heroic measure be taken anew,
And a new course be charted for who steers
A nation's ship henceforth—because of you.
No tears for Belgium! If there must be tears,
Weep for the slayer—not for that he slew,
Which never can be slain. Yet once again
Children shall dance down your remembered ways
And the stones break in blossom, for the praise
Of human hearts that knew not human fear.
Thanks to the foe who took away your name
And for a mortal gave immortal fame;
Glory to you, and for his portion—shame!

THE BRETON PATROL

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By Samuel G. Blythe

Oh, we sing of a squadron patrolling the coast,
From Cre-ach to old Saint Nazaire.
On the job for a year, we still say with a cheer:
"Nous resterons pendant la guerre."

—Song of the Breton Patrol.

THE converted yacht Clarice, U. S. N.—there is no converted yacht Clarice, but there are several other converted yachts, and this was one of the others—converted is right, too, in both its ecclesiastical and its utilitarian meaning—these were joy yachts originally, you know—anyhow, the converted yacht Clarice was making eight knots, and as knots go eight are not many in the circumstances, for it was the evident intention of the budding Farragut in command to shove off a few depth charges over her stern—large, round instruments of destruction loaded with T N T and most ruinous in their general effects, to say nothing of being temperamental and prima-donnaish and given to quick and unexpected outbursts of the most spiteful sort.

The Clarice was making eight knots. Now when shoving depth charges over a stern it is most advisable that the craft from which these ash cans of eradication are pushed shall be hopping it a bit faster than that, because you never can tell, and one of them might have the notion of exploding sooner than expected or wished. Whereupon the resultant damage would be to the ship from which the shoving was done rather than to the submerged Hun. Fourteen knots is slow enough in these circumstances—plenty slow enough.

"Drop a couple over!" ordered the skipper.

"But, sir," protested the second in command, "we are going so slow we might blow off our own stern."

"All right, sonny," answered the skipper; "if we blow off our stern we'll bring in the bow. Drop 'em!"

The Spirit of the Fleet

I TELL this little tale because it typifies the spirit of the Breton patrol of the United States Navy, and the spirit of all other American patrols and patrollers and sailormen of whatever degree or occupation now serving in foreign waters. Bring them in! Bring them in, whether they are Huns, hulks or Hades! Bring them whether bow is gone, or stern is gone, or there are holes in them big enough to slip a trolley car through. Bring them loaded to the gunwales with American soldiers or four feet below the Plimsoll mark with supplies. Bring them in through submarine-infested waters, in all kinds of weather—mostly bad, except much that is worse—bring them in!

The particular bringers-in I have in mind at the moment are the lads of the Breton patrol—that section of our Navy that is operating in French waters, or, rather, is based in France, for it operates in all waters that are available in addition to those of France, and it operates on the simple formula that its job is as follows: To get American troops and supplies safely into France and guard them from mines and submarines; to get the ships that bring these soldiers and supplies unloaded and started back for more in the shortest space of time; and to swat the submarine whenever an opportunity that ceaseless hunting develops shall arrive.

The Breton patrol is an imposing organization as it is made up at present, but it wasn't much when it began to operate. On July 4, 1917, eight converted American yachts came into a certain harbor in France, and an American admiral and an officer or two had a couple of rooms for offices ashore. Whenever an American citizen gets good and rich he seeks for opportunity to demonstrate to the world that he is good and rich. One of the favorite ways is to buy or build a private yacht. The owning of a private yacht is a hall mark of the possession of money. It surely is. I mean of course a real private yacht, not a motor boat or a sloop or a catboat, but a regular yacht with ocean-cruising radius, and officers with nifty uniforms, and shining fittings, and brass beds and bathtubs for the boss, and so on. A private yacht and a private railroad car are sign manuals that the owners thereof are upholstered with it; and as things go in our country one of the first signs, albeit after the novelty of them wears off they are not used much. However, the new millionaire always buys one. It is a good advertisement of his financial standing, even if he mostly is a poor sailor.

Whereupon, when a war comes along and our Navy needs boats, as it always does, the Navy reaches out and grabs all useful yachts and converts them, makes them over into war boats of sorts; sticks guns on them and paints them navy gray, and rips out the tapestries and the brass beds and puts them to sea for such purposes as may be.

The beginning of the Breton patrol was eight of these former advertisements of millionairishness, and they came breasting in on July 4, 1917, having been hastily improvised into war vessels, and having had their troubles getting across.

Since then, until the time I am writing, which is mid-October in 1918, the Breton patrol has grown and waxed husky and important. It won't do to tell what it comprises now, but there are big, rangy, insistent destroyers in it, and a lot of them; many yachts, torpedo boats, mine sweepers, repair ships, colliers and many other craft. It is a real fleet, is the patrol, and it is doing a real job with a dash and courage and a success that are so American one is tempted to give three cheers every time one thinks of it, and to explode into a series of rah-rahs that sounds like a barrage when observing it, as I have done, both at its base and on the waters adjacent and contiguous, and some that are neither, but in the game just the same, for the patrol operates over a large space of sea, and in manners that are various and diverse.

I was at the base port in France one morning in September. There had been a storm, a real storm, with a roaring gale, vast seas, and fog and rain and all sorts of ocean ructions. Several of our destroyers had been out in it, convoying in a lot of troop and supply ships. They came limping into port—and limping is right, for the seas had swept and scarred them. They had been plunging into it for hours and hours, and unless you have had actual experience of what it means to run a destroyer at high speed through these heavy seas, and what it is, there is no adequate way of informing you.

To take a shot at it let me say that it is the ultimate of plunging, rolling, shuddering, shaking, banging, wallowing, diving, pitching, tossing, smashing, wetting, weltering, rising, falling, yawing, careening—and then some. It means swept decks, broken gear, smashed bridges, no sleep, no hot food, continuous drenching, frightful work in the stokeholes, ceaseless vigilance, skillful navigating and cold, resolute courage. It means more discomfort than I ever dreamed was possible, and more chances of sudden and damp death than are admitted. It means danger from collision, danger from failure of steering gear or controls, danger from all sorts of your own mishaps, danger from all sorts of mishaps that may come to other ships in the convoy, and from lack of judgment or skill on the part of others, if so be that should develop, which it sometimes does.

Introducing Lieutenant Blau

THEY had guarded and herded a big convoy, had these destroyers, and brought them in. They were banged, battered and bruised. There had been no sleep, little food, nothing but the most terrific work in the most terrifying circumstances, and yet the skippers of these destroyers, when I saw them reporting at the office of the admiral, were as gay and as chipper as if they had been out on a cruise in motor launches on the Potomac, and ready to turn round and go right back into it at a moment's notice. Not a whimper; not a complaint; not a grumble; nothing but eager enthusiasm over their work and an ardent alacrity to go to it again and again and again. That is the spirit of the entire patrol, from the vice admiral at the head of it to the smallest mess boy at the foot of it. Bring them in!

There was that day in early August when they brought in the Westward Ho, brought her in, stern first, three hundred and fifteen miles, after she had been torpedoed and abandoned by her crew; brought her in with her priceless cargo of aëroplanes, field-artillery parts, rifles, machine guns, ammunition—things our soldiers in France were waiting for and needing—needing more than ever will be told; saved the lot, and saved the ship—oh, there is a yarn that shows what these lads on the Breton patrol can do!

I call your attention to Lieut. Thomas Blau, U. S. N. R. F.; and the reason I do that is twofold: The first is because Lieut. Thomas Blau had a mighty big hand in the operation, not detracting any from the others; and the second is because Lieut. Thomas Blau and I have been shipmates on a couple of trips across the Pacific and I had something to do with getting him a commission in the Navy. Not that he needed anything but his record, but he is my friend and, however——

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Letters From Franco-America

By WILL IRWIN

PARIS, October Third.

WHEN, four days ago, our shipload of Y. M. C. A. workers, Knights of Columbus, Red Cross nurses and citizens unassorted crept into a certain French harbor an American tramp steamer was running out toward the sea of metallic sharks. She passed a hundred yards from our rail, the gun crew cheering us and we cheering back. Out of the squad about the bow gun came a cheerful young American voice, the fresh unformed voice of a boy, shouting: "Say, you'll like this—it's great!"

I am sure that those who were undertaking this great adventure for the first time have already learned to like it; for it is great. And greatest of all is the transformation which the American Army has wrought in France. When, last spring, I left this port great things were started or planned; but after all everything was in the stage of ground breaking. To-day the dream is fulfilled. Where last spring there were skeleton piers or green fields turning brown under the scrapers of negro troops, there were now miles after miles of solid docks lined with camouflaged freighters loading or unloading. Behind them lay substantial freight sheds and warehouses; and wherever the hills rose beyond they showed the diagram of camps.

All the way to Paris by train we seemed ever in sight of America at work. Here it was a huge camp, its edges lost to sight over the hills. There it was a double track, its rolling stock labeled U. S. A., branching out from our main line. Joyfully we perceived here and there a wire stockade with green uniforms massed among the brown—our prison camps. At every station the khaki of resident American soldiers massed with the horizon blue of poilus going back from their leave. Soldier trippers making short journeys from town to town stood in the corridors regarding the country and making short dry comments in native American. Not until night fell were we ever wholly out of sight of America crusading with pick and shovel, overhead crane and mechanical hoist.

The Kaleidoscope Called Paris

PARIS brought another transformation; but, then, Paris has been a kaleidoscope ever since 1914—a different city each time I have returned to it. There was the Paris of the early months, when the battle was raging along the Aisne, when the lines were locking in Flanders. In those days she had not yet adjusted herself to a state of war. Three windows out of four were locked and shuttered. The British had just gone forward from their stand east of the city on the night before the Marne; they had not yet quite pulled up stakes, and one saw almost as many British uniforms as French. Though all the resorts which made the Paris of the tourist were closed the old life still lingered in certain districts. If you were not directly concerned with the war you could find sprightly companionship in the Latin Quarter, where Mimi was keeping house alone until the men folks got back. Though day by day the streets grew blacker with mourning, luxurious private motors still gave glimpses of smart toilets.

Then there was the summer of 1915, when the French had settled heroically to the war and were facing whatever it might bring in a spirit of exalted patriotism. In those days Marthe Chenal sang the Marseillaise at the Opéra Comique to a house that began weeping with patriotic pride at the first stanza, until even the chorus on the stage caught the infection and sang through sobs. In those days, too, began that influx of officers and officials from all the civilized nations, which showed Paris for what it has since become by merit—the capital of the civilized world.

Then there was the Paris of the first really hard winter, when coal was running short—the first taste of hardship. The little corners of old gayety, like pieces of the Latin Quarter, pinched out; life grew gray. In the midst of all this began the fiery trial of Verdun, when all Paris walked with tears just back of her luminous eyes.

Again, there was the Paris of spring and summer, 1917, when even the world of war had changed—Russia uncertain, the United States in the struggle, and its first failure—the disastrous Champagne advance—on the books of the French Army. Underground the treason of Bolo Pasha and a vast deal of German propaganda were at work; and Paris showed the effects by an uneasy confusion of mind quite at variance with the accustomed definite mental processes of the French. Those were the days of headless, spontaneous strikes, when parades of working girls marched through the streets, the tactful French police following meekly and suppressing them just before the moment of action. Once or twice the sweepings of the Faubourg St.-Antoine, where the revolutions always start, marched the boulevards, looking like the old mobs about the guillotine.

The Americans were coming now; among the assorted French uniforms, the British, Italian, Serbian, Portuguese, Belgian and Russian uniforms, appeared the close-fitting yellow khaki of our own. On the Fourth of July one regiment marched through the streets to honor Lafayette; and that may have had something to do with the growing confidence of that month of July. Of course the main cause was the resolution of France herself, together with the moral strength of Clemenceau, the Tiger. A little ghost of the old gayety began to blossom on the drives and boulevards.

After that I went to Italy; and when I returned in December I found the city again transformed. Heavy calamities had fallen upon us all. The new Russia had flickered and gone out. German propaganda, which failed in France, had achieved its temporary victory in Italy. Friuli was gone; Italy, her winter's supplies lost, was temporarily holding before Venice. Sooner or later—the pessimists thought very soon—the enemy was going to strike our front as he had never struck before, with everything he had.

The hesitation, the confusion of mind, were gone now. "Let them come on! The sooner, the sooner it will be over!" said Paris. The American Army was only in process of organization, and Paris was still its center.

The yellow khaki had multiplied until it seemed to swamp all the other uniforms. Something of our business-like American spirit seemed to have touched the town. It became as never before in the war a working city. And in the midst of it all Paris began for the first time to feel a little the pinch of want. Fuel and light had been lacking before during the long dark winters—but never food. Would America make good with her harvests and her ships? Most vitally—would she make good with numbers and fighting force in the coming test at the Front? The face of Paris was drawn; but her teeth were set.

The Turn of the Tide

I HAD missed the greatest transformation of all—the hardest days of Paris since 1870. She had come almost, in those dark days between Easter and Bastille Day of this year, to expect the worst. It was a period of hard work, they who lived through it tell me; and work under a constant strain of alertness and anxiety. Day after day at half-hour intervals those shells from the Big Bertha guns, whose scream was so much worse than their bite, fell in irregular pattern over the city. Night after night the aëroplanes came. The young and old and weak—all whose evacuation in a hurry would embarrass the defense of France—were hurried away. The rest clenched their teeth and worked on. Now the Germans were on the Marne; there, stopped by the blows of our Marines and Regulars, they halted—for a breathing spell.

From Easter to Bastille Day, I have said. But the worst moment of all, the dark before dawn, was the day after Bastille Day, when the Germans started again. That night Paris sat with lowered shutters or looked up across darkened streets to black skies—waiting. Three days later, the greatest dawn since the creation broke; Foch struck so suddenly, so dramatically and yet so effectively that by nightfall Paris knew that the last general attack the Hohenzollern would ever launch had utterly failed, that joy was coming in the morning.

The reader, who cannot be expected to keep all the dates in memory, is reminded that these days in which I write have seen the dawn growing from the east, that we are in the period of our first victories, other than defensive ones, since the war began. Only yesterday Bulgaria went completely out of the game. Every communiqué—from Flanders, from Picardy, from Champagne, from the Argonne—spells victory. Everywhere German power is crumbling at the touch of that wizard, Foch.

To-day, I learn from the newspapers, they are ringing bells and holding thanksgiving services in New York. Even staid old London is hanging out flags. Paris alone—"excitable," "mercurial," "frivolous" Paris—has given not a single outward sign. Perhaps in life you who read have had the experience of working and wishing for a thing so long and so intensely that when it arrived you

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Von Eltzen!

ROMANTIC RUMANIA

By Marie, Queen of Rumania

"MAY God spare us the troubles we should not be able to endure!" This is an old Rumanian saying, curiously in keeping with the spirit of profound patience and resignation characteristic of a people who from all ages have suffered much.

America—that great nation whose entry into the gigantic struggle on our side revived every courage, filling weary hearts with new hope—knows little about that tiny, suffering corner in Europe where a king and a queen, with their people, are fighting what at present appears to be a losing battle against Fate's overwhelming odds.

In spite of the fantastic horrors of modern war, this is an age when countries and nations learn to understand each other in a way unknown in times of peace. All those who have joined hands to fight for the same great cause are moved by a new interest and a new sympathy for each other; a sympathy limited neither by frontiers nor seas.

America entered the war in the name of honor and justice, and "for the rights and principles of small nations." I thought, therefore, that, because it is an hour when all our hearts are throbbing with a feeling of solidarity and fraternity, I could raise my voice and speak to our great ally concerning this country, this small country, this suffering country, which I love.

An Ancient Roman Heritage

WHEN a queen is one with her people she endeavors to aid them with all her might; she becomes the nation's first servant, as well as a leader who must show the way. Her heart, her soul and her brains must be given in their service; she must hold back nothing; all she possesses must be theirs.

Our once peaceful land has been invaded; the parts dearest and richest are ours no more! Homes have been destroyed; regions of beauty have become deserts; families have been torn asunder and scattered far and wide; the work of long years has been annihilated; we have surrendered nearly everything—everything except courage and hope.

A few words about Rumania's past will make her aspirations and her hopes for the future more comprehensible to those who, quite naturally, know but little of her history. When the long tale of her sufferings through many centuries is understood a keener sympathy with her struggle toward wider boundaries will be felt.

Rumania's soil has ever been a vast battlefield—a passage for every heathen horde invading older civilizations. Situated amid several other nations in the southeast of Europe, jammed in between the German races and the great Russian mass, the Rumanians alone have sprung from the ancient Mediterranean civilization. Her neighbors, the Hungarians and the Bulgarians, are of Asiatic origin; the Serbs are Slavs; and Rumania's conservation of her Roman origin throughout the ages is a historical miracle

The Roman Empire had conquered all Mediterranean lands in Europe as far as the Danube and the Rhine, thus giving birth to new nations—Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese and French, all on the western side of Europe, with frontiers in touch with each other. In the east, for reasons I leave to historians to explain, the Rumanians alone have survived, as living evidence that the great Roman Empire once dominated and colonised these regions.

It must also be remembered that Dacia, situated north of the lower Danube, was the last province added to the

Princess Marie of Rumania. Above—The King Decorating the Flag of the Regiment of Chasseurs

Roman Empire. The Dacians, belonging to the great family of Thracians, who dominated the whole eastern part of the Balkan Peninsula, were overthrown by Trajan after two desperate wars, in 101–102 and in 105–106 A. D. Two celebrated monuments have remained in testimony of these wars: Trajan's Column, in the Forum of Rome, and the huge monument of Adam Klissi, in the Dobrudja.

The Latinizing of this province was so rapid, systematic and complete that in the year 271, when Emperor Aurelian had to withdraw his legions, abandoning his former frontiers owing to barbaric invasions, the work had been fulfilled: the Dacian Province had become Latin for all ages.

Following upon this date came a long period of misfortune in Rumanian history. Nearly every barbaric horde known to have invaded Europe during the early Middle Ages found its way through this unfortunate land. Goths, Huns, Gepidæ, Avars, Slavs, Bulgarians, Tartars, all hurled themselves through these regions, situated between the Tisza and the Dniester, before crossing the Danube to invade the Roman Empire.

As remnants of these passing hordes, there abode, as Rumania's closest neighbors, toward the west, the Hungarians; toward the south, the Bulgarians; toward the southwest, the Serbs The others were lost and dispersed, nevermore to be heard of as nations.

The Slavs alone left a certain impression upon the Rumanians, an influence that can still be traced in our language of to-day Therefore, in summing up, it can be said that the Rumanians of to-day are Latinized Dacians of Thracian origin, to whose final development the Slavs also contributed in part.

For more than eleven hundred years Rumania was submitted to all the horrors of these never-ending barbaric invasions. During all this painful period of its history the ancient civilization and organization left to Rumania by the Romans, which had gained for them the name of Dacia Felix—Dacia the Happy—came near to being effaced. But, though the Hungarians had spread their dominion also over a part of the Rumanian soil, between the Tisza and the Carpathians, their influence upon the Rumanian race was nil.

Centuries of Turkish Menace

WITH extraordinary tenacity, in this region which is now known as Transylvania, the Rumanians preserved the same language, habits, civilization and mentality as their brothers beyond the Carpathians. These latter had founded two states—the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, each with its own sovereigns—forming a powerful barrier to all further Hungarian expansion and preserving Rumania's own independence. Beneath the reign of certain of these native Rumanian princes a new era of culture began, wherein monasteries were erected, forming centers of Christian civilization.

Hardly had these more prosperous days dawned than once again the entire East found itself threatened by a new danger, which through several centuries had a disastrous influence upon Rumania's history—the constant menace of the Turks! Not out of the north, across the great Russian steppes, did they come, but from Asia Minor, following the road once taken by the Persians when setting out to conquer Greece. Overwhelming was the Turkish invasion, destroying everything in its way. Serbia and Bulgaria were overthrown even before the fall of Constantinople. Beyond the Danube the Rumanian principalities retained but one national aim—to put a check upon the Turkish invasions of Europe, thus protecting the Christian world against the Mussulman.

Thus, while in the West the great movement of the Renaissance was in full swing, the unfortunate countries situated on the lower Danube were constantly engaged in bloody wars, endeavoring to stem the most savage of all invasions of Europe.

One most important fact concerning Rumania must be well kept in mind: that, though the countries of Southeastern Europe had been turned into Turkish provinces, and though even in Budapest Turkish pashas reigned for over one hundred years, Moldavia and Wallachia always retained

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Army Tracks and Traffic in France

The Story of the American Overseas Transportation System

Colonel John J. Carty

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

BILL BROWN, who once drove a Santa Fé Mogul across the Kansas prairies, hitched up his grimy khaki overalls and looked out of the cab of his monster consolidation locomotive marked U. S. A., which had left its Philadelphia maker less than a month before and which now panted alongside a quay at a port in France. A scene of incessant action unfolded before him. In the lock basin was a forest of funnels and masts of American ships whose gay camouflage gleamed in the sunlight. From one of them a ninety-ton naval gun swung ashore as easily as a bale of hay; from another, five-ton motor trucks were lowered as lightly. Cranes creaked; the plantation melodies of the Sunny South sung by negro stevedores mingled with the song of Chinese coolies who formed a continuous line of cargo carriers from deck to dock.

In the yards nearby dozens of huge American engines hauling endless chains of American cars loaded with American supplies snorted off to American depots, often on American tracks sentineled by American poles down which flashed American messages sent and received by American men and women. Likewise for miles up and down the winding inland waterways American tugs pulling American boats chugged along bearing their burden of American freight and responsibility. Day and night and with an effort as ceaseless as the tide of tonnage that beats on those stricken shores of France is the movement of American freight and transport over there.

American Engineers in France

WHAT was happening in the port that made Bill Brown blink his eye and breathe a little faster was happening in more than half a dozen ports along that same French coast, with varying degrees of variety and volume but always with the same unending action. Again we are confronted by a miracle of expansion. In January of this year we were unloading 162,000 tons a month; in July this had grown to 694,000 tons. As late as March we thought that landing 60,000 troops in France was a big thirty days' record, yet in August exactly 313,000 stepped ashore. Men and material were handled, supplied and, what was equally important, transported to their proper destination.

It is all made possible by the empire of transportation, whose teeming docks, tracks and traffic constitute one of the marvels of our overseas effort. Over it is laid the strong hand of compact organization; galvanizing it is an energy typically American in spirit and execution. At the throttle is an all-star cast of famous railroad and steamship officials whose united salaries in times of peace would almost float a big city's allotment of a Liberty Loan. Yet they toil in France for a major's or a colonel's pay.

In the preceding article I tried to describe the general scope and structure of the Services of Supply which feed and equip the fighting man. I showed the whole close-knit system that binds the world of output to the domain of consumption. We are now up to the all-essential intermediary process of distribution. Before that avalanche of supplies can move from sea to gun and stomach there must be a system of adequate transport. We will now journey along its rails and canals for the second phase of the amazing institution that American enterprise has set up in a foreign land and which furnishes the arteries of the United States Services of Supply abroad.

Here, as with every other American activity in France, we had to build literally from the ground up. As soon as we went to war it became evident that the success of our armies overseas would depend upon the manner in which they were moved and supplied. Hence, transportation loomed up at the start as a vital factor. The difficulties that lay in its way were many. After three years of war the wear and tear on the railway facilities of France, without adequate renewal, were terrific. Forty per cent of its leading road—Le Nord—was in the hands of the enemy. Every ocean gateway of any consequence was in continuous use. The six largest channel ports were occupied wholly or in part by the British, and therefore could not stand the strain of added American tonnage. Besides, if we were to do our full job abroad we had to have our own ports. To move our armies and the necessary quantity of subsistence and equipment for their upkeep, engines, cars, terminals—a whole railway system—had to be reared. All this required organization, labor and the wherewithal to build and operate.

Almost with our declaration of war we realized this enormous transport responsibility. It was an expert job and had to be blocked out by experts. Before General Pershing and his staff set out for France a railway commission, named by the Secretary of War, sailed from New York to investigate dock and traffic conditions and recommend a plan for the American system. The senior member was Maj. William Barclay Parsons, an eminent engineer who had constructed the first subways in New York. The other members were: W. J. Wilgus, who had been vice president of the New York Central, and had among other things laid the plans for the electrification of that system and who had been commissioned a major in the Reserve Corps; Capt. A. B. Barber, of the Engineer Corps, United States Army; W. A. Garrett, who had had wide experience as a transportation official; and F. de St. Phalle, a motive power and rolling stock expert, who was an officer of a great locomotive works in Philadelphia. They represented a combined experience that was an immense asset in their ramified investigations, which began at the War Office in London and practically covered every line of communication used by the allied armies in France. The recommendations of this commission, and more especially the details suggested by Major, now Colonel, Wilgus, formed the basis of the whole immense structure through which the lifeblood of our armies in France rushes to-day.

That commission found the available French ports and their docks already overburdened with tonnage, and most of them with inadequate and obsolete equipment. The four great strategic railways of France, running from the north to the south, were carrying nearly all the traffic that the rails could bear. Even the canals were blocked. France's man power was depleted, the available sources of supplies were well-nigh exhausted. It all meant that America would not only have to construct but also bring her labor and material from home.

One of the first acts of the commission, therefore, was to cable for engineers. Thus it came about that in the vanguard of that fighting host that later crossed the sea came those gallant engineer regiments, who have recorded in France an achievement that must stand out as one of the brilliant performances of the whole American Expeditionary Force.

Nine engineer regiments were sent. Five were for railway construction, three for railway operation and one was a shop regiment. They were recruited from railway cab, switch, roundhouse and shop. Every man was a volunteer. Some of the units went straight to France, others by way of England.

Five of the regiments marched through London on that historic August day of 1917, when Britain got her initial view of our men in khaki and when for the first time an alien army under its arms and flags paraded the British capital. Whitehall, Regent Street, Pall Mall, Piccadilly—indeed, the whole heart of London was aflutter with American flags and noisy with a deafening crash of cheers. As those stalwarts swung along a British major general who stood by my side said to me: "Those regulars of yours march well."

Colonel W. J. Wilgus

"They are not regulars," I replied. "Six weeks ago they were running locomotives, building tracks or operating lathes in the United States."

"Extraordinary!" was his response.

That parade through London was the last spectacular appearance that the American engineers made. Henceforth from battlefield to dock they were to toil. Even their departure from England had its dramatic touch. In London was Charles G. Dawes, former comptroller of the currency and now purchasing agent of the A. E. F. in France. He had left his bank in Chicago to become a lieutenant colonel in one of the engineer regiments. He gave some of his fellow officers a dinner at the Carlton Hotel, which was to be followed by a theater party. Part of this regiment had been assigned to the British Army in France. As the Americans sat at dinner a hurry-up call came from the War Office to depart for the Front early next morning.

"All right," was the response; "we will be ready."

General Carey's Scratch Army

THE port from which they were to embark was a three-hour journey by rail from London. Colonel Dawes chartered a fleet of taxicabs and saw his social program through. The next morning these officers, having journeyed from midnight to dawn by motor, were on hand to leave with their men.

Within a week I saw some of them laying track under fire up the Somme. It was a group of these engineers who, in that great battle before Cambrai last year, threw away picks and shovels, grabbed guns and leaped to action. It was another company of the same unit who, when the fate of Amiens trembled in the balance last spring, did the same trick and became part of Brigadier General Carey's famous "scratch" army. Such is the spirit of the American engineers who built the foundation and much of the structure of our transportation system in France; the type of organization a detachment of which laid nearly three miles of narrow-gauge railroad in seven hours while two companies built two warehouses containing forty thousand square feet of floor space in eight and a half hours!

Go to any one of the ports that we use in France and you will see the results of their labors, which began with bare hands and improvised tools. For the sake of illustration I will use two major ports. The first—Base Section Number One—is that historic one-time fishing town which will always be bound to the United States by sentimental ties, where the first American Expeditionary Force set foot on French soil. In August, 1917, the whole dock and unloading facilities were not only hopelessly inadequate for our needs, but the prospect of increasing them was equally disheartening. Though there were two large lock basins the anchorage outside was inadequate, while the discharging facilities were poor. Only six ships of ten thousand tons each could be discharged simultaneously. The dock buildings were old and rat-riddled. There were a few rusty cranes; the beds of the railroad tracks alongside had bogged in the wet ground. We had no barges for lightering. When our first locomotives arrived in a deep-draft ship we

had to use an oceangoing steamer for a lighter, transfer the engines to her deck and then bring them into one of the basins in this crude and cumbersome way. Such were the handicaps under which we labored for months.

But those engineers got busy. At the outset a discharge of two thousand tons a day was considered an immense performance at this port; on the day before I write this article, early in September, that same port discharged exactly 10,341 tons. We had not only rebuilt those warehouses but in this port and in the great base supply depot, four miles away, we had constructed fifty great warehouses that comprise a city of supply. We have linked those docks and warehouses with more than a hundred miles of tracks and spurs—some of them on concrete roadbed. Before the project is completed it will have a trackage equal to that of Altoona, which is a nerve center of the Pennsylvania system, with two hundred and fifty miles of rails. We have increased the basin facilities until to-day there are berths for twenty-one ships of big tonnage. Fourteen vessels can discharge at the same time.

The A. E. F. in France, with the Pershing foresight that made our whole achievement possible, always looks ahead, and there is now in course of construction an American pier nearly four thousand feet long, built on American piles, that eventually will accommodate sixteen vessels. The way I saw this pier driven far out into the river day after day with amazing rapidity made the French sit up. Accustomed to putting down massive concrete foundations they were speechless at the spectacle of American piles pounded in at the rate of two hundred a day. Not content with working these wonders on quay and roadbed our engineers have installed a complete water supply for the town, which meant the construction of complete water works and a pumping station with a capacity of six million gallons a day. A five-hundred-thousand-gallon reservoir was simply one feature of the project.

The Proper Greeting

YOU are not surprised when I tell you that two men largely responsible for the consummation of this work are Lieut. Col. William G. Atwood, who in civil life drove the Alaska Central through the snows and rigors of the frozen north, and Maj. C. S. Coe, the man who built the famous viaduct of the Florida East Coast Railway out across the sea-sprayed reefs where experts had said no man could build. The commanding officer of this engineer regiment, I might add, was Col. John S. Sewell, who is now in command of the whole base section upon which his men have left such an enduring mark.

All this was not done without labor. The four hundred colored stevedores, yanked from sunny cotton plantation to the bitter winter coast of France, were the nucleus of the labor battalions now operating in this base section, which number 7600. With the willing, cheerful and uncomplaining toil of these men in khaki many of our wonders have been achieved. It was one of these Southern negroes who contributed a classic story of the war. When General Pershing visited this port he made a speech to the stevedores complimenting them on their splendid work. He concluded by saying that though he realized that every one of them wanted to fight some had to stay behind and do their work. He added that the men with the best records would have a chance to go "over the top." This phrase caused much discussion among the negroes, some of whom had never heard it. Everyone had his own definition.

Lieutenant Colonel H. B. Moore

Finally one of them rose up and said: "Well, de 'top' is a place where you go over; and when you goes you say, 'Good mawnin', Jesus!'"

No less remarkable are the engineering results achieved in Base Section Number Two, where in many respects a really stupendous construction effort has been recorded. This port serves one of the largest cities in France and is on a famous river. Here, so far as docks are concerned, we have registered two distinct achievements. When we entered the war there were berths for seven ships at the so-called French docks. If two ships could be discharged a week it was considered a big job. Again, we faced a well-nigh overwhelming problem of inadequate facilities. On the quays were a few sheds and switchmen's shanties; the trackage was slight. Yet at those French docks to-day, thanks to our dredging and construction, seven ships can discharge at the same time into warehouses big as city blocks or to cars that bustle up and down many miles of newly laid rails.

But this performance was as child's play alongside the really amazing feat that has been performed with the building of what will always be known as the American docks. Those first seven berths were hopelesaly insufficient for our needs, so the American engineers set in to construct a whole new system of piers and berths along the river and extending north. It involved more than four thousand lineal feet of wharfage.

The land was swampy and low, filled in with silt, mud, garbage and the decomposed refuse of a camp of Annamites, the Indo-Chinese coolies who are employed as laborers by the French, British and American Armies in thousands. Hip deep in this filth our men toiled all through the bitter winter of 1917–18.

The French said that it would take three years at least, possibly five, to build these wharves. It took less than eight months, and this meant the rearing of nearly a mile of docks washed by the highest tide in France, the erection of concrete platforms with four lines of tracks, eight immense warehouses, the installation of ten electric five and ten ton cranes which straddle these tracks and lift huge parcels, ranging from bundles of cases of canned goods to whole motor trucks, direct from ship to car. Nearly seven million feet of lumber, most of it brought from the United States, was used in this enterprise. That former sea of swamp and garbage is now a whirlpool of action—a miniature Duluth—that rings with the riot of a mighty tonnage handled without delay. Where once two ships were unloaded in a week fourteen American vessels are now discharged at the same time. A ceaseless stream of supplies flows from their hatches.

The City That Grew Overnight

I HAVE presented only one side of the construction picture at this port. Nine miles away, where a year ago stretched hundreds of acres of farm and vineyard, has risen what may well be called the City That Grew Overnight. Here has risen another one of our enormous base supply depots—you will read more of them in the next article—with a million and a half feet of covered storage space and three million feet of open storage already in use and as many more in the making.

Linking this community with the port is another system of tracks and switches—that whole network of railway receiving, classification and departure yards that is such a necessary part of our supply system. Once more you have the marvel of labor expansion, for the forty original stevedores of last autumn have grown into the army of five thousand that toils night and day. At first these labor battalions slept in tents, in the open air, anywhere they could lay their heads. Their spirit of sacrifice is equaled only by that kindred spirit of self-effacement of this regiment of engineers—which includes hundreds of college men working with ax and spade—which went to France to build railways and which has done everything, from installing plumbing fixtures, shower baths and bakery ovens in camps to building docks, dams, fire stations and hospitals. This unit—and the work it has done is merely typical of what all the engineer organizations have done—was originally in command of Col. J. B. Cavanaugh, who left that battleground of pick and pile to become head of the no less important if less physically exacting G1 at the headquarters of the S. O. S.

In this necessarily brief bird's-eye view of what we have done in these two ports you get an idea of what has been going on in various ways at the others that we use. Everywhere we have dug and dredged, laid down tracks, built warehouses, set up machinery; all to the end that

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Brigadier General W. W. Atterbury

Brigadier General Edgar Russel

CAMPING ON FIFTH

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

"I am Afraid it is My Fault. I Made a Cry in the Hall. It Was Monsieur Doucette That I Mistook for a Thief"

AFTER getting right down to bedrock Mrs. Henry Barnard succeeded in lopping off thirteen thousand dollars from the annual estimate for running her Fifth Avenue home, and felt a justifiable pride in the accomplishment. In terms of War Savings Stamps this would allow the purchase of more than three thousand of them. Here was something in the nature of a real contribution to her country. Here was patriotism expressed in concrete terms. This of course by no means represented her total contribution to the cause; she and her husband had given generously to the Red Cross, in both time and money, and had always been among the leading fifty donors to every other subscription list that had come along. This, however, had entailed no personal sacrifice. Though Henry Barnard had turned over his plant entirely to government work and upon the Government's own terms, he had seen his income triple in the last year in spite of himself.

But this saving of thirteen thousand meant putting things on a war basis right at home, if to a lesser degree, with the same spirit that it was being done in England and France. It meant going without some things she wanted, which was a decidedly novel experience—the more novel because she was not forced to it by lack of resources. For the last few years every time she had gone into executive session with her husband on this matter of the next budget it had been with a line of very good arguments looking to an increase. Not that Henry Barnard was a man who in normal times needed any urging—he always listened respectfully and then without a word made out a check for whatever sum she asked—but more as a justification to herself. She liked to think of herself as, within the confines of her home, a good executive. This present effort at economy was her own idea, and as such she was almost as thrilled by it as she had been at the birth of her only child. With a trace of excitement she followed her husband to the library at the close of dinner.

"If you aren't too tired, Henry," she said, "I'd like to talk over with you a matter of business to-night. It's the first of May."

"To be sure," he nodded. "Let me make out a check for you without talking it over. I suppose you'll need a little more for next year."

"No," she answered with flushed cheeks; "a little less."

She seated herself at the left of the open wood fire, which was his greatest luxury and which she had John kindle for him every evening, even into the summer. She was a striking-looking woman of rather generous proportions, who appeared her queenly best in evening clothes. Barnard still stood a good deal in awe of her. She had inherited this house from her mother and for several years he had sweat blood to maintain it. But that was long ago.

"I've made a detailed estimate of the bare necessities," she went on. "Do you want to hear it?"

"Why, yes, my dear," he answered with growing interest.

She removed from the gold vanity box she was carrying a tiny slip of paper covered with her fine handwriting, and after waiting for him to light his cigar and settle down comfortably into a chair she began to read.

"I tried," she said, "to see my way clear to cutting down on the servants, but that seems quite impossible. We certainly couldn't very well do without Henry to drive the cars, could we?"

"The cars would not be of much use without him," he admitted.

"So I've allowed fifteen hundred dollars for him. Then there is one thousand for Julie for Albert. She not only cares for him but is really doing the work of a tutor."

Barnard nodded. Any item affecting even remotely the welfare of the boy was not to be considered open to any discussion whatever.

"Then I've put down a thousand for John. A butler is certainly a necessity."

"Yes, my dear."

"I am paying another thousand to Marie, my maid—but one must dress even in wartimes."

One had only to look at her to understand how perfectly Marie fulfilled her mission.

"We are paying one thousand for our cook. It is a wonder François remains for that. A kitchen maid calls for five hundred dollars more. The table girl and chambermaid together are receiving one thousand, and the laundress five hundred. These servants are merely to allow us to eat and sleep and wear clean clothes."

"Yes."

"That amounts to seventy-five hundred dollars. I have allowed fifteen hundred more for the care and garage rent for the cars; ten thousand for supplies for the house, which is a considerable reduction; five thousand for fuel and upkeep, and ten thousand for clothes for the three of us, and three thousand for incidentals. The total is thirty-seven thousand dollars as against fifty thousand dollars for last year."

"You are quite sure you can manage on that?" he queried.

"We must!" she answered firmly.

"You have the right idea," he replied approvingly. "Only of course if you run into the hole ——"

"That would spoil everything," she cut in. "There isn't much sense in economizing if it only leads you into debt, is there?"

"No," he admitted with a smile.

"You don't think I'm serious?" she inquired with a trace of disappointment.

Henry Barnard rose at that, and with his back to the fire stood before her in frank admiration.

"I do, my dear," he assured her. "I've never accused you of extravagance, only a house like this calls for certain fixed expenses and I don't see how you can reduce them very much."

He might have added that a woman like her called for certain fixed expenses and to save his life he did not see how those could be reduced without in some way marring the perfect result. Besides, this was not a very grave problem. He was, as a matter of fact, fretting over a much graver one at that very moment.

He had that day received word from old Pierre Doucette, who lived in a camp along the upper stretches of Dead River, that the trout were plentiful this year and waiting for his flies. And he was tired and his heart hungry for the sweet silence of the dewy woods in the early morning, and the music of running waters, and the tingling excitement of casting over the dark swirling pools, and the gorgeous peace of sunset time, and the fragrance of sizzling bacon and browning fish for supper, and the calm philosophy of Pierre as he talked over his pipe at night. For fifteen years these two weeks had helped to keep him sane during the remainder of the year—had cleared his brain and given balance to his soul and soothed his nerves. But this year he could not make it. Had his own business alone been concerned he would have snatched himself free of the plant had it meant the sacrifice of a hundred thousand dollars. But more than his own business was at stake now. His country needed him right where he was to keep the smoothly running organization at top speed. And that was all there was to it.

Barnard crossed to his library desk and made out a check for thirty-seven thousand dollars and handed it to his wife.

"I wish you luck, my dear."

"Thanks, Henry. You look tired to-night. Isn't it about time for you to get out your fishing things?"

"I heard from Pierre to-day."

"Then you will leave next week perhaps?"

"Perhaps," he replied. But as soon as she left he scribbled a note to Pierre Doucette:

My Good Friend Pierre: I'm afraid I'll have to make it a closed season on trout this year because my plant is running on government orders and I don't dare to spare a day. But I shall miss you and your cooking and your talk not only this month but in all the long months to come before another spring. My visit with you has always meant more than just the sport of fishing. You have always helped me to get back to simple, peaceful things and rest. *Eh bien,* as you say, *c'est la guerre.* Perhaps this year you can come on and visit me as you have so often promised. You will be welcome.

With best regards,

HENRY BARNARD.

Barnard addressed an envelope and called John.

"Mail this at once," he ordered.

It was well to have this settled without further delay.

II

TOWARD six o'clock in the evening some two weeks later John, who was arranging the evening papers in the library with his ears cocked for the expectant arrival of his master, was startled by an attack upon the front door. It was nothing less than a violent assault made with some blunt instrument—possibly clenched fists. He paused unable to believe his ears, but it was repeated even more insistently. His first thought was that this was a matter for the police, and he moved toward the telephone. But at this moment Marie rushed in.

"Do you hear?" she demanded.

With dignity John replied: "My hearing is quite unimpaired."

"Then in the name of God——" burst out Marie.

The ellipsis said plainly enough: "Why don't you do something about it?"

In order to maintain his self-respect John under these circumstances could do no less than go below and investigate personally. With discreet caution—it is a fact that in New York one may never know what strange visitors to expect—he opened the door the fraction of an inch, bracing with his foot, and peered out. What he saw was not encouraging: a tall, lank, bearded man dressed in an outlandish costume and carrying a basket.

"We do not receive peddlers," ventured John at a guess.

"It is Henry Barnard I wish to see," answered the stranger.

"The servants' entrance ——" began John.

But before he could finish, the man had thrown his weight against the door—a surprising weight for one apparently so lean. It almost upset the butler, who—when he had recovered—found the man standing in the hall in a decidedly aggressive attitude.

"By gar," said Pierre Doucette, "when Henry Barnard asks me to his house I come to his house. When I am here I enter. *Nom de Dieu*, why did you not open the door?"

John was dazed both by his fall and by the air of authority with which the man spoke in spite of his uncouth appearance.

He had never in his life been called upon to cope with so bewildering a situation. Obviously the man had something to sell, or why the basket?

"Mr. Barnard is not at home," announced John as soon as he was able to find his voice.

"*Eh bien*, then I will wait," decided the intruder.

With that he placed his basket upon the floor, sat down in one of the ornamental chairs, drew a corncob pipe from one pocket, a plug of tobacco and a knife from another, and with calm deliberation proceeded to whittle off enough to fill the palm of his hand. This he rolled with the other hand, keeping one eye upon the butler.

From the top of the stairs came a stifled ripple of laughter from Marie. It brought the color to John's cheeks. He straightened himself.

"If you do not leave at once I shall summon the police," he threatened.

"Eh?"

John moved toward the stairs.

"Attend!" Pierre spoke sharply. "You will remain where you are until Henry Barnard arrives. I have had trouble enough with you."

John hesitated, but after meeting the steel-gray eyes he decided that, if for no other purpose than to avoid making a scene, it was his duty to humor the fellow. Pierre lighted his pipe and immediately the air about him became heavy, not with the aromatic perfume of choice Havana but with a smudgy fog that made John cough. The cough was genuine, but John emphasized it a little as a suggestion that the coarse odor was anything but welcome—without, however, any appreciable result. At intervals during the next twenty minutes Marie appeared at the head of the stairs, and instead of being of assistance, as she might well have been by securing reënforcements, acted as though she were attending a vaudeville performance.

The toot of the chauffeur's horn without roused John to action. With a sidelong glance at the stranger and with the explanation that Mr. Barnard was approaching, John threw open the door with a sense of relief. Now we should see!

But what he did see was quite as astonishing as anything that had already happened. Barnard greeted the man with outstretched hand and an exclamation of joy.

"Pierre!" he cried. "But it's good to see your old face again!"

"You could not come to the trout and so I bring the trout to you," explained Pierre.

He extended the basket.

"Trout?"

Barnard opened the cover and looked within. There beneath wet moss, which had at the start been iced, he saw a half dozen speckled beauties weighing from a pound to two pounds. The sight of them brightened Barnard's tired eyes.

"Where did you get these?" he asked.

"In the pool at the foot of the log dam," answered Pierre.

How well Barnard knew the spot! It brought back the early-morning hike through the wet woods along the narrow trail that went up and down over wooded hillocks strewn with brown pine needles and across boggy brook beds in the hollows following the river until one burst through the underbrush to the sound of roaring waters.

"What did you use for a fly?" demanded Barnard.

Pierre placed his finger to his lips with a heavy wink.

"You beggar!" exploded Barnard. "I'll bet you didn't use a fly at all."

"There are your fish," replied Pierre.

"And we'll have them for dinner," declared Barnard. "Here, John, take these to the chef and tell him ——"

He paused. Then he turned to Pierre.

"Pierre, you ought to cook these yourself. The chef will spoil them."

"*Eh bien*," agreed Pierre, "show me your fire."

"Wait a minute. John, ask Mrs. Barnard to please come down for a moment."

When John left, Barnard placed his hand on Pierre's shoulder.

"Now that I've got you I want you to camp here with me for a while," he said. "You will?"

Pierre glanced round uneasily. Then he straightened his shoulders. "M'sieur," he said, "there are fools in the village of Durham. You know me—if I can shoot?"

"I wouldn't take a chance in front of your rifle a mile away," answered Barnard.

"And you know me—if I can walk?"

"A man who can shoulder a canoe on a twelve-mile carry is still going strong."

"*Eh bien*—then will you tell me why they permit Henri Benoit, a clerk in a store, to go to the war and say to me I am too old?" demanded Pierre.

"You tried to enlist?"

"*Nom de Dieu*, I have read the papers and—you ask that?"

"But, Pierre—you are nearly fifty?"

"I do not know how old I am. I do not care a damn how old I am. I can shoot and I can walk. That Henri Benoit ——"

Down the wide stair swept Mrs. Henry Barnard in all her majestic beauty, and cut the conversation short. Halfway she paused a moment, but at a glance from her husband came on.

"Elizabeth," said Barnard, using her first name, "this is Pierre. He has come to visit us."

Pierre doffed his cap and bowed. But she stepped toward him with her white hand extended.

"Oh, it is so good to see you, Pierre," she exclaimed. "My husband has talked a great deal about you."

"And in front of the fire at night I have heard him talk much about you," answered Pierre.

Henry Barnard flushed—actually he did. One talks freely about matters deep in the heart at night about dry pine logs.

"Tut, tut! Those are secrets of the woods," warned Barnard, drawing closer to his wife.

"Then madame must come to the woods herself some day and hear them," suggested Pierre.

"But now you are going to stay a little while with us, are you not?"

"He is if I have to tie him hand and foot to keep him here," broke in Barnard. "And to-night he has promised to cook the trout for us. Look at 'em!"

He held up the basket for her to see.

"But surely François ——"

"Bah! He'd spoil them with some sort of fancy name and mess 'em up with sauce. What does he know of honest salt pork? And johnnycake? You'll make johnnycake to go with 'em, Pierre?"

Pierre nodded.

"Fine! Then it's up to you, Beth, to invite his nibs in the kitchen to take a night off. You'd better send Ellen along with him. We want the place to ourselves."

"But the dinner?"

This was almost too radical a proceeding for her to understand. She herself did not visit the kitchen more than twice a year. "Let the servants eat it and be gone. We've something better ahead of us."

And so, with some foreboding, she sent word to François that dinner would not be served that evening. Then she herself escorted Pierre to the guest room and left him bewildered before the magnificent furnishings. He was sitting there quite helplessly, fearing to move, when Barnard came up to report that the coast was all clear.

"*Sacré!*" exclaimed Pierre. "You don't think I can sleep in a place like this?"

"You may do anything you like," answered Barnard. "Pull the blankets off the bed and camp on the floor if you'd rather.

"Come on now and get supper. I'm hungry for the first time in a month."

"You have lost weight," declared Pierre, looking at him critically.

"I've worked like the devil," said Barnard.

"If I had you for a month in camp ——"

"Don't tempt me. There's work to be done in these times that can't be put off."

"Yes," nodded Pierre. "But you must have a care—if only to work the more."

"If you had only packed up the trout brook in that old basket of yours, and a sunrise or two and a bit of fresh woods and the camp fire," exclaimed Barnard.

Guided by his wife Barnard led Pierre to the kitchen, but such a kitchen as the latter had never seen. The floor was of red tiling and the walls of white enamel. He saw a coal range as large as a small camp, and beside that a gas range. Row upon row of kettles of aluminum and copper reflected the brilliant electric lighting. He was confused

"My Dear, I've Never Accused You of Extravagance, Only a House Like This Calls for Certain Fixed Expenses and I Don't See How You Can Reduce Them Very Much"

by the array. A small wood stove, a fry pan, a mixing bowl and baking tin were all he needed for most of his cooking, and here were utensils enough to stock a store.

"Here you are," exclaimed Barnard. "Now do anything you like."

"Here I am," nodded Pierre. "But yes—only, *nom de diable*, what do you call this?"

Barnard glanced up at his wife.

"Isn't this the kitchen?" he inquired.

"Certainly," she laughed.

"Of course it is. If you haven't got what you need I'll send out for it."

The trouble was not there; it was to find among what was already here the few things he did need. But Mrs. Barnard helped, and by poking in this cupboard and that she managed to find a frying pan and a biscuit tin, and after a still longer search some salt pork for the fish, and eggs, milk, corn meal and baking powder for the johnnycake. In the meantime Barnard sat back comfortably in a wooden chair and drew from his pocket an old brier pipe.

"Hand me your plug," he said to Pierre.

Then, just as Pierre himself had done, he whittled off a palmful, rolled it and filled his black brier. By the time the sliced pork was sizzling he was contentedly puffing away.

It took Pierre less than thirty minutes to have supper all ready, and then while Mrs. Barnard stood perplexed over the grave problem of how and where to serve it Barnard had found a few dishes, knives and forks and set a wooden table in this very room. It was a fact that he proposed to dine in the kitchen.

"It's impossible!" exclaimed his wife.

"Just you sit down and see," answered Barnard. "You're the guest of Pierre and me at camp to-night."

Humbly she obeyed. Pierre cut the johnnycake in square chunks and piled it upon a heaping plate. He piled the hot trout upon another, and finally placed the coffeepot in the middle of the table within the reach of all. It was a crudely weird proceeding, but Mrs. Barnard forgot that as soon as she began to eat. Everything was good—marvelously good. She had eaten corn cake before, in the shape of delicately browned gems, but never anything like this. She had eaten trout before, fried daintily and garnished with sprigs of parsley and curling slices of lemon rind with a choice sauce to add piquancy, but never before had she tasted trout in all their native sweetness. The coffee was served black in big cups and tasted like real coffee. Each article of food was left as the good Lord intended it and not blended with other things. Besides, with nothing preceding the main dish in the shape of hors d'œuvre or soup, and with no other course to follow, one was left free to enjoy this one course generously to the utmost. Which without apology Pierre and Barnard proceeded to do, and which soon she allowed herself to do.

It was as satisfactory a dinner, viewed from any angle, as she had sat down to in a twelvemonth. And Henry Barnard, instead of sitting with beetled brows worrying over the day's unfinished problems, went back into the past with Pierre and fished again the rippling streams and the deep pools, while she listened with growing interest.

After the meal the men lighted their pipes and sat there a little before washing the dishes, which Pierre, over her protests, insisted upon doing. But they all helped at the task, even Mrs. Barnard herself; and so left the place tidy, as a good camp should be left.

They went upstairs after this and sat before the open fire for an hour, until the eyes of Pierre grew heavy toward nine o'clock. For a wonder Barnard himself began to feel sleepy, though for months he had found it difficult to quiet his head to the drowsy point until a few hours before morning. He escorted Pierre to his room and with a simple *bonne nuit* went from there to his own room, where he was soon fast asleep.

III

AT DAYBREAK Barnard heard a scream, and springing out of bed he rushed into the hall, revolver in hand. What he found was Marie attired in a baby-blue bathrobe shrinking back with eyes that had turned from fright to mischievous enjoyment before the embarrassed figure of Pierre. It seems that Pierre in trying to find his way out of doors had roused the maid, who at first thought it was her mistress, but who, upon finding a man instead, had immediately jumped to the conclusion that he was a burglar. Hence the scream, which had accomplished more toward frightening Pierre than a dozen men with guns could have done.

"What the deuce?" broke out Barnard with a laugh.

"I was trying to get out to find some air when mam'selle —— *Mon Dieu*, but I am glad you came!" exclaimed Pierre.

"Marie, what were you trying to do to my friend?" demanded Barnard.

"Oh, m'sieur," pleaded Marie, not sure if he were joking or not.

"You must be careful not to frighten him again like this."

"But it was he who frightened me!"

"Yes," broke in Pierre gallantly, "I am sure it was like that."

"It looks to me as though you had frightened each other. But what in thunder are you up for at this hour of the morning?"

"It is daylight."

"True, but it is only four o'clock."

"The sun ——"

"We do not go by the sun in New York," laughed Barnard. "But now that you have got me out of bed I will join you. Wait five minutes for me, will you, Pierre?"

Pierre waited on the front steps, and a passing policeman remained on the other side of the street watching him until Barnard came out. Had he not recognized the latter he would have stopped the two as they strode off up the avenue. This was no hour for honest folk to be abroad.

But the air was clean and sweet and cool, and save for the occasional noisy rattle of a milk cart the silence was refreshing. Barnard continued to the park, where the bushes and trees were glistening after their morning bath of dew. With sufficient imagination it was possible for one to believe oneself in the north woods. Only Barnard knew there was no trout brook at the end of the trail. If he kept on in whatever direction he was certain to break through once again into the surrounding ramparts of houses. Still these quiet trails made for peace, and there was a bracing quality to the air that at the end of an hour had whetted his appetite. He glanced at his watch.

"Jove!" he said. "It's only a little after five and we don't have breakfast until eight-thirty."

Pierre looked up anxiously.

Barnard had an idea.

"I believe if we hustle we can make the kitchen before François shows up. There's some of that johnnycake left, and between us we ought to manage to fry some eggs, eh?"

"You can bet your life," declared Pierre with solemn conviction.

The two men quickened their pace, and though John was not at the door to let them in Barnard discovered that it was just as feasible a process to let himself in with his pass key in the daytime as late at night. With suppressed excitement Barnard led the way to the kitchen. It was still deserted. The coal range had not yet been kindled, but he managed to light the gas range, though it required all his latent inventive ability to discover the right cocks to turn. Then he began to forage for supplies with a good deal the emotional reaction of a real burglar. With a shout he brought to light some eggs and finally the bacon. Pierre proceeded to slice the latter, and at this moment Mary Ellen entered, and with a scream retired.

Barnard tried to catch her in time to explain, but she escaped him and roused François. The latter escorted her back, bravely armed with a large carving knife, which he always kept under his pillow for emergencies. François knew Barnard by sight, but that only complicated matters. What was this other strange cook doing here? François began indignantly to protest when Barnard somewhat abruptly cut him short.

"You and the other one clear out of here until we're through," he commanded.

"But, m'sieur, I demand ——"

"You demand of me—in my own kitchen?" exploded Barnard.

"M'sieur does not understand."

"Apparently you don't understand either. Get out! Is that clear?"

François drew himself up to his full height.

"M'sieur will accept my resignation," he decided.

"You bet!" agreed Barnard.

"Faith, an' I leave too, then," added Mary Ellen.

"Fine," nodded Barnard. "The sooner the better."

For a moment François still stood aggressively facing the two men, but Pierre at sight of the big carving knife had seized the weapon with which he had been attacking the bacon and now began to edge closer to the enraged cook, the lust of battle in his eyes. Man to man, and knife against knife—that was the way he liked best to fight. François, however, had no intention to press matters beyond a threat. With a muttered oath he retired, Mary Ellen close beside him.

"The field is ours," observed Barnard turning in triumph to Pierre. But the latter appeared disappointed.

"It is a grand pity that always at the last moment these men here do not fight," he declared.

"It is better so," decided Barnard. "But look here, with the cook gone Beth won't get any breakfast unless she joins us. Perhaps I'd better go up and get her."

"*Va t'en*," nodded Pierre. "I will have all ready in twenty minutes."

So Barnard proceeded upstairs to his wife's room at six o'clock in the morning. She woke with a start as he entered.

"What is the trouble, Henry?" she exclaimed, sitting up in bed.

"Nothing, only Pierre and I have been over the top and taken the first-line trench. François and Mary Ellen are quitting at once."

"But Henry!" she gasped in consternation. This really seemed almost as serious as anything she had feared. She knew what it was to secure a cook in these wild days.

"Bah! We'll get along somehow. I came to see if you won't come down and have breakfast with Pierre and me."

"At this hour?"

"It's sunup. In camp I'd be on the stream by now."

"I know, but—but, after all, this isn't camp."

He stooped over her and kissed her. "Then let's play it is," he suggested. "Come on and join us. I wish the boy was up too."

"You mustn't disturb Albert."

"I'll bet he's awake at that. I'm going in and see."

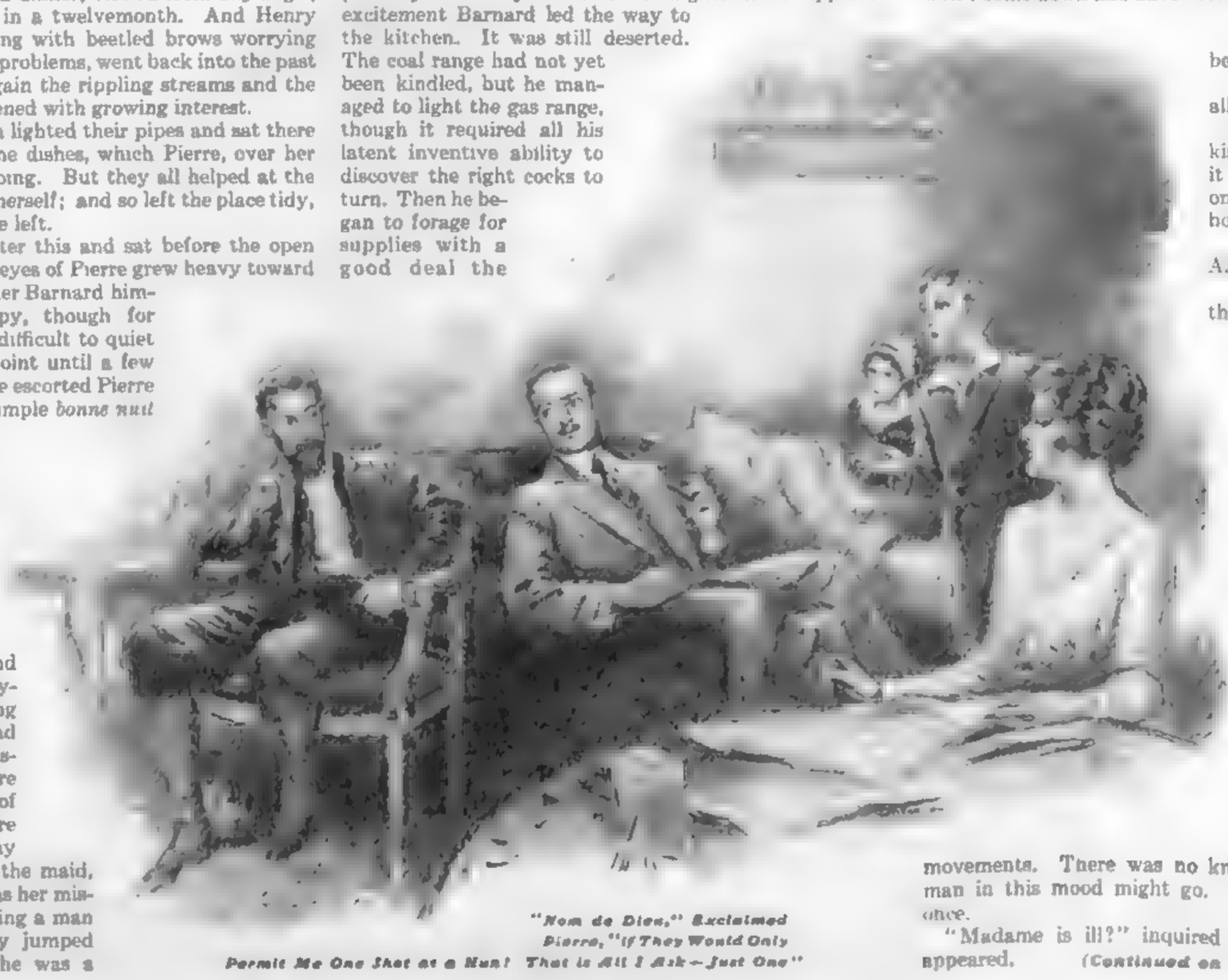
"I'm afraid you'll disturb Julie if you don't the boy."

"Hang Julie!" he broke out. "I've been out among the trees this morning and I'm full of pep. I've met François and Mary Ellen, and now I'm looking for more scalps. We've let the servants run this house long enough. Whoopee! Whoopee!"

Henry Barnard disappeared through the door with a display of youthful enthusiasm that made her feel that it was really incumbent upon her to dress and watch his further movements. There was no knowing to what lengths a man in this mood might go. She summoned Marie at once.

"Madame is ill?" inquired Marie anxiously as she appeared.

(Continued on Page 81)



"Nom de Dieu," Exclaimed Pierre, "If They Would Only Permit Me One Shot at a Hun! That Is All I Ask—Just One"

THE CITY OF COMRADES

V

By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

MY ACQUAINTANCE with Ralph Coningsby was the hinge on which my destiny turned. A hinge is a small thing as compared with a door, and so was my friendship with Coningsby in proportion to the rest of my life; but it became its cardinal point.

I met him first at the meeting of the club at which the Scotchman and the piano mover presented themselves for membership. As to the five outsiders whom Lovey and I had found on arriving, Christian's prediction was verified. Three went out when their week was over and they had got sobered up. Two stayed behind to go on with the work of reform. At the end of another week each stood up with his next friend, as a bridegroom with his best man, and asked to be taken into fellowship.

That was at the great weekly gathering, which took place every Saturday night. Among the hundred and fifty-odd men who had assembled in the two downstairs sitting rooms it was not difficult to single out Coningsby, since he was the only man I could see in whom there was nothing blasted or scorched or tragic. There was another there of whom this was true, but I didn't meet him till toward the end of the evening.

As They Were Passing Into the Next Room Regina Barry Turned and Looked at Me a Third Time. It Was Now an Inquiring Look, and Significant

I had now been some ten days within the four walls of the club, not sobering up, as you know, but trying to find myself. The figure of speech is a good one, for the real Frank Melbury seemed to have been lost. This other self, this self I was anxious to get rid of, had left him in some bright and relatively innocent world, while it went roaming through a land of sand and thorns. I had distinctly the feeling of being in search of my genuine identity.

For this I sat through long hours of every day doing absolutely nothing—that is, it was absolutely nothing so far as the eye could see; but inwardly the spirit was busy. I came, too, to understand that that was the secret of the long, stupefied forenoons and afternoons on the part of my companions. They were stupefied only because sight couldn't follow the activity of their occupation. Beyond the senses so easily staggered by strong drink there was a man endeavoring to come forth and claim his own. In far, subliminal, unexplored regions of the personality that man was forever at work. I could see him at work. He was at work when the flesh had reached the end of its short tether, and reeled back from its brief and helpless efforts to enjoy. He was at work when the sore and sodden body could do nothing but sit in lumbering idleness. He was at work when the glazed eye could hardly lift its stare from a spot on the floor.

That was why tobacco no longer afforded solace, nor reading distraction, nor an exchange of anecdotes mental relaxation. I don't mean to say that we indulged in none of these pastimes, but we indulged in them slightly. On the one hand, they were pale in comparison to the raw excitement our appetites craved; and on the other, they offered nothing to the spirit, which was, so to speak, aching and clamorous. Apart from the satisfaction we got from sure and regular food and sleep our nearest approach to comfort was in a kind of silent, tactual clinging together. None of us wanted to be really alone. We could sit for hours without exchanging more than a casual word or two, when it frightened us to have no one else in the room. The sheer promiscuity of bed against bed enabled us to sleep without nightmares.

The task of chumming up had, therefore, been an easy one. So little was demanded. When a newcomer had been shown the ropes of the house there was not much more to do for him. One could only silently help him to find his lost identity as one was finding one's own.

"That's about all there is to it," Andrew Christian observed when I had said something of the sort to him. "You can't push a man into the kingdom of heaven; he's got to climb up to it of his own accord. There's no salvation except what one works out through one's own sweat and blood."

He gave me one of his quick, semihumorous glances. "I suppose you know what salvation is?"

I replied that I had heard a great deal about it all my life, but I was far from sure of what it entailed in either effort or accomplishment.

"Salvation is being normal. The intuitive old guys who coined language saw that plainly enough when they connected the idea with health. Fundamentally health is salvation and salvation is health—only perfect health, health not only of the body but of the mind. Did it ever strike you that health and holiness and wholeness are all one word?"

I said it never had.

"Well, it's worth thinking about. There's a lot in it. You'll get a lot out of it. The holy man is not the hermit on his knees in the desert, or the saint in colored glass, or anything that we make to correspond to them. He's the fellow who's whole—who's sound in wind and limb and intelligence and sympathy and everything that makes power. When we say 'O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,' we mean, O worship the Lord in the beauty of the all-round man, who's developed in every direction, and whose degree of holiness is just in proportion to that development."

"That's a big thought, sir," I said. "I don't believe many people who speak the English language ever get hold of it. But how does it happen that one of the two words is spelt with a 'w', while the other——"

He laughed, showing two rows of small, regular white teeth, as pretty as a girl's.

"That was another lot of intuitive guys; and a very neat trick they played on us. They saw that once the Anglo-Saxon, with his fine, big sporting instinct, got hold of the idea that holiness meant spreading out and living out in all manly directions—and by that I don't mean giving free rein to one's appetites, of course—but they saw that once the fundamental idea became plain to us the triumph of lust would be lost.

"So they inserted that little bluffing, blinding 'w,' which doesn't belong there at all, to put us off the scent; and off the scent we went. Church and state and human society have all combined to make holiness one of the most anemic, flat-chested words in the language when it's really a synonym of normality."

We exchanged these thoughts in the narrow hall of the club, as he happened to be passing, and stopped for a few words. It was always his way. He never treated us to long and formal interviews. From a handclasp and a few chance sentences we got the secret of a personality which gave out its light and heat like radium, without effort and without exhaustion.

"What do ye think 'e says to me?" Lovey demanded of me one day. "'Lovey,' says 'e, 'ye've got a terr'ble responsibility on ye with that young fella, Slim. If you go under 'e goes under, and if you keep straight 'e keeps straight.' What do ye think of that?"

"I think you're doing an awful lot for me, Lovey."

He slapped his leg.

"Ye got that number right, old son. There's nobody else in the world I'd 'a' done it for. If you 'adn't taken a fancy to me, like, that night, and asked me to go 'ome with you —— But, say, Slim," he went on confidentially, "wouldn't you like to 'ave a drink?"

Wouldn't I like to have a drink? There was thirst in the very rustle of Lovey's throat. There was the same thirst in my own. It was more than a thirst of the appetite—it was a thirst of the being, of whatever had become myself. It was one of the moments at which the lost identity seemed farther away than ever, and the Frank Melbury of the last three years the man in possession.

I couldn't, however, let Lovey see that.

"Oh, one gets used to going without drinks."

"Do ye? I don't. I'd take a drink of 'air oil if anybody'd give me one. Anything that comes out of a bottle 'd be better'n nothink, after all this water from a jug."

During the first few days at the club this was my usual state, not of mind but of sensation. During the next few

days I passed into a condition that I can best express as one of physical resignation. The craving for drink was not less insistent but it was more easily denied. Since I couldn't get it I could do without it, and not want to dash my head against a stone. But after the words with Andrew Christian I have just recorded I began to feel—oh, ever so slightly!—that Nature had a realm of freedom and vigor in which there was no need of extraordinary stimulants, and of which sunshine, air and water might be taken as the symbols. With the resting of my overexcited nerves and the response of a body radically healthy to regular sleep and simple food I began to feel, at least at intervals, that water, air and sunshine were the natural elements to thrive on.

My first glance at Ralph Coningsby showed me a man who had thriven on them. He was the type to whom most of us take at sight—the clean, fresh, Anglo-Saxon type, blue-eyed and fair, whom you couldn't do anything but trust. "God, how I should like to look like that!" I said to myself the minute I saw him come in.

I knew by this time that at the big weekly meetings there were sometimes friendly visitors whose touch with the club was more or less accidental. I had no difficulty in putting this man down as one. He entered as if he were at any ordinary gathering of friends, with a nod here, a handshake there, and a few words with someone else. Then for a minute he stood, letting his eyes search the room till they rested on me, where I stood in a corner of the front sitting room.

There was at once that livening of the glance that showed he had found what he was looking for. Making his way through the groups that were standing about he came up and offered his hand.

"Your name's Melbury, isn't it? Mine's Coningsby. I think you must be the same Melbury who went to the Beaux Arts in the fall of the year in which I left in the spring."

"Oh, you're that Coningsby? You used to know Bully Harris?"

"Rather! He and I lived together for a year in the Rue de Seine."

"And he and I spent a year in the same house in the Rue Bonaparte."

"And now he's out in Red Wing, Minnesota, doing very well, I hear."

"The last time I saw him was in London. We dined together at the Piccadilly and did a theater."

"And Tommy Runt? Do you ever hear of him?"

"Not since he went back to Melbourne; but that chap he was always about with—Saunderson, killed in a motor accident near Glasgow."

"Wouldn't You Know It?" Miss Barry Said Lightly. "One of the Nicest Rooms in the House. It's Wonderful How Well Men Do Themselves, Isn't It?"

"So I heard. Someone told me—Pickman, I think it was—an Englishman. But you didn't know Pickman, did you? He left the year I came, which must have been three or four years before your time. By the way, why don't we sit down?"

In the process of sitting down I remembered my manners: "Mr. Coningsby, won't you let me introduce you to my friend, Mr. Lovey?"

Lovey was seated, nursing a knee and looking as wretched as a dog to whom no one is paying the customary attention. He resented Coningsby's appearance; he resented a kind of talk which put me beyond his reach.

When Coningsby, who seated himself between us, had shaken hands and made some kindly observation Lovey replied peevishly: "I ain't in 'ere for nothink but to save Slim."

"That's what the boys call me," I laughed in explanation.

Coningsby having duly commended this piece of self-sacrifice we went on with the reminiscences with which we had begun. It was the most ordinary kind of breaking the ice between one man and another; but for me the wonder of it was precisely in that fact. You have to be down and out to know what it means when someone treats you as if you had never been anything but up and in. There was not a shade in Coningsby's manner nor an inflection in his tone to hint at the fact that we hadn't met at the New Netherlands or any other first-class club. It was nothing, you will say, but what any gentleman would be impelled to. Quite true! But again let me say it: you would have to be in my place to know what it means to be face to face with the man who is impelled to it.

We stopped talking, of course, when business began, Coningsby giving me any necessary explanation in an undertone, and pointing out the notables whom I didn't know by sight.

One of these was Colonel Straight, who with Andrew Christian had founded the club. I don't believe that he had ever been a colonel, but he looked like one; neither can I swear that his real name was Straight, though it suited him. In our world the sobriquet often clings closer to us and fits us more exactly than anything given by inheritance or baptism. Here was a man with a figure as straight as an arrow, and a glance as straight as a sunbeam. What else could his name have been? With one leg slightly shorter than the other, as if he had been wounded in battle, a magnificent white mustache, a magnificent fleece of white hair—he had all the air not only of an old soldier but of an old soldier in high command.

"You wouldn't think to look at him," Coningsby whispered, "that he's only an old salesman for ready-made clothes."

"No; he ought to be at the head of a regiment."

"But the odd thing I notice about this club is that a man's status and occupation in the world outside seem to fall away from him as soon as he passes the door. The only thing that counts is what he is as a man; and even that doesn't count for everything."

"What does count for everything?" I asked in some curiosity.

"That he's a man at all."

"That's it exactly," I agreed heartily. "I hadn't put it to myself in that way; but I see that it's what I've been conscious of."

"As an instance of that you can take the friendship between Straight and Christian. From the point of view of the outside world they're of types so diverse that you'd say that the difference precluded friendship of any kind. You know what Christian is; but the colonel is hardly what you'd call a man of education. Without being illiterate he makes elementary grammatical mistakes, and unusual ideas floor him. But to say that he and Christian are like brothers hardly expresses it."

I pondered on this as the meeting, with Christian in the chair, came to order and the routine of business began.

When it grew uninteresting to people with no share in the management of the club I got an opportunity to whisper: "You settled in New York?"

"I'm with Sterling Barry; the junior of the four partners."

The reply seemed to strip from me the few rags of respectability with which I had been trying to cover myself up. Had he gone on to say "And I saw you break into his house and steal his daughter's trinkets," I should scarcely have felt myself more pitilessly exposed.

It was perhaps a proof of what the club had done for me that I no longer regarded this crime with the same sang-froid as when I entered. Even on the morning of my first talk with Andrew Christian I could have confessed it more or less as I should have owned to a solecism in etiquette. During the intervening ten days, however, I had so far reverted to my former better self that the knowledge that I was the man who had crept into a house and begun to rob it filled me with dismay. I had to pretend that I didn't want to interrupt the conducting of business to conceal the fact that I was unable to reply.

"You've worked in New York too?" he began again, when there was a chance of speaking.

I had by this time so far recovered myself as to be able to tell him the names of my various employers. I didn't add that they had fired me one after another because of my drinking spells, since I supposed he would take that for granted.

"Ever thought of Barry's?"

"I brought a letter of introduction to him from McArdle, of Montreal; but I never presented it."

"Pity."

"Yes; perhaps it was. But you see I didn't like McArdle's work, though I studied under him. As I was afraid of getting into the same old rut I went to Pritchard."

"What do you think of Barry's things now?"

"Oh, I like them—though they're not so severe as I should go in for myself. The modern French is a little too florid, and he goes them one better."

"Just my feeling. I should like you to see a bit of work I've been doing on my own; rather a big order—for me, that is—in which I've had to be as American as the deuce, and yet keep to the best lines."

"Like to," I managed to whisper back as we heard Christian announce that two new men were now to be admitted to the club.

I was interested in the ceremony, having by this time got on friendly terms with both the piano mover and the Scotchman, and learned something of their history. With necessary divergences the general trend of these tales was the same. Both were married men, both had children, in both cases "the home was broken up"—the phrase had become classic in the club—though in the one instance the wife had taken the children to her own people, and in the other she was doing her best to support them herself.

Their names being called there was a scraping of chairs, after which the two men lumbered forward, each accompanied by his next friend. The office of next friend, as I came to learn, was one of such responsibility as to put a strain on anything like next friendship. The Scotchman's next friend was a barber, who, as part of his return for the club's benefits to himself, had that afternoon cut the hair of all of us inmates—nineteen in number; while the piano mover had as his sponsor the famous Beady Lamont. The latter pair moved forward like two elephants.

I shall not describe this initiation further than to say that everything about it was simple, direct and impressive. The four men being lined in front of Mr. Christian's desk the spokesman for the authorities was old Colonel Straight.

"The difference between this club and every other club," he said, in substance, "is that men goes to other clubs to amuse theirselves, and here they come to fight. This club is an army. Anyone who joins it joins a corps. You two men who wants to come in with us 'ave got to remember that up to now you've been on your own and independent; and now you'll be entering a company. Up to now if you worked you worked for yourself; if you loafed you loafed for yourself; if you was lounge lizards you was lounge lizards on your own account and no one else's; and if you got drunk no one but you—leaving out your wife and children; though why I leave them out God alone knows!—but if you got drunk no one but you had to suffer. Now it's going to be all different. You can't get drunk without hurting us, and we can't get drunk without hurting you. T'other way round—every bit of fight we put up helps you, and every bit of fight you put up helps us.

"Now there's lots of things I could say to you this evening; but the only one I want to jam right home is this: You and us look at this thing from different points of view. You come here hoping that we're going to help you to keep straight. That's all right. So we are; and we'll all be on the job from this night forward. You won't find us taking no vacation, and your next friends here'll worry you like your own consciences. They'll never leave you alone the minute you ain't safe. You'll hear 'em promise to hunt for you if you go astray, and go down into the ditch with you and pull you out. There'll be no dive so deep that they won't go after you, and no kicks and curses that you can give 'em that they won't stand in order to haul you back. That's all gospel true, as you're going to find out if you go back on your promises. But that ain't the way the rest of us—the hundred and fifty of us that you see here to-night—looks at it at all. What we see ain't two men we're tumbling over each other to help; we see two men that's coming to help us. And oh, men, you'd better believe that we need your help! You look round and you see this elegant house—and the beds—and the grub—and everything decent and reg'lar—and you think how swell we've got ourselves fixed. But I tell you, men, we're fighting for our life—the whole hundred and fifty of us! And another hundred and fifty that ain't here! And another hundred and fifty that's scattered to the four winds of the earth; we're fighting for our life; we're fighting with our back against the wall. We ain't out of danger because we've been a year or two years or five years in the club. We're never out of danger. We need every ounce of support that anyone can bring to us; and here you fellows come bringing it! You're bringing it, Colin MacPherson, and you're bringing it, Tapley Toms; and there ain't a guy among us that isn't glad and grateful. If you go back on your own better selves you go back on us first of all; and if either of you falls you leave each one of us so much the weaker."

That, with a funny story or two, was the gist of it; but delivered in a low, richly vibrating voice, audible in every corner of the room and addressed directly and earnestly to the two candidates, its effect was not unlike that of Whitefield's dying man preaching to dying men. All the scarred, haunted faces, behind each of which there lurked memories blacker than those of the madhouse, were turned toward the speaker raptly. Knowledge of their own hearts and knowledge of his gave the words a power and a value beyond anything they carried on the surface. The red-hot experience of a hundred and fifty men was poured molten into the minute, to give to the promises the two postulants were presently called on to make a kind of iron vigor.

Those promises were simple.

Colin MacPherson and Tapley Toms took the total abstinence pledge for a week, after which they would be asked to renew it for similar periods till they felt strong enough to take it for a month.

They would remain as residents of the club till morally reëstablished, but they would look for work, in which the club would assist them, and send at least three-quarters of their earnings to their wives. As soon as they were strong enough they would set up homes for their families again, and try to atone for their failure in the meantime. They would do their best to strengthen other members of the club, and to live in peace with them. The religious question was shelved by asking each man to give his word to reconnect himself with the church in which he had been brought up.

The promises exacted of the next friends were, as became veterans, more severe. They were to be guardians of the most zealous activity, and shrink from no insult or injury in the exercise of their functions. If their charges fell irretrievably away their brothers in the club would be sorry for them, even though the guilt would not be laid at their door.

When some twenty or thirty members had renewed their vows for a third, fourth or fifth week, as the case happened to be, the meeting broke up for refreshments.

It was during this finale to the evening that Coningsby brought up a man somewhat of his own type, and yet different.

He was different in that though of the same rank and age he was tall and dark, and carried himself with a slight stoop of the shoulders. An olive complexion touched off with well-rounded black eyebrows and a neat black mustache made one take him at first for a foreigner, while the dreaminess of the dark eyes was melancholy and introspective if not quite despondent.

"Melbury, I want you to know Doctor Cantyre, who holds the honorable office of physician in ordinary to the club."

Once more I was in conversation with a man of antecedents similar to my own, and once more the breaking of the ice was that between men accustomed to the same order of associations. In this case we found them in Cantyre's tourist recollections of Montreal and Quebec, and in his enjoyment of winter sports.

VI

THERE was nothing more than this to the meeting that night, but early the next afternoon I was called to the telephone. As such a summons was rare in the club I went to the instrument in some trepidation.

"Hello! This is Frank Melbury."

"This is Doctor Cantyre. You remember that we met last evening?"

"Oh, rather!"

"I'm motoring out in my runabout to see a patient who lives a few miles up the river, and I want you to come along."

The invitation, which would mean nothing to you but a yes or a no, struck me almost speechless. There was first the pleasure of it. I have not laid stress on the fact that the weather was sickeningly hot, because it didn't enter into our considerations. We were too deeply concerned with other things to care much that the house was stifling; and yet stifling it was. But more important than that was the fact that anyone in the world should want to show me this courtesy. Remember that I had been beyond the reach of courtesies. A drink from someone who would expect me to give him a drink in return was the utmost I had known in this direction for months, and I might say for years.

Is it any wonder that in my reply I stammered and stuttered and nearly sobbed?

"Oh, but, I say, I—I look too beastly for an expedition of—of that sort. I'm awfully sorry, but—but I—well, you know how it is."

"Oh, get out! You've got to have the air. I'm your doctor. I'm not going to see you cooped up there day after day in weather like this. Besides, I'm bringing along a couple of dust coats—the road will be dusty part of the way—and we shall both be covered up. Expect me by half past two."

As he put up the receiver without waiting for further protests there was nothing for me but submission.

"I've been 'ere as long as you 'ave," Lovey complained when I told him of my invitation, "and nobody don't ask me to go hout in no automobiles."

"Oh, but they will."

He shook his head.

"Them swells'll take you away, sonny. See if they don't."

"Not from you, Lovey."

He grabbed me by the arm.

"Will you promise me that, Slim?"

"Yes, Lovey; I promise you."

"And we'll go on being buddies, even when the rich guys talks to you about all them swell things?"

"Yes, Lovey. We're buddies for life."

With this Mizpah between us he released my arm and I was able to go and make my preparations.

In spite of the heat and the fact that on a windless day there was no dust to speak of, Cantyre was buttoned up in a dust coat. It would have seemed the last word in tact if he hadn't gone further by pretending to be occupied in doing something to the steering wheel while I hid my seedy blue serge in the long linen garment he handed me out. As even an old golf cap can look pretty decent I was really like anybody else by the time I had snuggled myself in by his side.

During the first mile or two of the way I could hardly listen to Cantyre, to say nothing of making conversation. In spasmodic sentences between his spells of attention to the traffic he told me of his patient and where she lived; but as it was nothing I was obliged to register in my mind I could give myself to the wonder of the occasion, in awe at the miracle which had restored me to something like my old place in the world at the very moment when I seemed farthest away from it. Here I was, with not a penny to my name and not two coats to my back, tooling along like a gentleman with a gentleman, and as a man with his friend. Moreover, here I was with a new revelation, a convincing revelation, of something I had long since ceased to believe—that in this world there was such a thing as active brotherly kindness

I came out of these thoughts to find that we were following the avenue with part of which I had made myself so familiar ten days before. I began to ask myself if Cantyre had a motive in bringing me this way. The houses were thinning out. Vacant lots became frequent. I noted the southern limit of my pacings up and down on that strange midnight. Cantyre slowed the pace perceptibly. My heart thumped. If he accused me of anything I was resolved to confess all.

As we passed one particular vacant lot, a tangle of nettle, fireweed and blue succory, I noticed that Cantyre's gaze roamed round about it to the neglect of the machine. We had slowed down to perhaps ten miles an hour.

"Do you know whose house that is?" he asked suddenly.

But I refused to betray myself before it was necessary.

"Whose?" I riposted.

"Sterling Barry, the architect's."

The machine almost stopped. He looked the façade up and down, saying as he did so: "It's closed for the season. They left town a few days ago. Barry's bought the old Hornblower place at Rosyth, Long Island."

To my relief we sped on again; but I was not long in learning the motive behind his interest.

Chiefly for the sake of not seeming dumb I said as we got into the country: "You and Ralph Coningsby are by way of being great friends, aren't you?"

"No," he replied promptly. "I see him when I go to the club; not very often elsewhere. I know his sister, Elsie Coningsby, better. Not that I know her very well. She is a great friend of—of a—of a great friend—or, rather, someone who was a great friend—of mine. That's all."

(Continued on Page 92)

"And My Two Gells—Well, Bein' Acquitted Didn't Make No Difference to Them; They'd Been"

More Precious Than Rubies

XV

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

CALDECOTT spent that forenoon in his office jotting down notes of his motion-picture enterprise to give to Townsend. He had made it a practice of never leaving the Jewelers' Guild Building at the same hour two days in succession. It was three o'clock when he remembered his engagement with Mr. George G. Carnarvon.

He closed the door of his office very deliberately, almost as though the operation possessed a certain dramatic value. He tried it, to see if it was locked, and then took the elevator.

He stood for a moment before the overelaborate entrance of the building. Instead of going toward the Subway as usual, he turned east. He carried a small valise in his left hand.

At William Street, however, he turned north, and at Fulton Street he turned westward toward Broadway. He entered an office building halfway down the block, took the elevator, got off at the third floor, then walked downstairs and quickly crossed the street and walked toward Broadway with a suggestion of a premeditated plan. At the corner he entered a cigar shop and stepped into the telephone booth.

A moment later a square-shouldered, dark-haired, gray-eyed, ruddy-faced young man in blue serge and fine Panama hat asked for a package of cigarettes.

Caldecott had lifted the receiver from the hook and held it to his ear. He had not, however, dropped the nickel in the slot, and thus held a dead wire. He had left the glass door of the booth slightly ajar.

"Hello? Hector 9876?" He spoke rather loudly. The number was that of the office of the collector of the port. "I want to speak to Mr. Wheeler. . . . Caldecott—C-a-l-d-e-c-o-t-t. . . . Personal matter. . . . Yes. . . . No! Mr. Wheeler himself." There was a pause. The young man in blue serge was very carefully opening his box of cigarettes, his right ear turned toward the booth.

"Wheeler? . . . This is Caldecott. . . . Yes! . . . Yes! . . . Wait a minute. I just want to tell you that your man is here—the heavy-built one that wears an intelligent look at times. . . . No, I said at times. . . . My own men who are trailing him say his present name is David Tonkin. . . . I have told them to verify certain stories they have heard about him. . . . Certainly I won't tell you. His past life doesn't concern me unless he goes on the stand. . . . That's your funeral. But anyhow you just tell him to quit, and get somebody else in his place. Just hold the wire and I'll call him in."

Caldecott pushed open the door of the booth and said sharply: "Here, Tonkin, if you want to talk to the collector—— Don't look so cheap, man! It wasn't your fault."

"I Knew That You Were on the Beat for the Purpose of Leading Me Toward Jail and a Fine. But I Was Crazy to Experiment With Your Sense of Honor"

"You think I am ——" angrily began Uncle Sam's sleuth.

But Caldecott interrupted him: "I never think of you at all, and consequently I cannot think you are anything. You don't wish to talk to Mr. Wheeler? Very well. . . . Good-by, Anson. Tonkin is naturally mortified."

Caldecott hung up the receiver with a satisfied smile and started to leave the booth.

"You ——" said Tonkin thickly. "You are one of these wisenheimers; but I'll get you if I have to ——"

Caldecott put his valise on the seat in the booth and took from his upper waistcoat pocket a piece of paper, which he gave to Tonkin. His right hand he kept in his coat pocket. He said: "Read it!"

Tonkin did. It was a permit to carry a gun, such as the police department grants to jewelers.

"Now, you infernal ass," said Caldecott in a voice that nobody in the shop except Tonkin heard, "since you have been trailing me I have made it a point to carry on my person a hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, on which the duty was carefully paid by the firms that own them. Of course I am afraid of being attacked by thieves. I have been at some pains to talk of this fear to various men in the trade and I have pointed out to scores of people how many holdups the newspapers have printed lately. I have my lawyers engaged and everything is ready. So, I'll shoot first—to kill. I cannot take chances on your testimony. Your silence won't contradict my version. So, look out, Tonkin!"

"Oh, shucks, you can't ——"

"I can't? Just you make one motion to grab this valise, which has in it exactly one hundred and five thousand dollars' worth of diamonds belonging to Van Huysen, Mayer & Co., and see what happens. Did your boss tell you who I was and what he has not been able to do to me in all the months he has tried so hard?"

Caldecott's eyes were fixed so menacingly on the detective that Tonkin sneered to save his face—and walked out of the shop.

Caldecott still frowning walked up Broadway knowing that Tonkin was still on his trail. He therefore went into the general post office and stopped before the window marked "General Delivery, T to Z." He asked the clerk, "Got any letter for M-m-m-m?"

The clerk inside naturally asked "Who?"

Caldecott for the first time taking his right hand out of his coat pocket put it behind his right ear and leaning forward asked pleasantly, "What did you say?"

"What name?" yelled the clerk, glaring at the deaf man.

"K. M. Winterbottom," said Caldecott loudly enough to be heard by everybody within thirty feet.

Tonkin, who was barely ten feet away, made a note of the name and moved closer.

The clerk sorted over a lot of W's. Then he looked particularly pleased and cheerfully answered: "Nothing doing!"

"If any letters come for K. M. Winterbottom"—Caldecott spoke very distinctly—"hold them until a secret-service man comes for them. We are trailing a smuggler who has been getting his mail here—nit!"

And Caldecott turned a smiling face toward D. Tonkin, who made for him with clenched fists. Caldecott quickly put his right hand into his coat pocket, and it was plain that he was pointing an automatic revolver in the direction of David Tonkin.

"Come on!" said Caldecott, backing slowly into a recess in the partition of letter boxes. "Come on, you ——" he said and did not smile. "I am being persecuted by your boss, who is trying to frame me up, as my lawyers and all my trade friends well know. Come on! My own men have seen you follow me from the office of Van Huysen, Mayer & Co. this morning. How could I know you were a detective? In my excitement I thought you were a holdup man. Can't I make you strike me, you ——?"

Nobody had ever called Tonkin the mildest of these names. He did not think anybody could call him such names and live. But Caldecott was trying to get his goat, and whether or not he shot to kill did not matter. David Tonkin was not being paid by the Government to shoot or to be shot by a suspected smuggler. He therefore turned away.

"I've got a great mind to have you pinched by that policeman," said Caldecott. "I could press the complaint, and when you told the magistrate your business I would tell the reporters how absurd you and your idiotic chief have been—suspecting a man of smuggling for years, constantly annoying him and never catching him. Fine, efficient work, that!"

David Tonkin now knew what Caldecott was capable of, and why the entire force at the custom house hated this man like poison. The detective walked away, futile anger in his heart.

Caldecott called after him: "I'm going home. Don't you want to see me eat?" But Tonkin did not answer him.

Caldecott took the express at the City Hall Subway station, got out at Fourteenth Street, waited for the northbound local, but instead of taking it waited until a southbound local rumbled in and then dashed madly up the stairs and down again, and got into the train. He thought he saw David Tonkin do likewise.

At Spring Street he got out, rushed up the steps and entered an automobile that was waiting for him at the curb, with running engine. Tonkin took the car's number, only to learn later that it was Caldecott's own car. Caldecott's chauffeur told the truth to the detective when questioned. He said he had driven his master down to Third Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street and that Mr. Caldecott had entered a department store. The chauffeur drove the car to the garage, as Mr. Caldecott said not to wait.

He did not know that Caldecott had gone through the store, had come out of the Sixtieth Street entrance, had walked to Park Avenue, where he hailed a passing taxi and had driven to Park Avenue and Eighty-second Street, where he dismissed the taxi. He walked up to Eighty-third Street, turned west to Fifth Avenue and walked down to the residence of Mr. George G. Carnarvon, the multimillionaire collector of railroads and unset precious stones.

When Carnarvon first went West he had—with good reason—serious doubts regarding the solidity of the banks of that section, as well as of the value of fiat money; so he carried his funds in gold. In time his belt became too heavy, and so his surplus earnings he invested in unset diamonds. He grew into the habit of carrying, unknown to his fellow townsmen, a pocketful of two and three carat stones, which he used to fondle with his grimy right hand as his wagon jolted over the rough country roads. The touch of the diamonds thrilled him singularly. It seemed to make his mind as clear as the clearest of the gems that he carried. The time came when his right hand was no longer grimy; but he never outgrew the habit of gem-fondling.

He would empty a dozen diamonds on the table before him and caress them and roll them unceasingly with the extreme tips of his fingers. The light from the lamp struck the gems and shattered itself into fragments of rainbows that hypnotized him. He saw in the gem flashes thousands upon thousands of street lights twinkling in populous cities yet to be on the line of his great railway where the prairie sod was still unbroken and the only illumination came from the friendly stars.

And the next day as likely as not he would hit upon a new and more durable paint for his cars, or save a few hundreds a year by getting cheaper stationery, or devise a system to prevent conductors from growing rich at the company's expense. The combination of wonderful imagination, broadness of vision, amazing knowledge of details, the Scotch and the American in him, his faith in himself and in the country—made him what he was, the owner of the greatest collection of gems in the world, and the greatest railroad builder of his generation. He also was Caldecott's best customer.

"I had a bad day to-day," he said brusquely when the gem expert was ushered into his library.

"Glad to hear it," said Caldecott cheerfully. "The possession of the rubies will change for the better not only your luck but your humor."

"Got them with you?"

"Yes. And some beautiful ten-carat white diamonds ——"

"Not interested!"

"They are not mine and they are very cheap. I brought them because Van Huysen is hard up, having gone in for both yachting and farming; and besides I had a special object in bringing them to you."

"Don't want them!" growled Carnarvon impatiently.

"Very well. If you are trying to hurt my feelings you haven't succeeded. Now look!"

Caldecott opened his valise, and from some hidden place in it produced the three stones in their little velvet bags.

"I said look!" repeated Caldecott solemnly, and he put the three De Meryonvilliers rubies on the velvet mat before him.

Carnarvon extended his hands toward them, but Caldecott checked him.

"Don't!" he said so sharply that Carnarvon started back in his chair.

"They are not here officially," said Caldecott, and he smiled.

"You mean you did not have them put in bond?"

"Why should I tie up the duty until I had sold them?"

"How did you get them in?" asked Carnarvon curiously.

"By wireless," answered Caldecott gravely. "Do you want them?"

"Let me look at them."

"But don't touch them. You can't swear they are really and truly rubies. If Anson Wheeler began to ask you ——"

"I'd tell him to go to hell."

"That doesn't interest me so much as your promise to pay me my money if they nab you with them."

"Does anybody know they are here?" asked Carnarvon.

"You and I."

"Then I'll pay, but I must see them."

He meant "feel" and not "see"; and he did.

He forgot everything and everybody as he rolled them over and over with the tips of his fingers. Then he ceased to roll the stones and stared and stared at the three marvelous rubies before him. His half-closed eyes glowed like embers.

The rubies made him not see rubies! Presently he awoke with a start and shivered slightly. Turning to Caldecott he said quietly, "I'll take them. I'll give you a check now."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. You may have to swear you have not bought any stones of any kind from me. I'll trust you with them."

"Suppose I drop dead?" asked Carnarvon.

"Tell your lawyers that in that event I'm to get three hundred thousand dollars."

"But I only agreed to pay ——"

"The difference," interrupted Caldecott, "is to compensate me for the loss of a good though somewhat inconsiderate customer."

"And suppose you drop dead?"

"Then give five hundred thousand dollars to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to be known as the Cecil Caldecott Bequest, to be used for the purchase of gems. It isn't much, but they'll get the rest of my estate as well."

George G. Carnarvon smiled grimly.

"I don't think you intend to drop dead suddenly any more than I."

"I wonder if you would pay the duty on them to Anson Wheeler if I did drop dead?" asked Caldecott, and looked into the railroad magnate's eyes. Then Caldecott laughed heartily.

"Hang you, Caldecott!" blurted Carnarvon. Then he too laughed.

Presently he told Caldecott: "Those customs people make me good and sick. I'd do it just for ——"

"Exactly," interrupted Caldecott. "But they'd give it the entire front page, I believe. Whew!"

"Get out!" said Carnarvon, extending his hand.

They shook cordially.

Caldecott walked down Madison Avenue to his hotel, took from his bag a small package, which he gave to the clerk to put in the hotel safe for him.

Two men from the custom house were waiting for Caldecott. One of them approached and said: "We should like to see that bag and the package you just gave the clerk."

Caldecott looked at him coldly, then said with decision, "Not in that tone of voice."

"You just ——"

The second man, younger and shrewder-eyed, broke in, saying, "Mr. Caldecott is right. There has been too much rudeness ——"

"And general imbecility," interjected Caldecott.

"Yes, Mr. Caldecott, far too much, with the result that you are living here at your own expense instead of being a guest of Uncle Sam's. I assure you he will be delighted any time you doze off to be your host for a year or two."

"My dear chap, it is a pleasure to see brains anywhere but most particularly in a place where it comes with all the force of a shock."

"Shall we go upstairs?"

"Yes. But first I must ask you to let me summon my lawyer."

"Why must you have him?"

"I think it would be better. It will mean no scandal. You see, I refuse otherwise, and that would compel you to annoy the hotel people and then the reporters would make much more of the suit my lawyer would bring. You call him up, please. He is Mr. Lawrence Kingod, and his telephone number is 3883 Hector. If he has left his office try the University Club. Your friend will hold the bag and you will search my room and my person. Have you heard from Tonkin?"

The agent laughed.

"Yes. You certainly ——"

"I don't know why you people use roughnecks ——"

"He is a college graduate," interrupted the Treasury agent. "I tell you frankly I don't expect to find anything on you. But of course what you did is precisely what you would do if you had the goods on your person."

Caldecott looked at him with interest.

"Would you mind telling me what you are doing to get the goods on me, as you doubtless would put it?"

"Don't Touch Them. You Can't Swear They are Really and Truly Rubies. If Anson Wheeler Began to Ask You ——"

"No, I'd never put it that way; but my dope is that you never brought the rubies ashore yourself, and you never gave them to anybody aboard the ship, and you never left them in any hiding place."

"Why not?"

The agent smiled.

Caldecott thereupon grew serious and said: "That's where you make a mistake. It's precisely what would throw both the wise and the foolish off the scent—to do the obviously unwise thing. The fool has no imagination and the wise man is obsessed with the notion that when the money risk is great it is never taken. The wise man will never assume that a far wiser man can exist who, being single, kinless and rich, will pay for excitement and fun a price as high as some other rich man would pay for the same thing in Africa or on the race track or in the stock market."

The agent was looking at him closely. Then he said earnestly, "I'll say this much for you: I think you can keep this up for years. Of course all we can do is to try to keep you from selling the goods and by very carefully watching both you and the goods we can at least prevent you from cashing in."

Caldecott laughed.

"My dear chap, you don't know who it is that buys the kind of goods I handle. There are collectors that everybody knows, and collectors that nobody knows. Why, I can sell a fifty-thousand-dollar stone to —— Let me see ——" He appeared to be counting; then he finished: "To any one of nineteen men, not a single one of whom is on any list of buyers that you can secure from any jeweler, wholesale or retail."

"That may be. But I can only work my way," said the intelligent Treasury agent.

His partner then came up and reported: "Mr. Kingod will be down in a few minutes."

"Let's get the package I handed to the clerk," suggested Caldecott.

"The same package that you handed to the clerk when you came in," corrected the polite agent.

"Certainly!" And Caldecott approached the clerk and said, "Please let me have the same package I just gave you."

"Certainly, Mr. Caldecott."

Caldecott surrendered his receipt, took the package and handed it to the impolite agent.

The polite agent spoke up: "As we are about to lose our time and I am pretty hungry I am in favor of beating it, Joe."

"Not much," said Joe McBride.

Caldecott looked curiously at the polite agent.

"I might be bluffing," he suggested gravely.

"No. You have one hundred and five thousand dollars worth of diamonds in that package, belonging to Van Huysen, Mayer & Co., and you have an automatic revolver. You bluff—but only when you hold aces. I shall not even open the package. But I should very much like to examine your bag."

"This isn't the one," said Caldecott with a broad grin.

"Maybe upstairs I'll find ——"

"On my word of honor, you won't!" said Caldecott.

"That is enough for me," said the polite agent, rising.

"I'm going to see the thing through," said Joe McBride doggedly.

"My friend," said Caldecott to the polite one, "you would frighten me if I had anything to fear from your superiors. I beg you to be present as my guest while Joe here wastes my time. Hello, Larry"—as his attorney appeared—"let's go to my room."

They went up together. Caldecott closed the door, telephoned for drinks and said to Kingod: "These men are from the Treasury Department. The old, old game! They think I am smuggling. They want to search my bag and this package. I'm going to let them look everywhere for what they would like to find."

Joe opened the package of diamonds while the side partner looked at the valise very carefully. Then he looked at the other valise and at the hat box and trunk that Caldecott had taken from the steamer.

(Continued on Page 101)

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Things as They Are

EVERY now and then we get a letter from an irate Socialist complaining that we stand for "things as they are." Not at all. We stand for things as they ought to be in America. But we are absolutely opposed to "things as they are" in Russia and would be in America if these correspondents had their way. There is a vast difference between the steady progress up under our American idea and the practical working out of the Russian Utopia in despotism, death and starvation for the masses.

The Right to Goodwill

THERE are as many reasons why the manufacturer of a distinctive, trade-marked article of common use should want that article to sell always at the same price as there are why a retail merchant should want his customers to believe that he is not selling the same article on the same day to three different customers at three different prices. Faith in the established price is an important element in the seller's goodwill. When a dealer offers a well-established article at less than the familiar price the public's confidence in the value of the article at the established price is impaired. Other dealers who have bought it in the belief that it would be sold only at the established price are incensed. The dealer is trading upon—or, rather, raiding—the manufacturer's goodwill.

That the maker of an article should not sell it to a dealer who will use it to the maker's damage seems the plainest rule of common sense. But the courts have generally held that the maker can exercise no control over the article after he has parted with it. Various devices adopted by manufacturers to protect their established retail price have been outlawed—until it seemed that the manufacturer might be helpless to protect his goodwill.

Recently, however, the manufacturer of a well-known and long-established line of articles of common use refused, even though threatened with indictment, to sell to a cut-rate dealer. The manufacturer was indicted, and the other day a United States district court quashed the indictment, broadly upholding the manufacturer's right to refuse to sell to a dealer under such circumstances.

Probably the case will go to the Supreme Court, and if the decision of the lower court is there sustained a manufacturer's common-sense right to protect his goodwill will be established in law.

The New Diplomacy

A GREAT many forward-thinking Germans have lately been pondering some disagreeable facts. For example, Germany's once-flourishing merchant marine has been cut in half by war. Her power to grant credit has been frightfully crippled, her banks being loaded down with dubious war paper. Nobody is afraid of her any more.

Formerly her position in international trade was buttressed by what amounted nearly to a monopoly of potash and dyestuffs. Now England and the United States, at least, have complete dyestuff industries of their own. The world has discovered it can get along without German potash. In 1917 only Holland and Austria-Hungary took any considerable quantities of it. Formerly Germany sold England enough sugar to help the trade balance materially; but England has learned to get sweetening elsewhere.

An investigation by Professor Goetze, extracts from which have recently come to hand, reaches the unpleasant conclusion that Germany now has almost nothing with which she can command foreign trade—almost nothing as to which she can say confidently: "We can build upon this because the world has practically got to come to us for it." There is really no sheet anchor like our wheat, meat, cotton, copper, and England's coal and ships. The Allied and neutral world can get on without German goods.

A great many Germans are studying that proposition. The agreeable dream of commanding vast stores of raw materials in Eastern and Southeastern Europe and Asia Minor through military domination has vanished.

Germany is opening, not without misgivings, a quite new book in diplomacy whose text is that a vital supply of raw materials must be secured from the world by conciliation. Nothing can be commanded, nothing enforced. German talk, only six months ago, of levying upon raw-material supplies in the Ukraine and elsewhere, and even of demanding a great ransom for Belgium in the form of raw materials, sounds like silly mockery now. Her vital need now is to induce the world to trade with her.

Coppering High Prices

PRICES, you know, have a little more than doubled since July, 1914. In a general way, then, when the Government issues a thousand-dollar Liberty Bond it gets about half the goods it would have got for the same bond four years ago. It does not matter whether you say this rise in prices is primarily due to war's immense demand for goods or to inflation of currency and credit. Whatever the cause was it will certainly not operate with past intensity in the future. War's demand for goods will cease. Inflation will be checked. Presently prices will fall.

If, when these bonds of the Fourth Liberty Loan mature, prices are back to the 1914 level it will take twice as many goods to pay them off as the Government received for them. Wheat is two dollars a bushel. To get five hundred bushels the Government issues a thousand-dollar Liberty Bond. Say, when the bonds mature, wheat is worth a dollar a bushel and the Government taxes Farmer Smith enough to pay off one bond. Farmer Smith must sell a thousand bushels of wheat—twice as much as the Government received—to pay the bond.

But suppose Farmer Smith in 1918 sold five hundred bushels of wheat and bought a Liberty Bond. When the bond matures the Government pays him a thousand dollars, with which he can buy twice as much wheat as he sold in 1918.

In short, if prices fall—as they quite certainly will—the man who buys a government bond now and holds it will benefit in that the money he gets back will have greater purchasing power than the money he handed over. Of course that applies to any investment bearing a fixed return. The obvious moral is: Save and invest now.

In the last four years investments with fixed returns have yielded less and less purchasing power. With falling prices they will yield more and more purchasing power.

Why Democrats Were Defeated

OF COURSE no international question had anything to do with this fall's congressional election. Except for the President's statement no one could have imputed any international meaning to it.

This Democratic Congress was defeated because it had given a poor account of itself. It had furnished quite as much obstruction to the President's war leadership as the opposition party had. It had refused to organize for war. In handling public affairs its motto had been "Business as usual." It had kept at the head of important committees men who were generally believed to be out of harmony with the war program or were not fit for committee leadership in a great crisis. It had notoriously bungled revenue legislation, when such legislation was assuming fourfold—or eightfold—its former importance.

At the time of the election, with more than five-sixths of the year elapsed, when concerns and individuals were getting ready to close their accounts for the year, it was still engaged with a bill that would in some fashion or other require eight billion dollars of the year's net income. Within little more than a year and a half it had appropriated many billions of public money on a plan which the President had condemned as bound to cause waste and extravagance. Its own record furnishes abundant explanation of its decline in public favor.

The United States admires its Democratic President. It did not, on the whole, admire its Democratic Congress. That is all the election means.

A certain purblind Republican leadership sought to make political capital for election purposes out of the international situation, and even suggested opposition to the fundamentals of the President's peace proposals—on the general principle that good Republicanism consists in attacking anything which emanates from the other camp. That brand of Republican leadership counts for nothing. The country is overwhelmingly with the President in all the essential points of his international program. The congressional election had nothing to do with that.

A Bad Year for Kings

A VENERABLE institution is disappearing from Europe—and almost vanishing from earth. With the possible exception of the Emperor of Japan there will soon not be a king left in the world by whose favor one can expect to gain anything more important than a household job or whose displeasure can be attended by consequences more serious than exclusion from a court ball. There are still quite a lot of figures-of-speech in purple breeches; but kingship, as Henry VIII and Louis XIV knew it, has practically disappeared.

In its time this vanishing institution was a very useful one—a decided advance over what it supplanted. By and large it was the king who led Europe out of feudal anarchy and consolidated the modern state. When barons held their sway was an ill time for common folks. In the long struggle for power between king and baron the interests of the people usually lay on the side of the king, whose strategy consisted in attaching the people to him in order to gain power enough to put down the feudal lords.

English barons rebelled against King John not at all because he was a tyrant but only because he trenched upon the power and privileges of their order. Critics nowadays say that John's innovations, which the barons resisted, were really in the direction of progress—a leading toward the modern state. If the grim gentlemen who forced John to sign the Great Charter could have been acquainted with the latter-day myth that they were animated by a passion for popular liberty they would undoubtedly have sat down and laughed their shaggy heads off.

There was once a valid reason why people should cry "Long live the king!" But the reason tended to disappear as soon as the king, having overcome the barons, got undisputed power into his own hands. Naturally he used the power for his own glory and the aggrandizement of his family about as the barons had before him. All imaginable devices for governing people by one man or by a small set of men have been tried, the governors taking such names as king, lord, doge, senate, and what not. Some of the schemes have been better than others, but none finally answered. And in the year of Our Lord 1918 civilized people—broadly speaking—took the job of governing into their own hands, following an example set by the United States a hundred and forty-two years earlier.

Will the Next Congress Do It?

MR. OVERMAN, ranking next to the chairman of the Appropriations Committee, said in the Senate last May: "Within twelve months we have appropriated more than twenty-three billion dollars without a financial policy. Estimates for departmental expenditures have literally poured into Congress day by day without any centralized scrutiny, revision or control. The President has no power and no organization to sift them down to the rock-bottom needs of government. The estimates are being sent to Congress under old statutory regulations made to meet the needs of other days."

Since then appropriations have risen to sixty billions.

There has been an intensive cultivation of economy in the United States the last year and a half. Its vital need has been impressed upon the people at every hand, day in and day out. We believe the lesson has sunk in. We think the people at last are out of all patience with disregard for rational economy at Washington. If the Congress elected this fall does not do far better than its predecessors by way of redeeming its promises of a budget we hope it will be decisively turned out at the first opportunity.

MADE IN GERMANY

Uncle Joe Cannon's Definition of Socialism — By L. White Busbey

"MADE in Germany!" snapped out Uncle Joe Cannon when I asked him for an opinion concerning the disloyal acts which had sent Haywood and Debs to prison. "All this modern, militant, international socialism, under various names, should bear the familiar trade-mark 'Made in Germany.' I have heard much about German propaganda ever since this war began, but I suspect that the most dangerous propaganda of Germany began years ago when she sent out to the world this idea of international socialism which should unite the workingmen of all countries to direct and control all governments in opposition to 'capitalism as the controlling factor in fomenting war.' This socialistic propaganda has destroyed all government in Russia, leaving that polyglot people in a ferment of anarchy; it has embarrassed England, France and Italy, and it is trying to embarrass this government in keeping the munition factories going and the stream of supplies moving across the sea to our armies and our allies in Europe.

"Germany gave birth to this propaganda many years ago, and yet Germany remains the most nationalized government in the world. They have their socialist parties in Germany and many socialists in the Reichstag who thunder in the index, but when the Kaiser set his armies marching across Belgium in defiance of all international agreements and of all socialistic doctrines the German socialists not only voted the military supplies demanded but expelled their leader, Liebknecht, from the party because he voted as he preached against the military-credits bill. That leader was repudiated by his fellow socialists at the same time the Kaiser sent him to prison."

The New Despotism

"BISMARCK, the architect of the German Empire, defined socialism as 'a waterplug of phrases,' and the German socialists have approved that definition, with the apology that they were Germans before they were socialists; and I can respect them for forgetting their phrases for the Fatherland, but I cannot understand the socialist of this country who still holds to the waterplug of socialistic phrases when this country is at war.

"Whether our socialists are simply infatuated with the phrases or are using socialism as a cloak for disloyalty I will not pretend to say; but the revolutions in Russia—that against the Czar and that against Kerensky—were heralded as socialistic victories, and I fear that any considerable socialistic vote in this country would be heralded as a vote against the aims of the war and a demand for a compromising peace.

"But aside from any hidden purpose the socialistic agitators may have, and taking their phrase-making at their own estimate as a propaganda for international rule in the interest of the workingman, their program is too ambitious. It is omnipotent and they would supplant the Almighty as the one supreme ruler of the earth. The Kaiser has used the expression 'Me and God,' and his subjects have reversed it to 'God and the Kaiser,' but the socialists would become the whole thing and rule the world in the interest of a minority. They are not different from other ambitious reformers who assume the title 'We, the People,' and their prayer is like that of the old farmer, 'Me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more.' They are in fact extreme individualists so far as the whole people are concerned, and would give no one a chance for heaven except through their party. They would appropriate the world and all it contains for their own class, and let the devil take the rest of us.

"The Industrial Workers of the World are international in their ambitions and efforts. They frankly acknowledge that they are a class recognizing no laws or rules of life except their own, and having no respect or consideration for any other men, women or children than those on their own rolls. Loyalty to the I. W. W. and treason to the Government appear to be synonymous terms. Megalomania could go no further. It has carried the followers of Haywood and Debs to the extreme of class distinction and the egotism that they alone are above the law and the ordinary rules of life. It has also carried Haywood to the penitentiary. I have heard the I. W. W. called the I Won't Work order, and its leaders are of that order described by Paul to the Thessalonians as 'some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busybodies.' I like that expression. It appears to fit the agitators, especially the violent labor agitators, who work not at all but walk among us as busybodies. I also like Paul's advice: 'If any would not work, neither should he eat.' It is applicable at this time when millions of our boys are in the army and men who have been exempted from military duty have refused to help in war work.

"Those busybodies plan a government within the Government of the United States, their inner government holding international relations with other inner governments in other countries. What a commentary on the prohibition in our Constitution against the sovereign states of the Union from having any foreign relations with other governments! The busybodies who form political parties and secret societies assume a right that is denied to the states which created the Union. Why, if bankers or manufacturers or farmers attempted such efforts to overreach the Federal Government they would be brought up with a sharp turn; and if soldiers were found circulating such doctrines they would be shot at sunrise. But we are expected to tolerate any sort of megalomania in the busybodies who pretend to speak in the name of labor, however foreign their language to the Constitution and the laws of the country. They are the victims of class consciousness to the point of madness that would send the ordinary man to an insane asylum as a dangerous paranoiac. They know no flag except the black or red flag which they call their own, pretend to be as cosmopolitan as the Christian religion and as free from legal or moral restraint as are the aspirations of men concerning heaven. Some of them go further and claim to be the only true followers of the Master. I recently read a book by one of the socialist leaders in this country in which he represented Jesus of Nazareth as the first labor agitator, and his disciples as walking delegates trying to unionize all the labor of Galilee; and that Jesus fraudulently proclaimed himself the Christ because it was the only way he could lift the dull workmen out of their lethargy—by appealing to the superstitious in their natures.

"Haywood and his like, in their open and flagrant disloyalty and in their plotting against the Government, are perhaps exaggerated cases, but they call attention to a tolerance in this country which encourages many men, especially of foreign birth, to carry the privilege of liberty to the point of disloyalty. In their class consciousness they assume that the territory of the United States is an open field for a warfare of classes which extends to the uttermost ends of the earth, and regardless of the laws or the common welfare of the people of this country. Cut out the international assumption of all parties and societies, and let it be clearly understood that all here live under the laws of this country!"

"But we still have the masses against the classes?"

Socialist Classes Against the Masses

"OH, NO. It is now the classes against the masses. The socialists and other like organizations have set themselves up as the classes who have a monopoly on the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God; and though they claim to represent all humanity they exclude the great majority, or the masses. I think there were about half a million votes cast for the socialist and labor tickets in the last presidential election, and eighteen million votes for the Republican and Democratic tickets. In politics there is the division of the voters into classes and masses. We hear constant protest from the socialists and their kindred organizations against war, and of strikes for a dollar an hour in government shipyards, while three million men in the Army and Navy are fighting for a dollar a day. The strikers represent the unpatriotic classes and the fighters the patriotic masses in this country. It is only a waterplug of phrases when these representatives of the classes pretend that they represent the masses. They wouldn't represent the masses if they could. They are not in sympathy with the majority, and I suspect that if they ever found themselves with the majority on any question they would organize a new minority or class.

"Why, the census enumerates forty million people in gainful occupations in this country, and the Federation of Labor claims to have three million affiliated with it—the same number, I think, that Mr. Gompers claimed twenty years ago. That is seven and a half per cent of the working people, and that seven and a half per cent assume to tell Congress what legislation is necessary for labor. Then come along the socialists and claim that they speak for the workingmen of all the world. The Three Tailors of

Tooley Street who petitioned the House of Commons in the name of 'We, the people of England,' were not more presumptuous; and yet we laugh at that old illustration of consuming ego, but take seriously the men who pretend to be 'We, the people,' to-day, because they often make a noise like a majority. The publishers tell us that it pays to advertise, and I guess it does when a small minority pretend to speak for the multitude, and make many people believe them.

"The McNamara brothers gave a striking illustration of the use that could be made of class consciousness. They claimed to speak and act for all organized labor, and they used dynamite to express their views, destroying millions of property and killing more than a score of people. But their denunciation of the indictment against them was accepted by other labor leaders not only here but abroad, and the courts of California were criticized from one end of the country to the other as the corrupt tools of capital. Then after there had been created an almost world-wide suspicion that the McNamaras were the innocent victims of capitalism, the McNamaras, before the jury was impaneled, confessed to the crimes for which they had been indicted—confessed to secure a prison sentence instead of death.

"In that case labor organizations were no doubt imposed upon, but such was the power of class prejudice that no apologies or explanations were offered to the district attorney and the judge who had done their duty by all classes of society in bringing those men to trial and punishment. It was Bolshevikism in its worst form."

Local Crime Our Own Affair

"I HAVE no opinion as to the guilt or innocence of Thomas Mooney in another celebrated California case. Someone committed a crime against the people of San Francisco and the nation when planting a bomb on the line of the patriotic parade which indorsed the Government's declaration of war against Germany. It was treason as well as murder. I don't pretend to know who did it. But I regret that the London Trades and Labor Council felt privileged to cable to the governor of California a protest 'against the execution of the sentence'; that another English labor organization telegraphed 'demanding the release of Tom Mooney,' and that President Wilson felt called upon to suggest to Governor Stephens that the case had assumed international importance.

"Under our form of government criminal jurisdiction is with the states, and in a Georgia case the Supreme Court of the United States declared that the Federal Government could not interfere. But here are organizations of men who are citizens of another country and assume to protest the verdict of the court in California. I am sorry that the President suggested that any case before the criminal courts of the states can assume an international importance. Mooney is a citizen of California, indicted for a crime against the people of California and tried by the courts of California. It is a case that cannot be brought before the Supreme Court of the United States, and yet it is said to have assumed international importance.

"I don't believe that the socialists or any other labor organization would be willing to have the question of the guilt or innocence of any of their own people—of Haywood or Debs—submitted to a popular vote even in this country, let alone throughout the world, for they are but a small minority of the whole people. After all, we had better continue to leave such matters to a jury of twelve men who hear and consider the evidence, and cut out all these suggestions that a murder trial or any other court proceeding in one of the states has or may become of international importance. Such suggestions tend to weaken and destroy the whole fabric of government and civilization and develop Bolshevikism like that of Russia.

"No, I haven't the slightest objection to a socialistic party in this country discussing the policies that should prevail here; but I do object to any political party here affiliated with a political party in some other country, I don't care what name it assumes. I don't believe that a man can be a loyal citizen of the United States and at the same time loyal to an international political party which ramifies throughout the world. A man cannot serve two masters. If the socialists of this country are to negotiate with the socialists of England and France, and the socialists of those countries are to negotiate with the socialists of Germany as to how peace shall come and what shall be the settlement, they will take the whole question out of the hands of the President and Congress and leave out of consideration the great majority of the American people. I don't think we are ready for such a change in our government and the elevation of a small minority of phrasemakers as the ruling class of all the world—not in the settlement of this war. Let us keep our politics at home and have no political parties here with entangling alliances abroad.

"I recently had a minister of the gospel appeal to me to secure him a passport to India as a foreign missionary. The State Department would not give him a passport without some guaranty that he would not encourage revolution in that country. I believed that man to be a loyal citizen who would not consciously do anything to embarrass one of our allies, but I could not guarantee that his preaching of the gospel of Christ to a people who accepted another 'true prophet' might not give encouragement to those who were opposing the government of that country. That may be an extreme example, but when the world is on fire, with war covering that part of it which is recognized as the center of Christian civilization, this Government is and should be very careful about permitting people with missions that reach the uttermost corners of the earth and include all manner of reforms to go out to spread the gospel of discontent. Let us have peace before we begin to revolutionize the world."

"Mr. Baruch says we are living in a highly organized state of socialism. Do you agree with him?"

"I suspect that Mr. Baruch has fallen into the phrasemaking habit. We are living in the same state of self-sacrifice that the fathers did when they signed the Declaration of Independence and pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to carry it into effect. I think a better name for it is patriotism. When the life of the nation is in danger the lives and fortunes of its citizens are subject to the call of the nation. I would not call it socialism—not while socialists opposed the war and plot against the Government."

Mr. Gompers' Definition

"THIS Congress authorized the President to draft into the Army all men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five if necessary to win the war, and the President will classify these men so as to keep the munition factories going and the crops growing, as well as to keep soldiers in France. That law is known as the Man Power Law, and the principle is 'work or fight,' whatever we may call it. I am glad to note the President's action in reminding the Bridgeport strikers that they must work or get into the ranks. Every citizen is expected to help win the war and make sacrifices to that end. The men in the shops and on the farms are no freer to consider the war conditions from a selfish point of view than are the soldiers in the trenches. Mr. Gompers in a recent editorial in the Federationist says: 'Any justified strike must be for the same cause for which our fellow men are risking their lives on the firing line.'

"That is good clear English, and it ought to be easily understood by all men who are affiliated with the Federation of Labor and who acknowledge Mr. Gompers as a leader. What could justify a strike in a factory where war supplies are made, under Mr. Gompers' definition? Not for more pay, shorter hours or recognition of the union, because none of these conditions enters into the service of the men who have risked their lives on the firing line. When all men engaged in war work at home accept Mr. Gompers' definition of a justifiable strike we shall have no more of them, and it will clear the air of suspicion that not all organized labor is loyally following Mr. Gompers as a member of the Council of National Defense.

(Continued on Page 113)

HAVE you not observed, in your own immediate circle, that the longer life of Republic Tires is mentioned more and more often?

We ask you to make mental note of the fact, because there is going on under your eyes a process of *preference* which is singling out these tires for special and extraordinary endorsement.

You will also hear, time and again, that the scientifically-built Staggard Studs on Republic Tires actually do represent the highest degree of protection against skidding.

Republic Inner Tubes, both Black-Line Red and Gray, have a reputation for freedom from trouble

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REPUBLIC TIRES

DRAFTED

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

THERE was your Great-uncle Jabez, for instance," Mrs. Rowell said in a plaintive yet triumphant tone. "Now *he* had the asthma!"

"All the same, I want to enlist," persisted Robin. "I don't care *what* he had. I'd like to get a crack at Kaiser Bill, along with all the other fellows. I guess if there's anything the matter with me the doctors will find it out soon enough."

He rose wearily and started to wind the clock, while Eleanor, his seventeen-year-old sister, cast a furtive glance of admiration at him, for his display of independence, across the sweater she was knitting. Robin was twenty-one, but implicit yielding to parental wishes was a Rowell tradition—of which there were legion.

"And your Aunt Eliza," continued his mother, "she had weak lungs and nobody knew it until all of a sudden ——"

"Oh, hell!" suddenly exploded Robin. "I know all about Aunt Eliza."

"Robin!" gasped his mother, stiffening. "What an awful word! It went through me like a knife."

"I'm sorry, mother," he replied contritely; "but I heard Uncle Amos use it once, right in this kitchen; and you didn't say anything to him. It seems to me as if I'd heard about nothing except Great-uncle Jabez and Aunt Eliza, and all the rest of the crew, ever since I was born. Wasn't there any healthy person in our family—on *either* side?"

Mrs. Rowell sadly shook her head. Like many other women of her generation, she took a curious satisfaction in her own maladies, and arrogated to herself a mild distinction from those that tradition and the records in the family Bible attributed to her progenitors.

"No," she replied. "No one could say any of your folks was healthy, Robin."

Looking at him in the dim light from the kerosene lamp in the stuffy little kitchen, few would have doubted her accuracy. He was unusually tall, and the narrowness of his body and the length of his limbs made him seem almost grotesque, an effect intensified by his high-water trousers and bobtailed jacket. His wrists and neck, indeed, were almost attenuated.

"No," repeated his mother with conviction. "Our family tree certainly ain't much to boast of—for health." Her manner indicated that, if anything, she thought rather more than less of it on this account.

The Rowell family tree had always been a familiar topic to Robin ever since he could remember. The small, square farmhouse stood in a thick grove of spruces planted originally by Grandpa Rowell for protection against the winter wind, while directly in front of it stood a symmetrically beautiful and gigantic elm, whose huge, overhanging limbs covered it like an umbrella, completely excluding every vestige of sunlight from the interior.

Whenever, as a child, Robin had heard his parents and other relatives speak of the family tree, he had assumed, as a matter of course, that they referred to the elm. As he grew older and attained greater insight he discovered that, just as the big elm seemed to oppress and stifle the lives of the family within the dwelling, so another mysterious influence seemed to oppress and stifle them in an even greater degree. For both Mr. and Mrs. Rowell were firm believers in the immutable laws of heredity; and they discussed habitually and with zest every limitation—mental, moral and physical—possessed by each of their antecedents, until Robin came to think of their family tree as a complex, menacing and malignant growth, on every twig of which hung, like a last year's apple, the withered ghost of some desiccated ancestor.

Something Irresistible Seemed Calling Him. There Was Hardly a House in the Village That Did Not Boast of a Service Flag With at Least a Single Star

At times he rebelled against his fate; but the idea was ingrained in him that he was the ultimate fruit of a decaying race, of which the predominating characteristics were weak lungs, weak hearts, rheumatism, tuberculosis and anæmia. According to Mrs. Rowell, who had been a Jaffey, all the Jaffeys, from time immemorial, had been delicate and predisposed to any ill that human flesh was heir to. Her obsession was the avoidance of drafts. Hence most of the windows of the homestead were hermetically sealed. As her own father and mother had suffered from rheumatism, she discouraged Eleanor and Robin from eating any forms of red meat; and, because some remote Jaffey had died of pernicious anæmia, she enjoined upon her son and daughter long periods of physical inactivity.

It was not surprising, therefore, that, irrespective of whatever inherited weaknesses may have been latent in his blood, the boy should have exhibited the natural consequences of underfeeding, lack of exercise and bad air, combined with rapid growth.

"They accepted Eben Wales," protested Robin, finishing his winding of the clock and placing the key carefully inside. "And he's six inches shorter than I am."

His mother assumed an expression of forbearance.

"Well, why shouldn't they?" she inquired, with an air of commiserating with the Wales family upon their good health. "A great husky fellow like that? Why, Eben never had a cold in his life. None of 'em had. I remember when Eben's father was a little boy his mother used to let him track all round in the wet and never think of changing his boots. Now you always was susceptible to colds, Robin—just like all my side of the family. I shan't never forget the night you came down with the pneumonia, year before last."

"The doctor didn't call it pneumonia," interrupted Eleanor. "He called it threatened pneumonia."

"Well, what's the difference?" demanded Mrs Rowell, as if her daughter's challenge were the best possible corroboration. "I guess it would have developed into pneumonia fast enough if we hadn't taken it in time. Why, if you got into one of those trenches and had to stand with your feet in icy slush all winter, Robin, it would kill you. I know—better than anybody, because I'm your mother. Even if those doctors said you was all right I shouldn't want you to go 'cause I know you ain't. What does President Wilson know about you, Robin? And it wouldn't make any difference how much he knew; he'd never know as much as I do."

But Robin continued to stand in front of the stove, his clear-cut but unassertive features indicating disappointment rather than disagreement. Long years of acquiescence in his mother's views had convinced him and his sister of the infallibility of her opinions. But in the present instance there was an unusual and vital consideration: the reaction of his course upon the mind—and possibly the heart—of a certain young lady.

"I'd like to try, anyhow," he answered obstinately as, sitting down again, he ran his fingers through a tangle of yellow hair that would have agonized the soul of a regimental barber. "I don't want to be drafted. I want to volunteer. But, now I've been registered, the first thing you know I'll be called, anyway."

"Humph!" she retorted. "You may be called, but you'll never be chosen."

Robin bit the end of his fingers and regarded his mother despondently. He was unfit, and he knew it. Every night, after closing up Higgins' Dry Goods Emporium, where he worked, he felt as if he had been dragged through the proverbial keyhole. And if the air was sharp he always fancied that it gave him a pain in the lungs.

There was his Great-uncle Jabez, for instance. Yes; he had Great-uncle Jabez's lungs, for sure; but he could never explain about Uncle Jabez to Sally Tucker, the judge's daughter. She would simply smile scornfully, the way she had the day when he had been obliged to ask Tom Higgins, the son of the proprietor and heir apparent to the emporium, to help him down with that bolt of cloth from the top shelf.

"I suppose he is wondering what Sally Tucker will think," interjected Eleanor slyly.

Robin flushed.

"Well, suppose I am?" he muttered. "I'm wondering what everybody'll think! There's only two fellows of draft age left in the village who haven't volunteered—me and Tom Higgins. Now if I volunteered and Tom didn't ——"

"I tell you they'd no more take you than a cat," declared his mother. "There's no sense in calling attention to yourself. Let 'em reject you in the reg'lar way when they come to you."

"Mother's right," agreed his sister. "You've just got to make up your mind to it, Robin. I guess the only reason you feel sore to-night is on account of my getting that letter from Eben. I don't blame you. He's having such a good time!"

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STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

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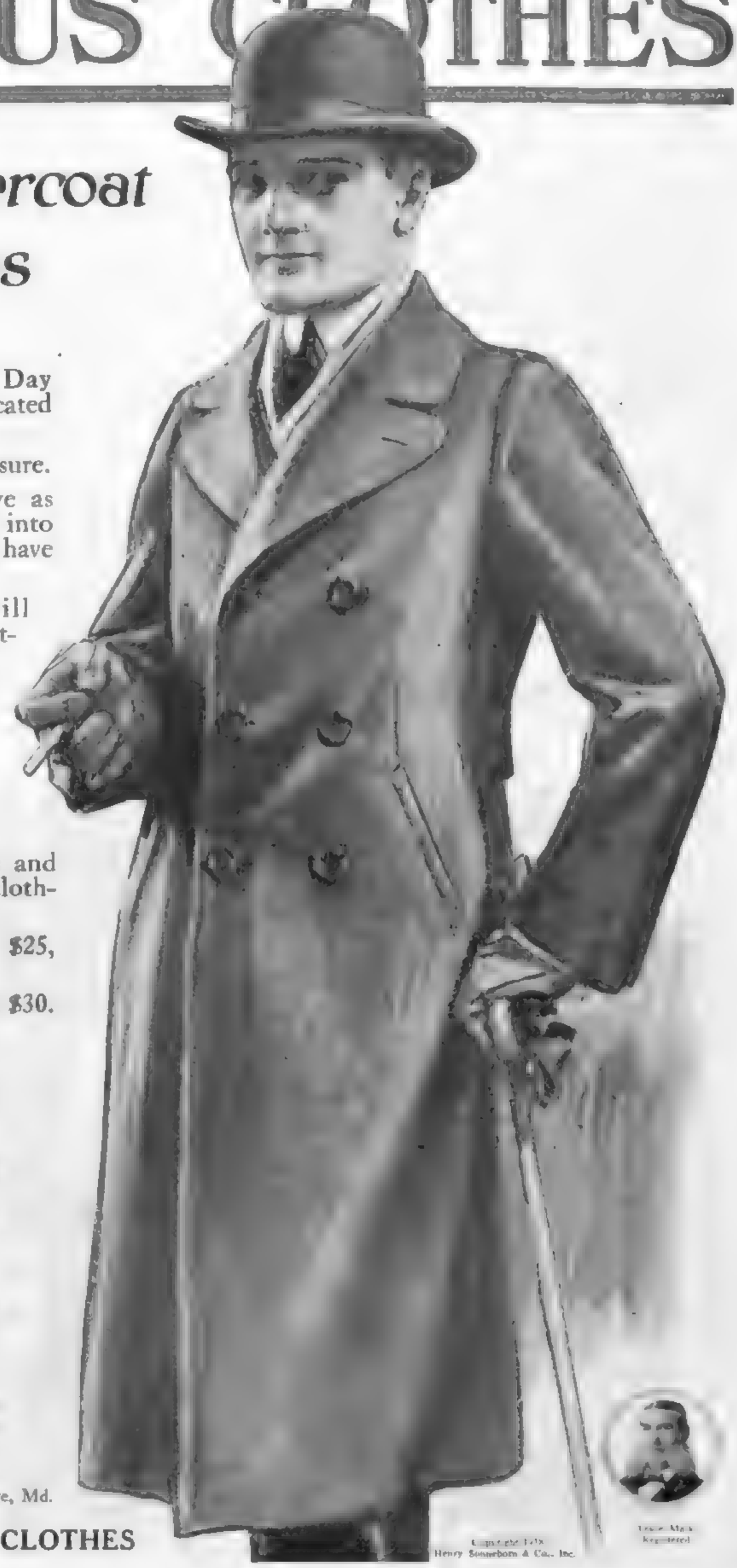

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AMERICA'S ONLY KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 24)

"Well, you don't need to rub it in," growled Robin desperately. "I tell you I want to put a few nails in the Kaiser's coffin myself. I guess they could use me somehow."

"If you can't fight I don't want you should leave home," announced his mother firmly. "And you ain't able to fight—and that's all there is to it! You'd better let Pompey out, Robin," she added. "It's time to go to bed."

Pompey—a moth-eaten canine nondescript that had, up to the sixth day of the preceding April, rejoiced in the name of Cæsar, but had been rechristened on account of its similarity to the imperial title of William Hohenzollern—rose regretfully in response to Robin's kick and stalked slowly out the kitchen door.

Like every living thing connected with the Rowell household, he was a creature of habit, physical and mental. Also, like Great-uncle Jabez, he was asthmatic. At any rate, having made his exit, he paused in accordance with ancient custom at a certain point upon the earth adjacent to the threshold, preliminary to a more distant excursion into the recesses of the grove. Owing to the almost impenetrable shadow cast by the family tree only a few discouraged spears of grass could be induced to grow near the house, which lacked entirely the flower bed and climbers usual in that locality; and the adjoining ground after the autumnal rains became and remained a dank welter of mud and ice throughout the winter.

Pompey, who disliked shadows, spent most of his time lying in the middle of the road, where he could feel the sun upon his patchy old back. Even to-night, though there was a moon, hardly a glimmer of its light fell through the foliage that smothered the farmhouse like a black blanket.

Pompey coughed; and Mrs. Rowell, mistaking him for Robin, called through the doorway:

"Don't stand out there without anything over you. You'll catch your death of cold."

"Oh, I'm all right," her son reassured her. "I want to get a breath of air before I go to bed."

"What an idea!" she answered. "You know it's just full of malaria, Robin."

As a similar interchange of ideas had occurred in precisely the same terms every evening Robin could recall, without any consequent evil effect, he continued to remain outside in the darkness, while Pompey woofed and rooted among the trunks of the trees. Somehow he felt as if he could not go back into the kitchen, even if he wanted to. Out there in the crisp September night, though he could not see the stars, he felt free of some weight that inside always seemed pressing down about his shoulders.

That evening it had seemed intolerable. Something irresistible seemed calling him. There was hardly a house in the village that did not boast a service flag with at least a single star.

Pompey, giving a final woof, emerged from his retirement, scratched a feeble and irrelevant concession to good manners beside the door, and went in. Robin followed.

His mother and Eleanor were still knitting exactly where he had left them. The atmosphere of the kitchen was stale and vitiated, as if it had been exhausted and devitalized by countless generations of forgotten predecessors.

Instantly he felt again the ominous pressure from which he had momentarily escaped. It was as if the weight of all the centuries during which man had dwelt upon the earth was crushing him. He had read somewhere that every human being carried in his veins the blood of every ancestor who had preceded him, and was but the slave of the past; and now, as he looked about him, he was conscious of being the helpless creature of heredity.

The light of the lamp fell through the doorway of the parlor, where they never sat, and outlined the shapes of the round marble-topped walnut table, on which lay the heavy family Bible and the big plush photograph album. Six horsehair-covered chairs were ranged stiffly against the walls. On the mantel stood a large stuffed owl and a glass dome containing a wax lily. Above hung a picture of Windsor Castle, done in real cork. The shades of the parlor had not been raised since the day of his father's funeral, eight years before. Not even Pompey dared enter.

The kitchen was hardly more cheerful, its occupancy being subject to rules equally inviolable. A heavy weight hanging on a cord automatically kept the door closed. The ceiling was low, and upon it were traced islands and continents in moldy stains. Likewise the floor, in spite of the heat from the stove, exhibited signs of dampness.

These conditions had obtained ever since the days of Great-grandfather Rowell, and may have had their part in leading Mrs. Rowell to suppose that she was a chronic invalid, suffering from a complication of inherited disorders—a belief attested by the heterogeneous row of patent-medicine bottles that stood upon the shelf between the windows and heralded in prismatic colors the virtues of the discoveries of various world-famous physicians, both male and female.

Everything in the house had a peculiar sanctity, derived simply from accidental family association irrespective of its actual economic or artistic value—the bed in the spare room, because Grandpa Rowell had died in it; the cork picture of Windsor Castle, because it was a present from Aunt Eliza; and the waxen lily for the reason that it had always been there. Likewise various defects in the plumbing went unremedied from year to year, because they had existed for so long that they had become traditional.

The rocking-chair in which Robin's mother always sat was too short in the front legs, a peculiarity causing marked discomfort to anyone who occupied it; but, because it had sustained the form of Great-grandma Jaffey—who was abnormally short in the fibula—it was assumed to be architecturally perfect, and Mrs. Rowell continued to suffer in it.

From a similar sentiment, Robin drank his morning coffee out of the mustache cup that had belonged to his father, though he himself was clean-shaved. Every decision, apparently, was made by his mother with reference not to what was reasonable but what Grandfather Jaffey would have thought upon the subject. It was as if the Fifth Commandment should properly have read: Honor thy great-grandfather and thy great-grandmother.

All the bedrooms were small, dark and musty; but they had been inhabited by the Rowells of the past and hence would obviously be suitable for all time for their descendants. In a word, to alter in any way what had supposedly been good enough for one's father and grandfather savored of impiety, was an indelicate reflection upon the taste or state of civilization of one's own forebears, and hence, in a way, upon oneself.

It is not surprising, therefore, that though Mrs. Rowell found herself entirely at sea in any situation lacking family precedent, she was immutable in all matters where the past could be invoked. Habit was more than law; it was, as

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"I'd Have Enlisted Long Ago if I Hadn't Been Waiting for a Commission. Still, I Guess I Can Get It, Just the Same, Later On"

GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL, New York, with new 25-story Commodore Hotel on right. An average of [illegible] trains, 86,668 passengers and 90,000 non-passengers enter and leave this great railroad terminal in a single day

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(Continued from Page 26)

Napoleon said: "Ten times nature." Hence, the minutest transaction of daily life in the farmhouse was invested with all the sanctity of a religious ceremony.

"Well," she sighed, laying aside her work as her son reëntered the room, "it's nine o'clock. Bring me the Bible, Robin."

The family Bible, like the family tree, was remarkable for its size, though it did not resemble it in beauty. It had been purchased by Great-grandpa Rowell in Boston shortly after his marriage, and weighed in the neighborhood of thirty pounds. Its heavy covers were ornately decorated, its leaves edged with gold; and it had a clasp capable of inflicting a severe blow upon the fingers if it unexpectedly fell open, which it often did. Besides being profusely illustrated with woodcuts, it contained a glossary, and an appendix explanatory of the flora and fauna of Eastern countries.

Robin obediently entered the parlor and, resting one end of the Bible against his abdominal cavity, staggered back with it to the kitchen and placed it upon the table before his mother, near the nail whence dangled a copy of the Farmers' Almanac and the strawberry pincushion. Mrs. Rowell wiped her glasses, cleared her throat and opened at the place marked by the pink worsted motto, worked by Robin upon perforated gilt cardboard at the age of five.

"The thirty-third chapter of Isaiah," she began, as Robin, panting, took his seat by the sink.

"'Woe to thee that spoilest, and thou wast not spoiled; and dealest treacherously, and they dealt not treacherously with thee! when thou shalt cease to spoil, thou shalt be spoiled; and when thou shalt make an end to deal treacherously, they shall deal treacherously with thee.

"'O Lord, be gracious unto us; we have waited for thee: be thou their arm every morning, our salvation also in the time of trouble. At the noise of the tumult the people fled; at the lifting up of thyself the nations were scattered. And your spoil shall be gathered like the gathering of the caterpillar: as the running to and fro of locusts shall he run upon them. The Lord is exalted; for he dwelleth on high: he hath filled Zion with judgment and righteousness. And wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times, and strength of salvation: the fear of the Lord is his treasure.

"'Behold, their valiant ones shall cry without: the ambassadors of peace shall weep bitterly. The highways lie waste, the wayfaring man ceaseth: he hath broken the covenant, he hath despised the cities, he regardeth no man. The earth mourneth and languisheth: Lebanon is ashamed and hewn down: Sharon is like a wilderness; and Bashan and Carmel shake off their fruits. Now will I rise, saith the Lord; now will I be exalted; now will I lift up myself. Ye shall conceive chaff, ye shall bring forth stubble: your breath, as fire, shall devour you. And the people shall be as the burnings of lime: as thorns cut up shall they be burned in the fire.'"

At the first sentence of the chapter, "Woe to thee that spoilest, and thou wast not spoiled!" Robin's whole body had become taut; and he listened tensely to the end, hardly crediting his ears. Why, here was the prophet foretelling the very things that had come to pass in France and Belgium, and warning the Kaiser of God's vengeance!

"Mother!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet, his eyes sparkling. "The Huns!"

Mrs. Rowell looked at him vaguely.

"What on earth do you mean, Robin? The Huns!"

"Why, it's as plain as can be!" he insisted excitedly. "Listen!" He stepped to the table and reread in an awed voice: "'Behold their valiant ones shall cry without: the ambassadors of peace shall weep bitterly. The highways lie waste, the wayfaring man ceaseth: he hath broken the covenant, he hath despised the cities, he regardeth no man. . . .

"'Now will I rise, saith the Lord,'" he repeated triumphantly; "'now will I be exalted; now will I lift up myself. Ye shall conceive chaff, ye shall bring forth stubble: your breath, as fire, shall devour you.'"

"Oh, mother," he begged, "please let me go! Now won't you let me enlist?"

For several seconds there was no sound in the kitchen but the ticktack of the clock and the hissing of the hot-water kettle upon the stove. Then Mrs. Rowell took off her spectacles and put them away.

"No, Robin," she said in a dry voice. "Haven't I told you over and over again you ain't fit to go?"

Robin climbed the narrow stairs to his attic room, his head in a tumult. "Woe to thee that spoilest, and thou wast not spoiled; and dealest treacherously, and they dealt not treacherously with thee!" That was Belgium, of course! All the tales of horror he had read of that martyred country came streaming back into his brain—visions of batches of prisoners shot down from behind; of little children maimed and mutilated; of young wives and innocent girls debauched and befouled; of peaceful homes wantonly burned, with aged folk inside; of helpless civilians of both sexes driven forth in companies to be slaughtered by machine-gun fire in the squares of their own villages; of drunken soldiery bayonetting woman after woman until they no longer had the strength or desire to drag forth their weapons from the writhing bodies of their victims.

Groaning, he pressed his fists to his temples. It was incredible, preposterous! Yet it had actually happened, was happening at that very moment. The Huns were engaged in deporting thousands of Belgian and French girls every week. He pictured to himself in the darkness the pitiful scenes that must be taking place. What was to prevent those same scenes from taking place right there in Eastbrook? What—unless every available man gave himself to the task of putting an end upon the other side of the water to Prussian cruelty. Beasts! Cowards! Inhuman torturers!

In the stifling darkness the room seemed crowded with the ghosts of little murdered children, beckoning and pointing. He could stand it no longer! He could not go on living unless he did his part to avenge these iniquities and prevent others like them from ever taking place hereafter. He must go at once! He must enlist! He reached the top of the stairs and seated himself upon the side of his bed. Yes, go he must. But his heart pounded out the answer: "Unfit! Unfit! Unfit!"

Weakly he bent over and began to take off his shoes. Up there under the roof the air was even hotter than in the kitchen. Unfit!—Unfit! How did he know he was unfit? Could anybody be unfit to help in some way to slay this mad, bloodthirsty beast, whose fangs dripped with blood, and whose den was in a forest of dead men's bones?

"The highways lie waste, the wayfaring man ceaseth; he hath broken the covenant, he hath despised the cities, he regardeth no man. The earth mourneth and languisheth." Panting, he stared into the shadows of the tiny room, his mouth parched, his eyes suffused. No, no! God would never permit the breaker of covenants, the despiser of cities, to prevail! "Now will I rise, saith the Lord; now will I be exalted; now will I lift up myself. Ye shall conceive chaff, ye shall bring forth stubble; your breath, as fire, shall devour you." God had said it through the mouth of his prophet! The Kaiser should be consumed by his own fiery breath—his own pestilential poison gas—while his ambassadors of peace should weep bitterly!

And he must be one of those to go forth and do the Lord's will—to take part in this the greatest crusade of all time—to save the world! It could not be that he was unfit!

Half suffocated, he rose and tried to open the window, which his mother always insisted on his leaving closed. Indeed, it had been so constructed that it would not remain open without artificial assistance, such as a book or a hair-brush propped against it. It stuck badly, but at last he forced it up and the cool air swept in and congealed the sweat upon his hair.

How fresh and wonderful it was—laden with the scent of hay; of dank odors from brookside and swamp; of the breath of the woods just turning to their autumn colors; of the faint aroma of apples; of the mysterious smell of the night, with all its subtle, elusive suggestions of distant lures! He wanted to crawl out through the window and throw himself into it; to drown in it, if need be. To be free! Free! He would enlist to-morrow, no matter what! It was crazy to pay any attention to his mother and her ideas. He could do as he wanted to. He was twenty-one.

A faint effervescence shimmered through the leaves. Up above somewhere—though he could not see them—the moon and the stars were shining in the clear ether. He would be free like that! He craned out his head, trying to catch a glimpse of the sky; but the dense foliage of the elm hung before the window like a heavy curtain. No use! Slowly he withdrew his head. Hardly was it inside when the window fell with a crash. Once more he was a prisoner inside the tomb of his ancestors.

The sun rose and brimmed the world with golden light, but only a dim reflection of it penetrated the room. Robin looked at his watch and, finding that it was already six o'clock, rose and went downstairs. He had slept but fitfully and felt utterly exhausted, but his resolution was still firm to assert his right and his duty at least to attempt to volunteer. He greeted his mother guiltily and took his place at the table, while she poured out his coffee and pushed the canned tongue, the soggy tea biscuits, the pie and doughnuts in his direction. He usually had little appetite for breakfast; to-day he had none.

"I guess I don't want any breakfast," he said, shoving back his chair and going to the door, loath to tell his mother what he purposed doing, and equally disinclined to raise so vital an issue at that particular moment. Then he made up his mind to have it over with.

"Mother," he began self-consciously, with his back still toward her, "I'm ——"

But she did not hear him.

"Here's a letter for you I found in the box this morning when I went out," she said, picking up an envelope from the table.

He took it from her mechanically.

Notice of call and to appear for physical examination.
To ROBIN ROWELL,
Eastbrook, Maine.

You are hereby notified that, pursuant to the Act of Congress approved May 18, 1917, you are called for military service of the United States by the Local Board from among those persons whose registration cards are within the jurisdiction of this Local Board.

Your Serial Number is 675 and your Order Number is 156. You will report at the office of this Local Board for physical examination on the nineteenth day of September, 1917, at seven o'clock A. M.

Local Board of Hancock County.
By PAUL T. ASH, Chairman.
SAM'L A. FLINT, Clerk.

So he had been forestalled! Any leniency he might have hoped for, any camouflaging of his physical limitations, was out of the question now. They would extend no courtesies to him; would apply the tests in their full rigor.

"It's the notice for my examination," he said dully, handing it to her.

She examined it curiously.

"Well, I guess that's all there'll be to it," she croaked. "That's all you'll get out of it. You ain't any more fit ——" But she did not finish her sentence, for Robin had grabbed his hat from its peg, pushed open the door and started down the path to the road.

"Come along, Pompey!" he called. "Let's go an' have our lungs examined."

Sally Tucker was just coming out of the butcher shop with the chops for her father's breakfast. She was a pretty, good-natured and highly competent young lady, who, as the judge's daughter, was generally regarded as enjoying a social position rather

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You will find it in the same degree in all United States Tires—cord or fabric—passenger car, truck, airplane, motorcycle or bicycle.
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(Continued from Page 28)

superior to the other village maidens whose parents were less distinguished.

Robin admired her openly, but from afar; so did Mr. Thomas Higgins, less distantly, his matrimonial aspirations having a solid basis in the fact that he was the son of the plutocrat who owned the mercantile establishment in which Robin worked.

"Hello, Robin!" she exclaimed cheerfully. "Well, what's new with you?"

"Nothing much," he answered despondently. "I've got to go over to Lincolnville to get examined for the draft."

"I don't see why that should make you so gloomy!" she retorted with a thin surface of ice over her voice. "You don't object to being drafted, do you?"

Robin flushed a dull red. Oh, how could she think it! He would forever be a worm in her eyes. He couldn't bear it. His own eyes filled with helpless tears.

"Oh, Sally!" he stammered. "You can't think that! Why, I'd have enlisted long ago—only my mother said I wasn't fit; that they couldn't possibly pass me. What I'm afraid of is that they won't take me!"

The girl's face cleared.

"Why, I don't see anything the matter with you!" she remarked, looking him over critically. "What's the trouble?"

"Oh, I don't know," he replied awkwardly. "Our folks never was much on health. My lungs ain't overstrong."

"Look here, Robin Rowell," interrupted the girl: "I wouldn't tell that to anybody else if I were you. If I didn't know your mother I'd think you were shamming. As I do, I think you're just a silly goose! There's nothing the matter with you at all."

"Don't you think so, really?" he demanded, brightening. "I always thought you sort of looked down on me for a weakling."

"Robin! How foolish of you! Of course I don't!" she protested. "Hello, Tom!" as a very glum Mr. Higgins made his appearance from the direction of the post office.

He had, in fact, received only that moment a similar notice to that of Robin; and he was much disturbed, the communication accentuating, as it did, the unpleasant fact that he had not yet secured the bombproof job for which he had laid his wires.

"Hello!" he replied dejectedly.

"What's the matter, Tom?" challenged Sally. "Got to go to Lincolnville?"

"Yes. How'd you know?"

"A little bird—a Robin—told me."

"You got one too?" demanded the unhappy Higgins.

Robin nodded.

"*You're* all right!" he said pleasantly. "They're sure to take *you!*"

Mr. Higgins winced, in spite of the debonair expression he endeavored to assume.

"Oh, sure!" he admitted, but without much enthusiasm. "I'd have enlisted long ago if I hadn't been waiting for a commission. Still, I guess I can get it, just the same, later on. They won't want to keep a fellow in the ranks who's qualified to be an officer."

Sally tried to conceal a smile; and Robin saw it, with a leap of his poor, weak heart, inherited from Aunt Eliza.

"Certainly not!" she agreed. "I wonder if you couldn't get a commission for Robin too! Not as high a one as yours, of course—I s'pose you'll be a major, at least—but a captaincy, say."

Tom shrugged his shoulders, not quite sure whether she was serious or not. Still, wasn't his father the most prominent Democrat in the county? That was what counted. Why, the old man had contributed five hundred dollars to the Congressional Campaign Committee. They'd *have* to give him a commission!

"I'm afraid I couldn't!" he answered apologetically. "Besides, Robin'll never get by the doctors. Why, he'd crack in two if you poked him with a broomstick!" he added under his breath; but Robin heard.

A completely transfigured and utterly hysterical Robin returned from Lincolnville the following evening, his advent heralded by such an uproar as had never before violated the shadowy precincts sacred to the punctilious memory of Grandpa Rowell.

"Mother! Eleanor!" shrieked Robin, dancing up the incline to the kitchen door. "I've passed! They took me!"

His mother raised a pale face from over the frying pan.

"Passed what?" she inquired with scornful incredulity.

"The physical examination! The doctors all said I was as sound as a drum; that all I needed was plenty of good food, exercise and fresh air."

"Oh, Robin! I'm so glad!" cried Eleanor, the tears springing into her watery gray eyes.

Mrs. Rowell regarded him in stupefaction. It was an insult to her parental intelligence.

"I don't believe it!" she gasped. "They couldn't!"

"But they did!" he shouted, gayly grabbing Eleanor about the waist and dragging her round the table. "Oh, mother, isn't it bully? I'm really going! Hurrah! Whoop-ee! Is supper ready? I'm as hungry as a bear."

All through their indigestible meal Mrs. Rowell listened dumbly to his minute account of the details by which the official representatives of the Government had satisfied themselves of the physical propriety of his entering the service of his country. But what she heard held no meaning for her. Her universe had completely collapsed and she herself seemed to be hurtling through a fathomless void.

Mechanically she went on with the motions of eating and cleaning up, but she had no consciousness of what she was doing; and when he paused, exhausted by the vivacity of his narration, she continued mute. The dishes washed, she sat silent, her hands folded in her lap; while Robin and Eleanor babbled on together in an utterly unintelligible language about puttees, rookies, doughboys, guard duty, manuals, emblems, dog tents and majorities.

The rusty old clock wheezed and coughed nine times—"Taps"; but she made no move to go to bed. And three-quarters of an hour later, when Robin rose and said he was going to the village to tell all the folks the news, she uttered only the feeblest of protests:

"Well, I dunno. I dunno. It's after bedtime. But I s'pose you can go out if you want to."

II

ON A BRILLIANT afternoon in the following June the mother and daughter were sitting together in the subdued light of the kitchen when they heard footsteps upon the gravel outside. Mrs. Rowell, who had a terror of tramps and realized the strategic advantage of position, hastily rose and partly opened the door, ready to repel boarders.

"It's a big man in khaki," she said over her shoulder, adjusting her spectacles. "Mebbe he's a friend of Robin's."

The man, who was in an officer's uniform, carried a heavy overcoat upon one arm and lightly swung an enormous valise with the other. His soldierly erectness served to accentuate his unusual height and the breadth of his chest, so that as he came up the incline toward the door he appeared to fill the entire landscape. Mrs. Rowell awaited him in some trepidation, conscious of her ignorance of military etiquette. At the foot of the terrace he stopped and saluted stiffly.

"Does Lieutenant Rowell live here?" he asked in rough, vibrant tones.

Then, before she could utter even a "For the land's sake!" he had dropped his overcoat and valise, leaped up and stifled her in his arms.

Eleanor, perceiving that her mother was being strangled by a giant, came rushing out with a little shriek, only to be overpowered in like fashion. Lieutenant Rowell lifted them both off their feet and carried them inside, where he tenderly placed them on their respective chairs.

"Gosh! It's great to be home!" he declared. "We're goin' overseas most any day now, and I've got forty-eight hours' leave; so I thought I'd give you a surprise. Well! Howdy?"

"But, Robin! What's happened to you?" demanded Mrs. Rowell. "I didn't recognize you at all. And I didn't know you was an officer!"

"That's a part of the surprise!" he answered, grinning. "At the end of the first three months I made an application to go to the officers' camp, and five days ago I got my commission as second lieutenant."

"Well, I never!" gasped his mother in stupefaction. "You an officer! That was so measly! I wouldn't know you, Robin—you've grown so."

"Six and a half inches bigger round the chest," he answered, expanding his torso like a pouter pigeon, "and half an inch taller."

"But you used to be so thin!" commented Eleanor. "Now you're bigger than Tom Higgins."

Lieutenant Rowell laughed.

"Tom's takin' orders from me now," he said. "And when he doesn't step lively I tell you I give him h—Hail Columbia!"

Eleanor giggled.

"I'd like to see him!"

Robin gazed curiously round the kitchen, which seemed dwarfed by his bulk. Then he felt in his breast pocket.

"Mind if I smoke?" he asked casually. "I'm just dying for a cigarette."

His mother turned white. Robin had never smoked before he went to camp. No Rowell had ever smoked. Here was the first indication of that demoralization she had heard so much about.

"Why, Robin!" she quavered. "What do you suppose your father would say if he should see you with a cigarette in your mouth?"

Robin looked across the table with an affectionate though somewhat quizzical expression upon his erstwhile indefinite but now strong young face.

"I think he would say to me: 'Go to it, my boy!'"

Mrs. Rowell set her lips defiantly. She was deeply shocked.

"Your father didn't approve of tobacco; an' you know it, Robin!" she retorted.

"There was lots of things he didn't approve of," answered her son simply; "simply because folks hadn't got round to 'em. If you're out all day in the open it doesn't do you any harm to smoke a little—anyhow, it hasn't killed me yet. But, of course, I won't smoke if you don't want me to, mother." He put the cigarette back in its package.

Mrs. Rowell's heart beat rapidly. She was, for the first time in her life, disturbed about what she regarded as a question of morals. Robin certainly did not look as if smoking had hurt him and there was nothing about smoking in the Bible; but there was the Rowell family tradition that it was a sinful habit—a lure of Satan. Yet Robin was going away and she might never see him again.

"Well, I won't have you stinking up my kitchen!" she snapped aggressively. Then, to her daughter's amazement, she said: "If you want to smoke go outside on the grass."

"I will if you'll sit out there along with me," he replied.

A horrified expression appeared on her face.

"No," she objected; "the air ain't good for me. It's most always awful damp too. You go out. I'll set in here."

Robin bent his brows sternly upon her.

"Look here, mother," he ordered, "this kitchen is too hot and stuffy for anybody to sit in. It must be ninety! Now you come along! I'll get your shawl if you need it; but you *don't.*"

He took her chair in one hand, led her, protesting, through the doorway, and established her upon the top of the terrace. Eleanor followed tentatively. Then Robin did a shocking thing: He deliberately unfastened and threw open not only all the windows of the kitchen but those of the sitting room as well.

A spell seemed to have fallen upon Mrs. Rowell. She sat there aghast, while he pounded and pried, committing sacrilege against her gods. When he had finished he threw himself on the ground, lit his cigarette, and remarked contentedly:

"Now maybe we can get some fresh air into the old box!"

"Old box!" Mrs. Rowell trembled with indignation. The Rowell homestead called an old box!

"I don't think ——" she began shakily, in reproof.

"There's another thing," went on Robin, ignoring her remark: "This place is damp, just as you said. Why? 'Cause the sun never gets a chance at it. When Grandpa Rowell planted that grove of spruces it was all right, because they didn't cut off the light. But look at 'em now! There won't a thing grow round the house. I don't blame Great-uncle Jabez for havin' the asthma."

He snorted.

"I tell you, mother, there's too many closed windows and too little sunlight in most houses. That's why there's so much tuberculosis. Why, it's the first thing you learn in camp."

Mrs. Rowell turned upon him in righteous anger.

"You oughtn't to talk so!" she cried. "Your father lived here all his life! I guess what was good enough for him is good enough for you."

"Maybe for *me*," he answered; "but not good enough for you and Eleanor."

For some moments they sat without speaking, while Robin smoked. Somewhat to her uneasiness, she found that she rather liked the odor. After all, it wasn't so very different from cooking smells, she reluctantly admitted to herself.

They sat there over an hour while Robin told them all about his life in camp, and of the lectures and entertainments they went to, and what a fine lot the fellows were. Gradually the sun declined, until at last a few yellow rays managed to struggle through between the trunks of the trees.

"Well," Robin ejaculated at last, "I'm getting hungry! What have you got for supper, mother?"

"Oh, I dunno," she hesitated. "'Bout the same as usual. There's biscuits, an' half a pie, an' cookies, and a bowl of apple sauce. I guess you can make out."

"Lord!" exclained Robin. "Haven't you got any more than that? I want some man's food! I've come a hundred and fifty miles since five this morning."

He rose and looked for his cap.

"Where you goin'?" his mother demanded.

"Down to the village to get some meat and things," he replied casually.

The two women looked at each other.

"Meat's awful high just now," said Eleanor.

"I'll pay for it," retorted the new Croesus. "I've got to eat real grub if I expect to earn my pay."

When Robin returned, an hour later, in addition to a basket containing a thick steak, a strip of bacon, a chicken, two dozen eggs, two loaves of bread and a jar of marmalade, he carried upon his shoulder a smart rocking-chair of wicker.

"I'm sick of seeing you in that old armchair," he announced. "It looks as if it was made for a dwarf. I want you to be comfortable."

Mrs. Rowell did not know what to say. Though she felt that his purchase was a gross piece of extravagance, she could not help feeling pleased; but, at the same time, she regarded his attitude as insulting to the memory of Grandma Jaffey. Nevertheless, after a supper which resembled a Thanksgiving dinner, she ensconced herself in the new possession with a sensation of satisfaction.

She could not and did not attempt to explain the weakness with which she found herself yielding to Robin's iconoclastic ideas; she merely perceived dimly that a new order had been established, which had certain ameliorations connected with it. Still, she only fell back trench by trench, as it were.

"How you been, mother?" inquired her son as they started to go to bed.

"Why, pretty good," she admitted in a sort of delicious terror. "'Bout the same as usual. My bronchial tubes always gives me trouble. But I don't complain."

He took up a large bottle, across the cork of which a tablespoon was balanced and from whose label vacuously beamed the countenance of a pink-faced gentleman with a luxuriant black mustache.

"What's this?"

She flushed slightly.

"Oh, that's a new remedy I'm takin'. It did Mrs. Giddings a world of good. Cured her right up!"

"Humph! And those?" He pointed to a row of bottles.

"Well, medicine I'm takin' for different things—asthma and heart trouble and rheumatism."

Robin faced her severely.

"Mother, don't you know you're just doping yourself? That stuff's all doctored up. Talk about my smoking! Let me throw it all out!"

"Robin! I won't do any such thing!" she cried with tears in her eyes, yet more than half convinced. "I won't have you act so! I have to have my medicine same as other people."

He looked at her significantly and she gave him a feeble smile.

"Let me chuck it out."

A wonderful feeling of comfort, of confidence in his judgment, had somehow suddenly descended upon her. Already in the now cool kitchen, after her hearty supper and in her easy-chair, she felt better than she had for years.

"No; you shan't do it!" she protested, pouting like a girl.

(Continued on Page 121)

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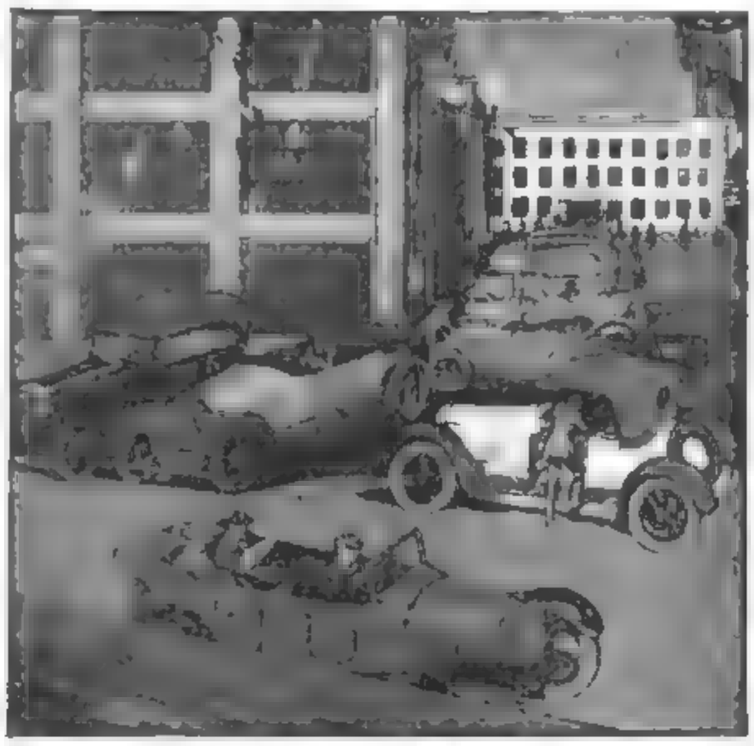

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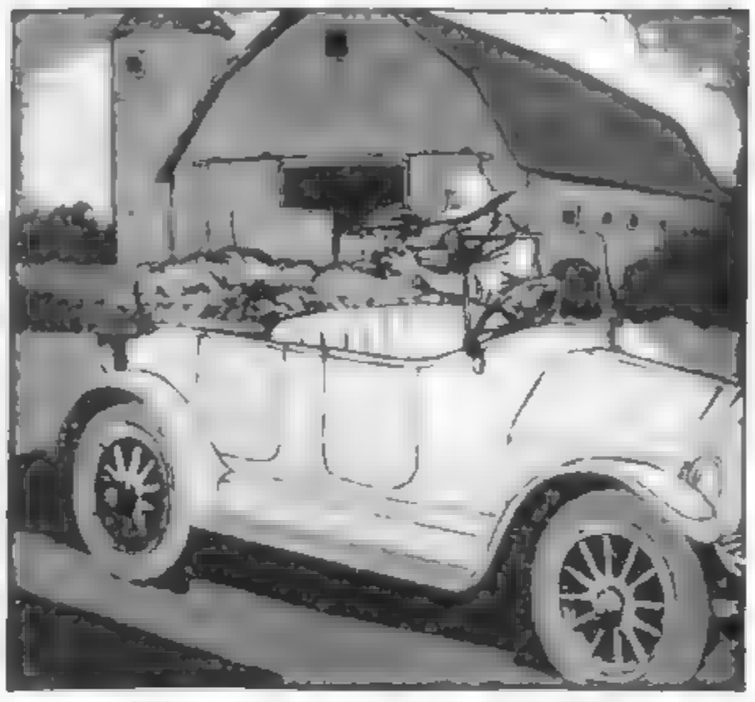

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THE RECALL OF THE RETIRED

By Forrest Crissey

MORE men who have been "turned out to grass" are to-day being brought back to the harness than ever before in the history of American industry. This recall of the retired is as sweeping and universal as the selective draft.

There is little latitude of choice now left as to whether or not these men shall be given place in the ranks of industry. Their job tickets are already written and they are punching in wherever a time clock shows its face. The problem presented to the alert employer by the presence of this Army of the Recalled appears to be: What results are to be expected by this exchange of youth for maturity, of pep for experience, of ambition to advance for determination to stick?

Those who hold that this change is bound to bring a decided slow-down to industry are eager to know what measures of management may be taken that will help to minimize the loss of speed; what unsuspected compensations the recalled man of mature years may have concealed in his make-up; and what may be done to realize the largest returns from those assets which are peculiar to the man of middle life or beyond.

The reason why the probable performance of employees of mature years appears to be shrouded in mystery is simple: For years industry has been worshiping at the shrine of youth with increasing fervor. The propaganda of pep has been sweeping and insidious—a continuous and unlifting barrage of exploitation calculated to throw an abiding fear of gray hairs into the administrators of business. Boyish faces have smiled continually at us from magazine pages above legends that proclaim them to be the chief executives of great corporations. Inevitably this has boomed the stock of youth and depressed the stock of age all along the line—from the directors down to the humblest straw boss.

As a consequence scant attention has generally been paid to the old man in industry. His figure has certainly not filled the eye of the average employer and his industrial epitaph might be sketched by the familiar phrase: "When last seen, was headed South." Of course it is absurd to assume that thousands upon thousands of men well advanced in years have not been constantly employed. But this is precisely the assumption that creeps into the conversation of the mass of employers, and this fact reveals their attitude toward the old or middle-aged workers most significantly.

Why bother about studying those who still remain when their stay is bound to be short and when their presence on the pay roll is something to be ignored or apologized for instead of talked about?

In one region, however, the old man in industry has received special attention. He has been put under the microscope and his performance studied. To the extent of about twenty-five thousand he has been placed, observed and given sympathetic help and protection. This work has been done by Mr. Victor T. J. Gannon, manager of the Employers' Association of Chicago. To all practical purposes he has been running a big research laboratory to determine the industrial value and the special characteristics of the worker of forty-five or over.

Night Schools for Employers

NOW that industry has reached the place where it must do a large part of its work with men of this mature type, the results of Mr. Gannon's work take on special interest and importance. Though Chicago employers have quite generally hired men offered by Mr. Gannon, he has found certain employment managers especially receptive and intelligent in their attitude. Probably there are few extensive employers of labor in the Chicago district who have not been influenced, consciously or unconsciously, by the work of this association, and therefore the entire Chicago territory may be considered a proving ground for the industrial fitness of the man past forty-five.

The extent of this undertaking is suggested by the fact that since June, 1917, the bureau has placed more than twenty-five thousand six hundred men of middle age, having about forty-five thousand dependents. These men have already received between six million and seven million dollars in wages and salaries. The highest salary now paid to one of these old men is six thousand dollars a year, the lowest eight dollars a week, and the average for the last year seventeen dollars and eighty-one cents a week. About ninety-three per cent of the men offered to employers by this organization have been accepted and ninety-five per cent of those employed have given satisfaction, according to Mr. Gannon. Virtually all men placed by this bureau are forty-five years of age or older; the oldest applicant for whom a position has been found is ninety-one and the average age of all the men placed is fifty-seven years.

"One of the Big Problems of the Present Moment Is That of Educating Superintendents and Foremen to the Right Attitude Toward the Gray-Haired Worker"

"The credit for starting this movement," says Mr. Gannon, "to head off the huge economic waste caused by the premature scrapping of mature men belongs to Benjamin J. Rosenthal, a Chicago merchant. Early in 1917 he formed a committee of employers and public-spirited men, who joined hands in an effort to see that the man of middle age had a fair chance to survive in industry, and also to find out something definite about the assets and liabilities of the middle-aged and the oldish man as an employee. But the emphasis of the effort was to help these men to hold their own rather than to conduct a cold-blooded economic experiment.

"Sympathy, not social curiosity, was the motive that started this movement, and it has also maintained it. But the economic value of its experiences is none the less because its purpose has been sympathetic instead of scientific. We have furnished men to something more than twenty-five hundred employers; for, though the bureau is supported by a few public-spirited citizens and employers, its benefits are free to all employers and to all applicants for work.

"Naturally we have learned considerable about employers as well as employees. At the outset we found employers generally obsessed with the idea that a tag reading 'Dead Timber' ought to be hung on every applicant and employee over forty-five. Possibly that statement of employer sentiment is a little too sweeping—but not much. The employment men were certainly fed up on the favorite efficiency doctrine of the infusion of young blood. Two elements, however, forced them to give this effort for placing middle-aged men an inning—the great war demand for labor, and the standing of the men behind the movement.

"Then we could not realize how greatly the industrial pressure would be increased; the drafting of America's man power between the ages of seventeen and forty-six was then so remote as almost to be unconsidered. Unconsciously our work resolved itself into proving to a large number of employers that they had been setting altogether too low a value on workers who had passed their meridian, thus preparing these employers to face with complacence the present situation through which the industry of the nation is being drained of most of its young men.

"Go to as many as you will of the employers we have served—I'll give you a list—and I am sure you will find they have no fear of depending largely upon the labor of middle-aged men for the period of the war. They have learned that this labor has some very substantial advantages over the younger kind they have been mainly depending upon in the past. The Dead Timber scare has lost its terrors for these employers, who have made an intelligent test of men in middle life; which means not only giving them employment but attention of a sensible and constructive kind.

"The most important thing our experiment has accomplished is a radical change in the employer attitude—a change which is best suggested by the fact that from this time forward a night school for employment managers will be a major activity of this organization. How great a change of heart is implied in this statement only the man who has struggled for about eighteen months to get employers to give the older men a little chance can appreciate Now these employers or their representatives are coming to a night school to learn how to hire and handle and develop these men in order to get the most out of them. That is certainly a right-about-face!

"As a rule, the employment manager who is supposed to be a specialist in labor matters is less in need of this training than the employer who does his own hiring and has personal supervision of his help. This is because the hired labor manager is more likely to see both sides of the fence; he is in a better position to recognize the rights and interests of the workers and the faults and deficiencies of the employer than is the employer himself. Again, few men who have been able to establish themselves as labor managers have arrived at that responsibility without giving proof of their ability to secure and hold the confidence of the workers. They have demonstrated an ability to keep their mental pores open; otherwise they would be out of luck and out of their jobs."

New Problems Born of New Conditions

"PROPRIETOR employers, managers, superintendents and foremen are the ones who need special training in order to get the best results out of middle-aged and elderly men. This is especially true of those who are young and saturated with the popular idea that pep is ninety per cent in the make-up of the ideal employee. Of course many of these young men will probably go into military service; but some of them will remain behind through exemption. These will have to alter their attitude toward the man beyond the prime of life or else sacrifice their usefulness to their employers under the new conditions.

"For example, I have in mind the foreman of a tool-and-die department in a plant doing important government work. Apparently it is impossible for him to see that the oldish man must be the main dependence of industry during the critical war period, and that there is no department about a plant in which the man of ripe years and experience is more certain to give satisfaction than in the tool-and-die room. One capable and experienced toolmaker after another who will never again celebrate his fiftieth anniversary has been fed into that room in a patient effort to give the young foreman a chance to learn that the tide and the wind have changed. But he is still sailing according to the chart by which he himself landed in his job over the heads of a dozen older men.

"Unless he sees a light soon he is going on the rocks, and his place will be filled by someone who can look at the seamed and wrinkled face of a skilled machinist who has passed the half-century point without feeling that he ought to reach for the ax. This is equally true of hundreds of other foremen and superintendents who are still burning all their incense at the altar of youth. Though the operating executives and the employment managers can do much to make the big readjustment a success, they must have the coöperation of the foremen and others who are immediately over the men. That coöperation must be sincere or it will not hold out and meet the situation. The foreman who cannot see that industry must now lean heavily on the workers of middle age, and that he must let these men understand that their presence is going to be appreciated instead of tolerated, and their way made as smooth as possible, is riding for a fall. He cannot hold on long because he hasn't the capacity to readjust his vision to a new viewpoint.

"Only those foremen who are broad enough to see and grasp the radical change in attitude toward men of mature years that is necessary in order to meet the crucial and increased demands for production with an immensely diminished supply of young-man labor can survive. An attitude of mere tolerance will not save the day for him; he must give these oldish men sympathetic and intelligent coöperation and support. Administrators of big industries have not, as a rule, fully awakened to the fact that one of the big problems of the present moment is that of educating superintendents and foremen to the right attitude toward the gray-haired worker, and removing those who will not react rightly to that instruction.

"It is a military axiom that an army is made or broken by its officers. You can say the same thing of industry. If its noncoms—its foremen and sub-foremen—are not of the right stuff, or if they fail to get the right viewpoint and attitude, there is going to be trouble and failure in production. The foreman is the sergeant who must take the men over the top; and he must be on the job and be right or the drive will utterly fail. Because their support is so vital every intelligent manufacturer is going to subject his foremen to a sharp scrutiny these days to see that their attitude is intelligent and friendly as to the elderly man in industry.

"And it must be amenable also toward the other new element in industry—woman. The presence of a large proportion of mature men in shops and factories is bound to make the general introduction of women into industry easier in every way. To put it in a homely way, any coeducational shop largely manned by men of middle age is going to suffer less loss of production through fooling and jollying than the shop having the usual proportion of young men. It will soon become commonplace to see daughters working in munition and machine plants alongside their fathers—and perhaps their mothers too. This slant of the new situation must be taken into consideration."

The habit of following up his placements in a persistent and systematic way has added materially to the value of Mr. Gannon's work. He has made it a rule to get both sides of each case where any dissatisfaction has arisen. Some of the results of this practice have been illuminating. One employer of rough labor for freight and stock shifting decided to try the older men on his night force. Several good men were sent in response to this call. A little later they reported that labor under the night superintendent was impossible for any self-respecting man who had reached the age of gray hairs. It was evident that this superintendent had no notion of encouraging the employment in his department of "old guys." An investigation followed and the facts were placed before the employment manager, who promptly responded:

"I guess it's about time to get a new superintendent, who can read the handwriting on the wall and recognize that the riot of young blood is about over, and that we're coming to the time when we'll be glad to get the old boys to work—and give them decent treatment too. Suppose you send me a superintendent to take the place of this one who can't see a man over thirty."

The Factor of Good Judgment

AFTER a carefully selected man had been placed in this position it was noted that elderly men sent to work under him did not return. All of them remained and reported entire satisfaction. Finally the employment manager declared:

"My night force never gave me so little trouble or did its work so well as under this new man. I'm sold on the old boys; and if some of our other superintendents and foremen don't show symptoms of recognizing that we're up against new conditions, you're going to be called on to furnish some more well-seasoned supervisory talent. I have about reached the conclusion that young men are not well qualified to supervise men of mature years. At any rate, I am certain that experience is fully as big an asset in a superintendent or foreman as pep.

"Judgment in handling men and materials is the great thing in keeping up a steady and satisfactory volume of output. Of course a young man may have a natural endowment of judgment; but generally it takes experience to develop that quality, and experience only comes with years. Unless I miss my guess a considerable number of old boys who have waited a long time for recognition and promotion are going to get their innings under the new order of things and find themselves in positions of authority."

No employer could indulge in a more interesting pastime than that of running down the leads picked up in the office of this employment organization started to secure a fair chance for the man who has passed the prime of life. If he has been a blind devotee at the altar of youth he will uncover some decided surprises, both among employees and employers. If sent to a certain Chicago business house he will encounter a dignified white-haired man of fine presence who keeps a set of books in a hand of copperplate quality, which is fast becoming extinct.

In June of last year this man looked his seventy-two years, for he was then in need of money and employment. To-day there is something about the bearing of this bookkeeper that takes a heavy discount from those birthday figures. His employer explains it on the basis that there are remarkable powers of renewal in a raise of salary—especially in the case of a man who has exceeded the allotted threescore and ten years.

This employer declares that when he took on his venerable bookkeeper he did so with hesitation and the conviction that he was taking a humane but rather unprogressive step. If he secured accuracy, steadiness and complete loyalty he was prepared to consider his bargain a good one.

"He appeared to have these qualities," says his employer; "and so I started him at sixty-five dollars a month. To my mind that was about the limit he would ever get; and I have reason to believe he would gladly have signed a contract to work at that salary as long as he might be able to post a ledger. Very shortly he proved to me that he was not only steady and accurate in his work, but he surprised me by suggesting changes in our accounting methods which were decidedly progressive.

"These improvements have turned out to be sound and valuable. As a result the old man has had his salary raised about fifty per cent; and I shouldn't be surprised if he forced us to push his figure higher. He has made such a favorable impression here that he has opened the door rather wide for men of middle age and beyond, and we are generally finding in them the same qualities which have made him satisfactory."

The investigator who is trailing the old-men leads will find no lack of either the pathetic or the humorous. One man of sixty-five years, who is now holding a job at eighteen dollars a week, might, if so inclined, tell of how he had heard for four months the continual answer to his applications:

"We can't use you. Sorry—but your years are against you."

Finally, after being four days without food in a city where he had once enjoyed membership in several leading clubs, he came to Mr. Gannon and was put in the way of self-support by the businesslike Samaritan, who sent a physician, food and a visiting nurse to the wife in a cheap lodging house.

Another member of the Army of the Recalled received his assignment to report for duty after the exhaustion of hunger had taken too firm a grip upon him; he fell unconscious upon the sidewalk shortly before he reached the door of the building in which employment was waiting for him. Five days later a telephone message from the hospital to which he had been taken informed the Employers' Association of the calamity that had overtaken him. Though sixty-nine years old, his return to strength was rapid and he is now working at a living wage.

In a factory which in peacetime puts out electrical fittings, but which is now almost wholly engaged with war work of the most vital character, I found an attitude of decided friendliness toward the man who has passed the meridian of life. Perhaps this is partly due to the fact that it has a director of employment who is an influential official of the company, and who realizes that his responsibilities are quite as serious as those of any other director of the corporation. This alert student of labor conditions—Mr. H. H. Haylett—prefaced a trip through the plant with the following observations:

"Out in the shop you will meet one man who is, I feel, highly typical of what you term the recall of the retired. His kind is to be found in every shop and factory of the country where war work is the order of the day, and in many other places where essential industry is carried on. The facts that stand out in connection with this man are these: He is more than fifty years of age; he could live comfortably on his income without doing a day's work; he has an age handicap in the shape of a decided deafness; until he came here he has not, since his early youth, been on anybody's pay roll but his own; he is doing work with which he is unfamiliar; in about four months he has risen from a common stock hand to the foremanship of one of our most important floors—which gives an emphatic answer to the question of whether he has made good."

Activity Without Lost Motion

"THIS man came to us because he felt that no man able to do even a partial day's work should remain idle. He preferred to do war work and felt that he could do more when stimulated by the knowledge that he was contributing directly to the defeat of the Hun.

"Though this man looked vigorous and intelligent, he would not have received much consideration under prewar conditions, when it was not a common practice to hire any man more than thirty years old, except a skilled machinist or an expert in some special line. But 'the old order changeth,' and the employment manager of to-day who does not scrutinize men more carefully than precedents is not up on his job.

"The surface indications showed several decided reasons for believing that this man might not prove to be a good pay-roll investment. He was more than fifty years old and looked his age; he didn't know our business and was not accustomed to taking orders from anybody except his own customers; and he was so deaf that it was difficult to make him hear. Four years ago he would have been turned away from the employment office of almost any shop or factory in the country. Under the old practice he would have been dismissed on any one of the counts I have mentioned.

"But we have found that most of his supposed handicaps are really assets. Take the matter of his being unaccustomed to work as an employee: Instead of resenting authority or chafing under it he is able to look at his own service from the viewpoint of an employer. Why not? For many years he was an employer. As to any weakness of age, there is not a day in which he does not walk miles in supervising his floor. I think he could tire out the youngest man in his department when it comes to traveling on his feet. But he always lets his head save his legs and his hands too. He makes fewer false motions in a week than the average young fellow makes in a day.

"Again, he doesn't waste any energy in late hours. This cannot be said of many young men. Those who do not dissipate generally expend as much energy in their hours away from work as they do on duty. They are on earth for the first time, and there's so much for them to find out that they're afraid they'll miss something if they take a reasonable amount of sleep. The man of middle age has come to appreciate the refreshment of regular sleep, and plenty of it. As a consequence he is likely to show up at his morning's work with more freshness than his younger competitors.

"The first job given this man was that of piling stock. This was hard work for two reasons: We have much heavy stuff in our stock and, with the hurry and expansion of war demands, our stock room became rather chaotic. To restore order to a large stockroom that has become mixed is not an easy thing, especially when there is an increasing pressure to get out more work. For this reason, when I saw that the stock was being put into proper shape, I knew that good headwork was being done in that department. The man over fifty, who didn't have to work, and who had never held down a job as an employee, was responsible for the change. When he had put the stockroom into shape he was shifted to the assembly room and made a sub-foreman."

Too Old to be Spoiled

"EVERY proposed shift of this man brought a protest from the head of the department in which he was working. Any man of whom this can be said is a good man to promote. I simply told these men who tried to keep him down that right now a big part of their work was to help discover and develop men for responsible positions, and that they must look beyond the advantages of their own particular departments to the interests of the company as a whole; they must consider themselves as operating a labor laboratory as well as running a shop.

"As a sub-foreman this man soon demonstrated that, though he had not been trained as a machinist, he generally knew by its looks when a piece of work was right. Again, he showed very shortly that he could route an order through the works and make it go smoothly, which is not so simple a thing as it might seem in our line of complex work. Then he proved that he had a real capacity for getting work out of men and doing so without friction. The men liked him because he was both fair and firm in his attitude toward them, and because he always kept himself under control. They respected his judgment and the thing behind it—his experience; not experience of a narrow, technical sort, but experience in dealing with men and affairs.

"This man has brought several others into the plant, and they are all good, steady, substantial men—most of them well along in years. Already we have made him foreman of an important room. If he were a young man I should not think of telling his story for publication, because it would probably spoil him; but experience has given him a seasoning that will protect him from being warped or swelled out of shape by a little recognition. Like most men of his years, he has arrived at an understanding of his own limitations.

"Hard knocks have taught him that the world will not stop turning if he should drop out. A man of ripe experience will stand an amount of praise and promotion that would spoil the average young chap. Beyond doubt this man will go on to a better and more responsible position than that which he now holds. There is every reason to believe that he is good for ten years of work. I expect him to be a constructive force in this organization for some time to come.

"Now one swallow doesn't make a summer; and it would be foolish to infer that all men of mature years are off the same piece of stock as this man. They're not. But he is typical of a large class of men past forty-five who to-day are having their chance in industry because of the war—men who would be shut out and forced into retirement if it were not for the fact that the young men of the nation have been called into military service. Men of this kind are meeting our great labor emergency with a degree of success that is little short of a revelation to employers.

"Of course we could not keep going long without an infusion of new blood; but I feel sure that after our present war experience industry is going to put a far higher rating on the capacity of the middle-aged or the oldish man than it had before the great struggle for liberty drained this country of its youth. There will be much less haste to push a man into the discard simply because he has touched the meridian of years. In late years there

Concluded on Page 37

CHALMERS
Inrox
and Porosknit made of full-combed cotton

For months the Government has taken the entire output of our mills. Until some of our machinery is released it may be difficult for civilians to obtain Chalmers Underwear.

A TYPICAL CITIZEN

"Let me make a picture for you of a real United States citizen," said a famous artist, "a youngish man; just as he looks when getting into his stride and the future still beckoning to him. He will be athletic and thoroughly wide-awake."

All his life that type of citizen is as particular about his underwear as he is about his shoes and hat. He knows just what he wants.

Chalmers Inrox looks and feels as if it were made for this kind of a man. It keeps its elastic quality because knitted on Inrox machines, and the thorough combing of the silky cotton actually takes the weakness out of the fibre.

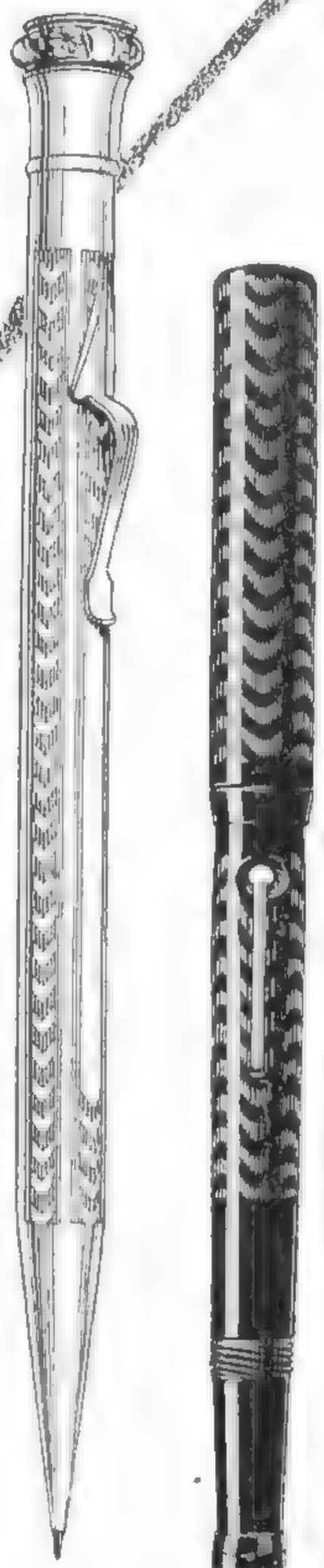
Therefore you have a soft garment that outwears by months ordinary underwear.

CHALMERS UNDERWEAR

MILLS AT AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

Wonders of the Writing World

This is the symbol of perfect writing the mark of the world's two greatest writing aids, the Eversharp Pencil and its perfect ink-writing mate, the Tempoint Pen. It is a veritable guarantee of unusual worth, back of which stands a two-and-a-half million-dollar concern



THE EVERSHARP PENCIL carries a quarter million words up its sleeve—and a point for every word. Always sharp—never sharpened.

Enough lead to write a library—eighteen inches in all. Magazine is always full. Quick loading. Rapid firing. Every stroke a hit.

And your Eversharp is constructed with jeweler precision throughout.

A built-in clip keeps the Eversharp from slipping away from you. A handy eraser, under cover until needed, adds to the convenience. A quarter replenishes the lead supply. Leads come in various degrees of hardness.

Over a million already in use. All styles, for pocket, chain or milady's handbag.

Prices, $1 up, at dealers' everywhere. If yours is not supplied write us direct for attractive literature to aid in selection.

THE TEMPOINT PEN has the wonderful Wahl point—the ample iridium tip being affixed by having the gold fused about it—not annealed.

After that the gold pen itself is hammered so that it acquires a steel-like hardness and flexibility. Cannot weaken nor become "sprung" through constant use.

Then there is the famous Wahl Comb Feed by which just enough ink—and no more—reaches the paper. No blots—no inky fingers. The pen keeps step, no matter how fast, slow, light, heavy, steadily or intermittently you write.

Air-tight chamber prevents "sweating"; keeps pen point moist for instant writing.

The Tempoint Pen is made in both Self-Filling and Screw Joint styles in a wide range of barrel designs. Prices, $2.50 up, at the better dealers', or write direct for descriptive literature.

***DEALERS:** Write today for catalog and interesting dealer proposition on these two splendid sellers.*

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The Perfect Pointed Pencil
Always Sharp—Never Sharpened

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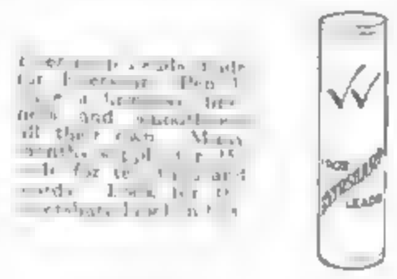

(Concluded from Page 34)

has been too much of this eagerness to scrap the mature manhood of the country, or politely retire it to the pension list on the ground that a man past forty-five cannot have pep enough to be a good pay-roll investment.

"In pointing out the qualities which the men of ripe years are now bringing to their great emergency tasks, I cannot allow the inference that any disparagement of the industrial value of the young is intended. That would be both absurd and disloyal. We are simply being forced to learn that youth has no monopoly of ability to do good work, and lots of it; that the retirement-age limit in industrial service has been placed too low; and that we have been wasting rich human material as recklessly as the old-time mine operators did when their crude processes allowed a higher ore value to slip into the dump than they extracted.

"There is hardly a department in our entire organization in which I cannot find a man of middle age or more who is not, in the main, exemplified by the foreman whose story I have told. Our pay roll and labor statistics are in the hands of a man of sixty-three or more who belonged to the regiment of the retired. He was once a well-known brewer and came to us through the Employers' Association. Very likely he could live comfortably without his wages; but it is certain that he has made himself valuable to this organization. His experience and ripened judgment are assets that count at this time of high pressure. I can see small chance of his going back to the list of the retired for a long time to come.

"The characteristics common to well-chosen men of middle life that go far toward offsetting their loss of pep and the slowing down of their physical powers are greater carefulness, stability, consideration and seriousness. A majority of the accidents in industry occur through the carelessness of workers under twenty-two years of age, while those above thirty-five are almost totally immune from blame on this score. The worker of mature years is a good safety-first man, and is a protection instead of a risk to the men who work with him.

"Two of the principal impediments to rush production are stoppages on account of accidents and objection to overtime work. Not only is the middle-aged man virtually immune to accidents, as far as responsibility for them is concerned, but he is always ready to work. He has no dates that will prevent him from working overtime, thus increasing his income and his rate. When a man of this type is hired and is asked when he wants to start in, his answer is usually: 'Right now.' With a young man the typical reply is: 'Next Monday.'"

Consideration and Responsibility

"On the score of showing consideration, the older men certainly shine. They have a better appreciation of the rights of others than do the young men—which is entirely natural, because consideration is developed by experience. A man of middle age will rarely quit a job without giving fair notice of his intentions.

"In hiring we meet this characteristic continually; and we always encourage it. With boys or very young men the favorite form of notice is the failure to appear. The inconvenience to the employer from this method of leaving is not considered. In virtually all cases where the young worker quits because he has taken offense at something or is dissatisfied with some requirement, he leaves without notice, with the deliberate intention of causing all the inconvenience he can.

"Rarely does a middle-aged worker leave without giving notice, no matter how mad or dissatisfied he may be. His inclination is to take his troubles to the head office and talk them over in a manly way. As a rule, he is equally considerate to those with whom he is working. He stops to think before he encroaches upon the rights of his bench mate or his fellow workman. Anything that might hinder or annoy his shop neighbor is not a joke to the mature man, while it is often the acme of humor to the youth.

"The delay to production and the damage to materials and output through senseless fooling on the part of employees is larger than the layman who has not studied the subject would dream. Horseplay is an element of overhead expense that exists in direct ratio to the youth of the workers. In a force of men more than forty years old it would be almost wholly eliminated. Most of the lack of consideration shown by youth is sheer thoughtlessness; the balance is just plain selfishness. Experience is the standard germicide for carelessness, and it is quite a corrective for selfishness too.

"Seriousness is one of the biggest assets of the man of middle age or beyond. He has eliminated a lot of the distractions of youth, has struck his stride, and is distinctly on the job. Holding his place is not a matter of small consequence to him, for he has acquired the responsibilities of a family and perhaps of property. His job isn't a thing to be thrown up on the whim of the moment. Life itself has ceased to be a huge joke to this man who has hit the peak and begun to get acquainted with the scenery on the downhill slope. He has reached a resolution to make every move count. If he makes it count for himself it will count also for his employer."

Useful Gray-Haired Women

Mr. C. L. Guyol, the employment manager for a large manufacturing company that has virtually discarded its normal line of output and shifted to munitions, makes this interesting observation:

"We are making practical recognition of the advantages of maturity and experience in our workers to the extent that we are deliberately building our working units about little groups of middle-aged women as well as men. This plan has been found to give stability and balance to the rooms where it has been in force. I am fortunate enough to work for a company whose president is decidedly progressive in employment matters, and he has been quick to recognize the stabilizing influence of the middle-aged men and women upon the younger workers immediately associated with them, and upon the organization as a whole.

"We are proud of our gray-haired women. Great care is used in selecting them, because we are making a deliberate effort to choose those who will contribute a value beyond their output of work. The influence of these elderly women upon the girls working with them is so decided as to be instantly apparent. Probably it is greater, or at least more obvious, than the influence of the middle-aged and oldish men upon young men and boys, for the reason that the presence in industry of women who have passed the high point of life is much more of a novelty than that of mature men. The young fellows are more accustomed to working alongside middle-aged men than girls in mills and factories are to having white-haired women as their shopmates.

"One result of the presence of these mature matrons—most of whom have sons or brothers in the army—is that of making any young woman who is morally unfit so uncomfortable that she soon eliminates herself. Of course as much care as possible is taken to keep undesirables from getting a foothold on the pay roll; but sometimes they will slip past. Our shop mothers, if such you choose to call them, are quick to detect this troublesome element among female munition workers, and to protect others from their sinister influence by a quiet word. However, the undesirables themselves resent the presence of these experienced women with sons and daughters of their own, and soon leave for a more congenial atmosphere.

"Then these elderly women, about whom we are building our room groups, exercise a secondary influence in smothering a great volume of nonsense between the girls and the younger men—an exchange of joshing and chaffing, not necessarily harmful but decidedly wasteful of time and out of place in a shop or factory.

"To a certain extent this wholesome and restraining influence is also exercised by the men of middle age and beyond. Boys and young men do not let themselves go under the eyes of gray-haired men as they do when they are herded by themselves, so to speak.

"Again, these oldish men exercise a positive constructive influence on the younger men. They are educators in craftsmanship and also in the ethics of the shop. Any boy or young man who has enough character to become a good workman naturally has the idea that years spell experience and that experience means judgment. This was always my feeling, and it still is. I think it is the common attitude of the younger worker toward the older.

"Frankly, I never began to feel real sure of myself until I was more than thirty years old, and I look up to the man of riper years who has not wasted his opportunities as being able to teach me something worth while—whether about mechanics, business or life—whenever I get a chance to talk with him. In this I'm not different from the average man who is approaching middle life. Therefore I conclude that the man of ripe experience in the shop, the factory or the commercial establishment is an educator and a constructive force.

"Labor turnover is one of the greatest problems of the hour. On this score the man of middle age is a decided stabilizer. The young man will quit his job for a difference of five cents an hour. The mature man is indisposed to make a change, for many reasons. He considers his responsibility to his employer, and asks whether it would be fair to pull up and leave. Of course there are thousands of young workers who are highly conscientious about this too; but I'm speaking of common tendencies, and that of youth is to give scant consideration to anything save its own advantage.

"Then, the man of advanced years looks to the future rather than the immediate present. He wants to stay on the job and have a place that he can hold down. Youth says: 'I can always get work—and, anyhow, I want to see the world.'"

How about the class of men who have never been producers, but have always drawn their subsistence from the well-known bin of unearned increment? Some queer things are certainly happening among those men who have never had to work but have spent their lives mainly in looking after what has been handed down to them by frugal forebears. New England has a high percentage of this class, and thousands of members of the solid and respectable fraternity of Yankee Thrifters have gone forth from the East into the Middle West.

Jarvis Goes to Work

Some years ago a scion of a seafaring family settled in an Ohio city that is now humming with war industries. Ostensibly he made the move to be near his wife's people. It is possible, however, that he may also have been influenced by a desire to live where the amounts of various inheritances were not matters of public knowledge. Occasionally men of his antecedents have developed a decided taste for financial obscurity—a pronounced prejudice against sharing the fiscal secrets of the family with the tax assessor.

Anyhow, this man, who had never done any work more strenuous than clipping coupons and choosing investments, set up a modest little establishment and lived the quiet, comfortable, but very careful life of a retired tradesman of the Old World type. His neighbors often wondered whether Mr. Jarvis—which is not his real name—could afford to live without doing anything. The common conclusion seemed to be that this quiet man from Connecticut had chosen complete leisure above all other luxuries and preferred to go without many things that others considered virtual necessaries rather than tie himself down to a business of his own or to employment.

But a man must have some intimates to whom he opens his books, and in the case of this stray from New England a certain bank cashier held the key to his confidence. One day the employment manager of a munitions factory in the Ohio city said to this bank cashier:

"We've lost our messenger again—third boy to quit us in six months. I've about made up my mind to go to the other extreme and get a man who is past fifty and immune from the draft and the allurements of the shell machine and the shipyard. Don't you know of a really responsible man of mature years who would like to do something light but useful—just enough to keep him out of mischief and, at the same time, give him an honest claim to the feeling that he is doing something to help win the war? If he had some real financial sense and knew a little about business—particularly the banking end of it—he would fit in nicely."

The employment manager couldn't understand why the cashier shook with chuckles as he slapped his knee and answered:

"Got just the man for you! He's at the receiving teller's window now. But I want to talk with him alone first. Besides, his wife is with him. You come back in thirty minutes and I'll turn him over to you. Good man—thoroughly responsible; knows how to check up a bank statement and several other things. I'll sign his bond myself. What'll you start him at?"

"Been paying fifteen, but I'll make it eighteen if you think he'll make good."

"That's all right!" was the quick response; and the cashier was laughing foolishly again as the employment manager went his way, wondering where the joke came in.

An instant later, in the private consultation room, the cashier was facing his two friends of Connecticut extraction and saying:

"Marvin, you're drafted. I've got a job for you and you're going to take it. I'll leave it to Mary if you aren't. It pays eighteen a week and consists in going back and forth from a certain munitions factory and the banks with which it does business."

"He'll take it," quickly answered the wife.

"But I never worked for anybody or held a position in my life. Do you suppose ——"

"Of course you could," urged the cashier. "Just the man for it!"

With much timidity and hesitation, this man of fifty-five, who had never received a dollar in wages or salary in his life, was swept into his first job. About three months later the employment manager met the bank cashier again and exclaimed:

"Your man is making good! I gave him a raise of two dollars last week, just as a little surprise for him. He seemed as pleased as a boy with a new bike."

"Pleased!" returned the banker. "He was so tickled with that raise he could hardly talk. I'll bet he actually went off by himself and cried when he first discovered it. Say—if you only knew it, this is about the funniest thing in the world."

"I've noticed," returned the employment manager, "that you seem to have been hugely amused by this thing from the very start; but, of course, I'm in the dark as to the joke. Mr. Jarvis himself doesn't seem to see the funny side of it. We haven't a man on the pay roll who takes his work more seriously or has a keener interest in it than he."

"You bet you haven't!" responded the banker. "He'd be broken-hearted if you told him to quit. And that raise in wages meant more to him than any other raise you've ever handed out has meant to the one who received it."

"Then what's so funny about it?"

A Happy Class

"Oh, nothing," laughed the cashier—"except that he could buy out your whole concern, throw it into the creek, and still have enough left to yield a good living. I know; for I check over his securities with him every little while. He has never done anything in his life but save and look after his investments, which are mostly made by others who are experts at the job. His life work has consisted in sitting tight, receiving inheritances, and living on a scale of about seventy-five points below his income.

"The saying that any fool can make money, but that it takes a man of big ability to keep it, may be gospel truth, but it has never seemed to satisfy Mary Jarvis. She's delighted to have him go to work and his raise is about the greatest thing she has ever known. It means to her that he has made good as a man among men."

This man is not the only shrinking coupon clipper who has taken a job and is leading a more active life to-day than for many years past. They are infiltering into industry everywhere in numbers that are surprising to those who have scarcely considered their existence. Most of them are not wealthy, but are able to live comfortably on their incomes under normal conditions; which is only another way of saying that now they must cut their scale of living decidedly or increase their incomes by becoming earners.

However, many of those who are still able to live from their incomes are going into active work from patriotic motives. And they are doing a kind of work, in a high percentage of cases, to which they have been entirely unaccustomed.

As a rule, these men are almost the happiest to be found on the whole producing line. They are tasting, for the first time perhaps, the joy of taking an active hand in the working of an essential industry.

Y M C A

HOTEL

CHICAGO

HERE'S a good hotel for men. The rooms are small, with plenty of fresh air; the beds are good and clean; general toilet room with showers on each floor.

Fireproof building; wholesome, moral atmosphere; no tips. A good place to stay.

Comfortable reading and lounge rooms; good restaurant, barber shop; and a friendly welcome.

You needn't belong to the Y. M. C. A. to come.

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Automobile Lap Robes

"Artfur" Robes have the lustre of genuine fur and the same indescribable softness to the touch. They are lighter in weight and are more sanitary than real fur, and are more beautiful than ordinary imitation fur.

For Christmas gifts, these robes are very appropriate. Their beauty, combined with their durability, is a continual reminder of the taste of the giver.

In response to many requests for a little booklet illustrating some of these robes, we have prepared one which we will send upon request if you mention the name of a department store located near you. The prices range from $20 to $100 Retail. Fabrics and robes made by

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LETTERS FROM FRANCO-AMERICA

(Continued from Page 8)

have had no emotion at all. Such, I think, is the mood of this most beautiful, most tried and most heroic city. I have searched the newspapers for the notice of a single public meeting having to do with the great event. I find not a mention, if you except a meeting of the refugees from St.-Quentin, who are meeting to-day—but not for rejoicing. They are to consider ways and means to get the population back when the lines are far enough advanced to render the town site tenable.

Yet people do move at a more sprightly pace than of old, I think; and whenever you stop to talk with French people, high or low, the discussion resolves itself into joyful gloating over the news. This morning I stopped to inspect a large map of Turkey in a shop window.

Beside me stood a pleasant elderly Frenchman with the Legion in his buttonhole. He turned to me. "It goes there, also, does it not?" he said.

When I lined up yesterday to get my bread card at the *mairie* I found a Frenchwoman of the people just before me, and another just behind. Across me they commented on the news, discussing with intelligence the question whether the boches were going back to their own frontier or only to a new line of defense in France.

It happened that I got the "flash" on the taking of St. Quentin while I was visiting at the American Embassy; a few minutes later I imparted it to a French officer in one of the government offices. "What!" he said, and his face lightened. "We'll have them!" Then he went back to his papers. Everywhere the same quiet gladness, but no fireworks whatever.

The city is down to a London basis as regards lighting at night; which means that occasionally there is a tiny flicker of moonlight blue which serves to make the darkness visible. Those low lights make London with its massive buildings ghostly and suggestive of mysterious things. Paris, with its broad spaces and its graceful configuration, is a sleeping beauty.

I went to dinner last night with a Frenchman. When we came out into the darkness from the Etoile station of the Metro the Champs-Elysées, that most beautiful of all avenues, curved below us, merely suggested by rows of low blue lights as though the moon had broken up into little pieces and come to dwell among us. My Frenchman stood there and expressed himself in a prose poem concerning the beauties of Paris last June. There never were such June days. There never were such wonderful nights. So many people had left Paris that you saw again its outlines and realized what a beautiful city it really was. Even the army transports, parked in the open spaces, gave a touch of color which blended with everything else.

"It must have been rather uncomfortable and trying on the nerves," I said, bringing him down out of the clouds.

"Oh," he said, "as for that, we worked and hoped. But we learned who were the real French!"

October Fourth.

STILL more transformations as the express train rolled northward this morning along the familiar line to old battles. It was almost entirely a French train in which one traveled during those old days of 1916; now it is prevailingly American. In the summer when Verdun raged, in the summer when the fighting lagged while we waited for Russia to make her decision, parties making their way to the Front by automobile tried always to manage things so as to make Château-Thierry for luncheon or dinner. It was peaceful; pretty; as war-zone towns go, rather gay. Here, far behind the lines, divisions took their repose; the excellent dinner at the Hôtel du Cygne was spiced with entertaining conversation.

In a general way Château-Thierry was not there at all; it had been reduced to that familiar state of a war-zone town—ruin. As we crawled up a railroad track which seemed the only new and complete object in sight the Y. M. C. A. girl, who had been sitting in the corner of the compartment resisting all advances at conversation, volunteered a remark.

"Our division took it," she said.

It turned out that she had gone in with her canteen just behind the division, during that fight wherein America made good. She lacked the narrative talent, that girl, but she came out at intervals with flashes like this:

"When our boys came up the stragglers said to them: 'You can't stay in there!' And our boys said: 'We'll not only stay there but we're going forward.' When the stragglers saw that, they formed, too, and went back with them."

Or this, as we drew into sight of a road bordered by blackened ruins:

"There's where our division came into sight, singing The Yanks are Coming."

Through more ruined towns we were in Epernay, once as quiet and bromidic a little town as there is in the war zone, now itself sadly smashed. It is one of the centers of the champagne industry; and boys came to the train windows selling bottles of champagne along with cans of sardines. The very railroad embankments were still ragged with hastily built trench systems where the French, in July, were preparing to hold should the enemy come through. Then Châlons, also newly battered.

All this time we had been running through babel. Not only were there French soldiers of every rank in the railroad stations—and of course Americans by the hundreds—but there were Italians, scattering Portuguese, occasional British. The Italians had brought along their *carabinieri*, those state policemen who serve also in the war zone, and who wear hats like Napoleon's. Down to a station water tap came a solemn Hindu with a bucket—doubtless an officer's servant. Stolid little Annamite Chinese in khaki working uniforms and flat blue tam-o'-shanters dug along the railroad tracks. Châlons brought a memory in this connection. When I saw it last it was headquarters for the Russians operating on this Front. "That," I thought sorrowfully, "is over too." But no; even as I thought, down a road came two big men in the belted blouses, the high boots and the caps with ridiculous little perpendicular peaks—the uniforms which we used to cheer in Paris ever so long ago. They were members, I suppose, of that little Russian legion which is seeing it through with the French.

This mixture of races, and the reflections that followed, made me momentarily almost sorry for Germany. Among all the things she lost when she lost her soul none appears greater to me than this: She has lost her seat at that great international feast of common effort and good will which we have been holding—all who belong to the really civilized peoples. On the high seas, on country roads, on battlefields and in the long reaches of the back line we have been getting to know and to like each other with open enthusiastic hearts.

When at last train and automobile brought us to our destination I found the pretty French town which is to be home for a little time busier than ever even in her war history, and badly gone to seed since 1916. On top of three years in the back reaches of the war came the Americans—and the poor little town seems nearly swamped. Two years ago we used to try to make that town for meals, just as we tried to make Château-Thierry on account of the excellent hotel. When we rolled in rather late for luncheon many others had preceded us. The earlier comers were already eating a full luncheon; but all they could offer us was eggs and cheese. We made the best of it. When, ten minutes later, two Red Cross women and a Frenchwoman arrived they could get only bread and cheese. Later comers got only bread; and before we left even that had given out.

For a time it looked as though we must borrow blankets and find some floor to tuck ourselves away for the night. But the fortune which sent two friends unexpectedly to the Front gave us a room with two beds. The hotel has a very fancy name and no plumbing. Neither has it electric bells. When you want hot water you go to the head of the stairs and shout "Service!" Whereupon, after a time, a very small French boy comes upstairs with a very small cream pitcher of hot water. The other hotels are less pretentious.

This has been an important day of battle out there; from the higher ground of the city you can hear the guns rumbling uneasily, and as I came in there were flashes like heat lightning in the sky. This morning the Americans went over the top in the second stage of the Argonne advance. Already men who have been in battle this morning are coming into town on some military errand or other, half of them with splashes of plaster over a cut too slight to require hospital attention, with bandaged hands or with the cough that means a light case of gas. Approach them and they can tell you only that it is hot up there.

We also go forward in the morning.

October Fifth.

NORTHWARD along the road the camions were flashing, as they flashed in the height of Verdun two years ago. More transformation! Then they were country motor omnibuses, painted gray, with the old signs of civilian days showing through the coating; and the heads that peered from between the curtains were topped with the blue helmets of militant France. Now they were five-ton American-built motor trucks, and the uniforms were of our own yellowish brown. The troops—reënforcements going forward to the struggle for the Argonne—had evidently been traveling all night. The caked road dust had turned their faces to the color of their uniforms. Mostly they were asleep, their heads on their arms along the rails. The memory of old Verdun days recalled to me how stalwart are these young crusaders of ours. Beside those little active French troops who won the Gettysburg of this war they appeared gigantic.

We shot past them in our fast staff limousine and were in the rear transport of an army; and now a square barbed-wire inclosure stained with splashes of rusty gray revealed a corral of German prisoners taken the night before. Farther up the road a moving gray line announced the approach of another squad. They came into nearer vision, and we could make out the teeth of a grinning gigantic negro guard in the lead. The captain from Seattle who had the camp in charge was grinning also as he came forward to meet us; and when we entered the corral the prisoners were grinning too. Really this compound of newly trapped Germans was as cheerful a place as I have ever seen at the Front. The prisoners, perhaps, had the best cause of all for their smiles. Each had under his arm or rolled up in his spare bedding a long package of thick, snow-white American crackers and a can of beef hash—the regular emergency ration of the American Army, with a slight addition to make up for meals which they had missed.

"Those white crackers look to them like a fairy tale," said the captain from Seattle. "They handle them as though they were gold. I've seen 'em down on their hands and knees picking up the crumbs."

Whether to hold the pivot of their retreat, which lies about in this region, or by way of discouraging the French and British over the prospects of their new ally, the Germans appear to be throwing in against us the best they have. The truth must be told: these were fine troops, well uniformed and with good boots. Neither, allowing for the loss of meals in the process of holding Exermont and of getting down from the line, did they appear underfed. Then, too, they had already scrubbed up their uniforms and boots with that little brush which every German soldier carries as a part of his equipment. Lolling on the grass just resting they looked contented, relieved, happy. The noncommissioned officers, distinguished by the peaks on their caps, lay apart from the common herd, playing cards. When I stepped out to photograph them they faced the camera with smiles. Two officers over in the corner were sitting on cracker boxes, eating and chatting genially with each other.

And all this proved to me the decline of the German cause. Two years ago a corral of new-caught Germans showed a sprinkling of sullen defiant faces, and the rest were trying to camouflage their relief. The day of camouflage is nearly over for Germany!

When we stopped again on that road we knew that the convoys crawling beside us were going into battle. And on the rise of a side road we had a view of that country for which we are this day engaged in the most desperate struggle that American arms have known since the Battle of the Wilderness.

The French countryside has at this point rolled northward into the foothills of the Vosges Range. It runs away into a succession of meadows and hills which, toward

(Continued on Page 40)

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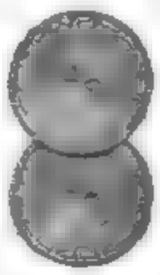

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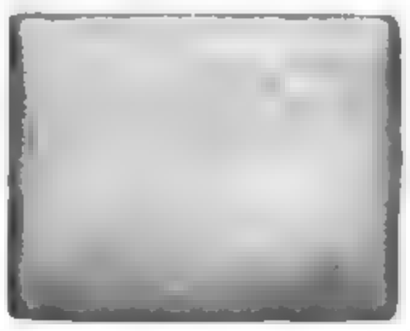

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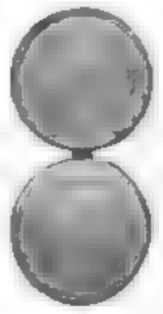

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(Continued from Page 38)

the north, where the fire was now rolling, becomes all hills. At a confluence of two side valleys rises abruptly the picturesque wooded peaked hill of Clermont-en-Argonne. The traditional guardpoint for the passes of the Argonne, it has seen more history than almost any other hill in France. Devastated again and again, its fifteenth-century Gothic church, whose slender towers once dominated the landscape, had been spared until this war. Now it is only a low wall of window frames and pillars, with a sliver of vaulted arch rising above them here and there. Beyond Clermont the state forest of the Argonne sheers northward across hill and meadow as far as eye can reach. It seems as savage as in the days when the Germanic invaders used to stalk through it against the primitive Gauls.

The earth stays green longer into the autumn here than in our own land; but October does not bring our glorious tints to the trees. They fade gradually into a sickly yellow or a dull brown. The fields of this region, always under fire from the Argonne lines, which ran straight across the forest and along the hills, have not been fully cultivated for many a year. The gray villages dotted here and there at the crossroads had all been cruelly battered into dust or ruins. The whole landscape looked weary, sick. It was a day of bright sun overhead and of clouds along the horizon. Toward the north the clouds drifted, broken, disturbed, shot with curious perpendicular lines of mist—a battle sky. From that same north came a sound like a gigantic metallic bowling alley—the curtain fire was on again.

Only a week before the Germans had got out of their tan lines before Varennes, and the country beyond has still the aspect of a new battlefield. It was not, however, the kind of battle that they used to fight in the hard days of the Somme fight, when armies fought to extinction for an advance of half a mile, when behind the crawling line the landscape assumed the aspect of a road which a thousand cattle had trampled. The hill meadows bordering the sharply defined edge of the forest appeared merely a little more withered than those behind the old line; you looked closely before you saw that it was first the effect of shell holes, little and big, now scattered and now grouped, and of wreckage. Here a ruined truck too far gone for repair had been shoved to one side of the road. There a splintered artillery wheel protruded from the rusty green earth. Twice there were aëroplanes, their noses buried, looking convincingly dead. The forest alone looked as serene as ever; but now we came to a little island of stripped and broken trunks.

By the time we turned into a side road and also into the area wherein one does not mention geographical names we were winding and fighting with the car for position in a line that looked like all America going forward. Replacement units on the march trudged along bent under their packs; and about here helmets began to replace jaunty overseas caps. Tanks in need of repairs rumbled back looking in their camouflage as though they had escaped from a circus. Artillery was backed tight up with munition camions; at intervals the mule, without which America cannot make war, dragged miscellaneous freight, amid which I noted two pine tables and a desk—office furniture for some newly established headquarters. That profanity without which the army mule would feel himself in an atmosphere too refined for his best efforts sounded all along the way.

The businesslike French road directions that we had been seeing were succeeded now by signs in the American dialect, like "Play the Game, boys; obey the M. P." or "Keep them on the run—Keep Moving." Over everything was that silence in the foreground, contrasting with the racket in the background, which always seems to mark the rear zone of an action. Once, however, a buzzing sounded overhead, and all the helmets tilted upward to see whether the plane was one of theirs or one of ours. Along the line broke out for a minute the cheerful crackle of Yankee conversation. It turned out to be an Allied scout plane back from some adventure of the upper air; the helmets went back to horizontal and there was silence again.

Free of the convoy we dipped into a hollow and skirted the edge of what had been a town but was now only a set of cellars with occasional habitable niches left in the ground floors. The artillery was going heavily again; and by now through the roar of departures we could catch the firecracker sound which means arrivals. A squad of negro troops looked casually up from their digging in a gutter, and one of them pointed casually. On the hill beside the town six-inch shells were breaking regularly. We skirted in behind the town, to find it looking like a new mining camp when the boomers have just arrived, what with boxes, bales, pup tents, haltered horses, shovels, picks and universal display of firearms. The arrivals were still cracking just above, but two Salvation Army workers, male and female, were making coffee at a fire in the ground floor of what had been a house; and down the street with bag and baggage came two Y. M. C. A. girls, just arrived and hastening to the job.

When at last we came out upon a plateau which was our first objective it became apparent that our second was cut off from us; it was for the moment a heavily shelled area with black bursts everywhere along the crest and unnatural mists of gas shells visible through our field glass. A road before promised, however, a half-safe look into the battle area. Before we had followed it to its end this way appeared strangely deserted, which in battle is an unhealthy sign. Farther, here and there the gutters were lined with horses newly dead, their blood still bright and flowing. Dugouts lined the hills a little distance from the road; at their doorways sat cheerful young Americans, glimpsing the sunshine, exchanging remarks or swapping cigarettes. Down the road came clumping a soldier with a bandage over one eye and another on his hand. We had slowed down to take him on, when he turned into a dugout, accepted a cigarette and sat down to talk it all over.

Certain signs ahead told us that this road was no place to be with a car; also there was no place to park. At this point an opening of the hills showed a faint disturbed haze across the landscape. That was the front battle line—the shell holes, for this fight is not in trenches. We managed a turning and found ourselves beside a field hospital much farther forward than a hospital ought to be, according to the regular rules of the game. It had arrived only that morning, the surgeon from Seattle told us when he came out to welcome us, and had been set up in its reddish-brown tents half an hour after the orderlies began to unpack.

"And they've already done things to our Red Cross sign," he laughed; "look there."

He pointed to an area of white rags and ashes with a shell hole near its center. It was or had been the Greek Cross of white sheets which field hospitals stretch on the ground to demand immunity from aircraft.

"We got a little shell shower a couple of hours ago," he added. "One of them did this, and another landed ten feet from the operating tent. Lucky no one was on the table just then! They're just whiz-bang shells anyway, fired with contact fuses, and they don't do much in this soft ground. Yes, it's far forward for a hospital, but in these circumstances what could we do? We had an awful night last night, but it has slackened up to-day. Only eight deaths since we got here, thank God!"

I noticed then for the first time that under his camouflage of tan his face looked drawn and that his eyes were bloodshot.

At that moment the rattle of a machine gun broke the heavy autumn silence which fell between the gun bursts. Stretcher bearers carrying between them an inert man with a wounded head craned their necks upward. A black mosquito of a machine had just darted, spitting, above a cloud directly overhead. Far beyond the cloud was an American military balloon, its probable objective. From the squadron guarding that great air slug a chasse plane darted into the cloud to give battle; now two machine guns drummed, directly overhead. We watched for a moment, half expecting the fall of a plane from the upper air; but nothing happened, and the surgeon, readjusting his helmet, began anxiously to question us about the peace rumors, that being the topic of the day. Did we think it was possible that the President would fall for the German bluff? When we answered with a unanimous no he looked relieved and invited us into the wards.

In the first tent a soldier lay on the operating table having his wound dressed under local anæsthetic; as the surgeon worked, the wounded private was remarking that it was a good thing the spit ball went out anyhow. The next tent, that of the desperate cases, was less cheerful. The nearest man lay on his side, his arm half hiding his face. His skin was yellow and his half-clenched hand looked curiously stiff. A surgeon, bent over him with pad and pencil, was taking some kind of notes. I fancy that he was near the end. The slightly wounded in the next tent were sitting up talking in normal tones or were sunk into that dead sleep which is the second stage for a wounded man. Nearest the door lay a little French Blue Devil, his jaunty tam-o'-shanter cap still cocked at the proper angle. He answered my inquiry with news that he was shot through the leg, and at once discovered himself as a critic of this war and all its works. He asked first if he was going to be sent to a French hospital. The surgeon answering for me replied that he was not.

"That is good," he said. "Look, I am wounded three times before and the French hospitals are frightful, terrifying!"

"Which isn't so; we're still learning from them; but let him talk," put in the assistant surgeon when I translated.

Then he fell upon the American infantry, which, he said, was too abominably brave. It got ahead of its objectives and had to be rescued. Was that any way to make war? He had shifted to the French artillery when I broke off the conversation; but for some moments I heard him still talking to himself or whoever understood French; and I take it from phrases which I caught that he had now arrived at criticizing General Foch and was about to take up the question of Allied diplomacy in the Balkans, which, if I got his meaning, would bear looking into.

A cheerful lad with a bandaged hand and foot lay on his stomach and hailed us as we passed, demanding to know who we were and if any of us came from Ohio. And without more ado he and his buddy, who lay across the aisle with a splinter in his thigh, took up the story of their adventure. The little man with the bandaged hand is a major's runner. He and his buddy were behind a wall with two Frenchmen while our infantry cleaned out the crest beyond.

"And the froggies ran out into the street yelling something about the boche running, and somebody sniped the whole lot of us with a whiz-bang shell. I don't know whether the Frenchers were killed. Likely. Those Frenchers are awful. They take too many chances, and then you have to go and pull them out of the hole."

I mentioned the peace rumor, which was news to them; they had been a long time in the lines, where newspapers come only by favor of the aëroplanes.

"Well, we ain't going to stop before we've got the boche on the run, are we?" asked the runner. "Yes, the hell we are!"

The way back, as the sun dipped low into the mists of forests and of battle, ran down a road behind six-inch batteries. A French truck driver had cut in, delaying a convoy of supplies. The fat captain of the supply train had descended from his machine and was arguing with the recalcitrant driver in the universal language of gesture; and traffic stopped temporarily. This left us by the breach of the battery, which was spitting out at regular intervals its messages to the Kaiser. Every time the nearest gun went off I feared for the windows of our machine. Between shots the artillerymen, blue-overalled above their uniforms, slouched over to the edge of the camouflage, exchanged chews of tobacco and chatted casually while one or two busy members fussed about the gun. At a word of command they slouched back to the piece, made a few motions, and again the windows of the car rattled. Before the recoil was over they had drifted again to the edge of the camouflage.

There was a crack some hundred and fifty yards to the left. A snake of fire ran along the ground and disappeared into misty smoke—a gas shell. They regarded it casually over their shoulders for a moment, and resumed conversation. The road was clear now and we wriggled backward through the crawling convoy, past batteries and camps, dumps and dugouts; above all through hard labor—men toiling stolidly at jobs of lifting, digging or guiding heavy machinery. That is always the impression one carries away from the rear zone of battle—hard work.

This, which I have recorded here, is all, I suppose, that anyone could have seen of this great battle for the Argonne, unless he were in the shell holes of the advanced zone with the infantry—and then he would see only the man at his right or left and a little sector of the death machine ahead. Those artillerymen loafing and swapping conversation between their moments of heavy

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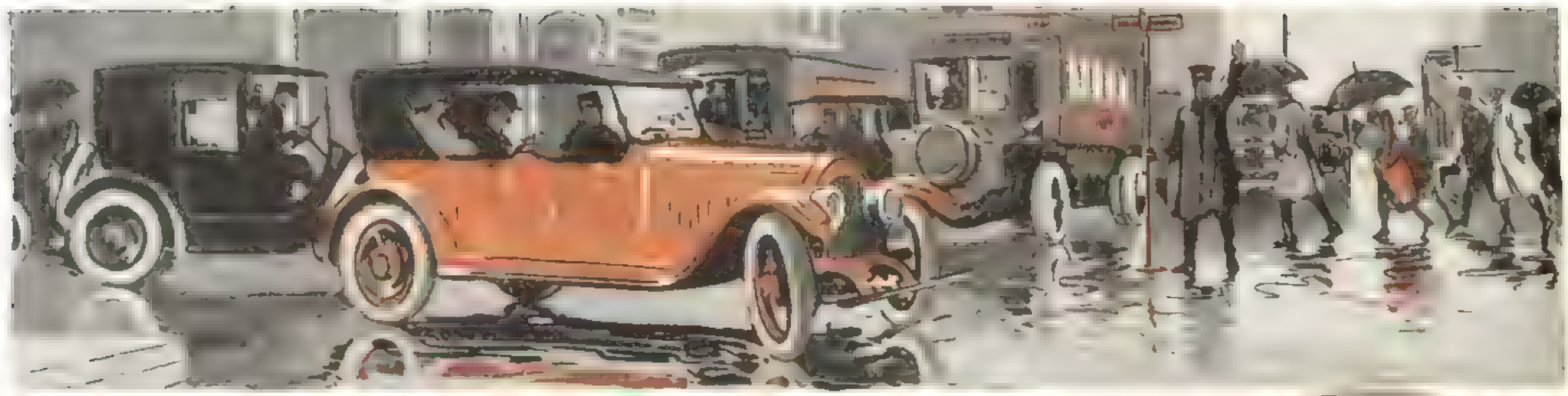

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CHICAGO

The "Ballymede" Model
(Weatherproof Coat)
Length 46 inches
Full back
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(Continued from Page 40)

effort with the guns seemed typical to me of the whole performance. Yet this, I repeat, was a vital day in the heaviest battle that our people have fought since the struggle in the Wilderness.

When we swung into a main road our machine was held up momentarily by the passage of a battalion of infantry going back from the front line, where they had been fighting ever since they went over the top a week ago. They were earth creatures now; the caked mud was falling in flakes from their cheeks and foreheads. Also they had the drawn and pinched look of men who had slept too little and worked too much. I unshipped the camera.

As I snapped, a sergeant yelled from the head of his company: "Photographing the Irish, huh?"

Someone else yelled that he had a Swede with a good map; and someone far down the line yelled in imitation of the bark of an officer: "Dagoes, attention!" A riot of joking and laughter ran all the way back down the line.

I have seen troops of four other nations just out of the trenches or the shell holes; these are the first I have seen come out larking—the rest have been simply too tired. Our ancient humor is saving us whole; and it does not need a military expert to tell what the end of this war will be.

October Sixth.

LAST night as we were finishing up work in the common room of press headquarters—fourteen newspaper men struggling for place with their bijou typewriters about two pine tables burned all round the edge by cigarette butts—a lieutenant burst from the inner room, giving the only touch of drama that I have seen in the operations of the American Army. Ten years of newspaper work had for the moment conquered his year of soldiering.

"Fellows," he said, "the Bourse reports that Austria has asked for an armistice—through Stockholm—on behalf of all the Central Powers!"

We retired late last night, after a smoke talk which exhausted every possibility of the situation and arrived at nothing.

This morning beforesetting out for Nancy and St.-Mihiel we broke the news to all the French we met—for the Parisian newspapers do not arrive here until late in the day. Madame our hostess, discovered in the kitchen brewing our early morning coffee, dropped a spoon on the hot stove, rapidly rescued it before it melted, and said: "That's good—that. We have got them!"

An old gentleman to whom we imparted the news as we inquired our way out of town said: "*Mon Dieu*—but we have them!" and hurried to pass on the news to a bevy of women scurrying to early mass.

At Nancy, where there is a local daily newspaper, I rushed to a news stand. Madame the proprietress, before she accepted my two sous, held up the newspaper before me that I might see the headlines.

"Peace perhaps," she said; "but they are beaten and they know it!"

The real news, when I read it, was of course a little disappointing—the armistice, as all the world knows now, was proposed only for the purpose of "discussing" the fourteen propositions of Wilson.

But I had learned at any rate how it was with the stout heart of France. Last summer in Washington I talked with one recently from Berlin. When in late March the German line was widening out, even to the peril of the Channel ports, all Germany went about shaking hands. But not over victory—the word was scarcely mentioned except in the newspaper editorials and the thundering proclamations of the government. "Now we shall have peace!" said the Germans.

I asked who was the present hero of the German people. The Kaiser? The Crown Prince? Hindenburg?

"None of these," was the answer. "The popular idol of the moment is Peace!"

But France, who, except in the stomach alone, has suffered more sorrows than Germany or any other nation—France is thinking of victory. The crucial test of a man or a people is not endurance of adversity but of prosperity, and France, that fine flower of humanity, has both tests.

This, I find at St.-Mihiel, is the latest army anecdote:

During the first period of the Argonne action a corps reporter came to the shelter of a hill beyond which a fierce action was proceeding. He beheld a tired and discouraged negro doughboy sitting by the wayside nursing a bandaged arm.

"What's doing over there? What has happened?" panted the officer.

"Ah stahted to climb ovah the bahbed wiah," said the Buffalo, "an' somebody shot me!"

October Seventh.

HALFWAY across France in the other direction to-day, for a look at Rheims, from whose outskirts the boches removed themselves only day before yesterday. Nothing is so footless as writing about ruins in this stage of the war. They are the common state of towns in all the war zone, so that an intact village is a thing to be remarked. As for people at home, the cinema and the newspaper photographs must have wearied them to death with gaping walls and fallen roofs.

However, there is a special pathos in the ruins of this great rich town of a hundred and fifteen thousand souls. The Germans lay intrenched for more than four years only half a mile from its suburbs; they never entered it. So they were not able to use on it those high improvements of Kultur, the incendiary pastil and the specially devised house-destroying bomb. They could only shell it. Neither—because Rheims has always been a quiet sector without much battle—did it get the steady battering that reduced Verdun to powder.

Now as a skeleton is less moving of pity than a whole body battered and newly dead, so is a dead town reduced to a rubbish heap less moving than a dead town that remains standing. That last presents something for the imagination to take hold on. It is the state of Rheims. Not a house but has been hit; yet for the greater part they remain standing. Front walls blown away show glimpses of familiar life. Shop and restaurant signs still recall the old uses of gutted buildings. One second-story flat-house parlor presented to the street the wires of a square piano, its front blown in like the front of the house. On the main street was the sign American Bar. It had been hit by shrapnel in a hundred places, but the legend was still decipherable. Close by the sign a great shell had entered the building, and we could see the bar with its glasses still set out—half of them broken, the rest dark with dust.

An untechnical inspection of the houses still standing convinced me that the city might as well be with Verdun so far as rebuilding is concerned. I cannot see how any of these houses can be patched up; they must be rebuilt from their foundations. In that opinion I am confirmed late to-night by an eminent Frenchman, resident of the city, who had got a day's leave from the army to visit the ruin of his château.

"It must be all done over from the ground up," he said; "and what will eventually become of our city I don't know."

All this applies, alas, to the cathedral. It is a beautiful thing dead—just a ruin. It would take an architect to say whether it can be restored; myself, from the condition of the walls, which I almost expected to fall on me as I watched them—I should pronounce it impossible. All that can be done, I think, is to shore up the ruin and leave it for future generations to dream on what it was once. The glorious façade and towers, so thick with irreparable sculpture that it reminds you of a gorgeous brocade, stands—in structure. But these sculptures are for the most part mere grotesques—noses, heads, legs, arms missing, whole figures sliced off. Everywhere through that façade light penetrates where no light was intended.

The explosive had even worked strange freaks. For example, round the towers runs a row of pillars. The row on the left-hand tower, as you face the façade, had been blown clean away—all but the capitals. They hung suspended like beads on a string along the electric-light wiring which bordered them from within.

The first French engineers to enter the town after the Germans left had thrown a fence about the building and all were forbidden to enter—doubtless for their own safety, for more walls are sure to fall soon. Even a French general who strolled up with his aid met an inexorable sentinel at the entrance. It was a fine morning; and apparently every soldier in the region who could possibly get permission had come into Rheims to see what had happened to the old glory of the kings of France. The crowd grew in the ruins about the square; gestures

(Continued on Page 45)

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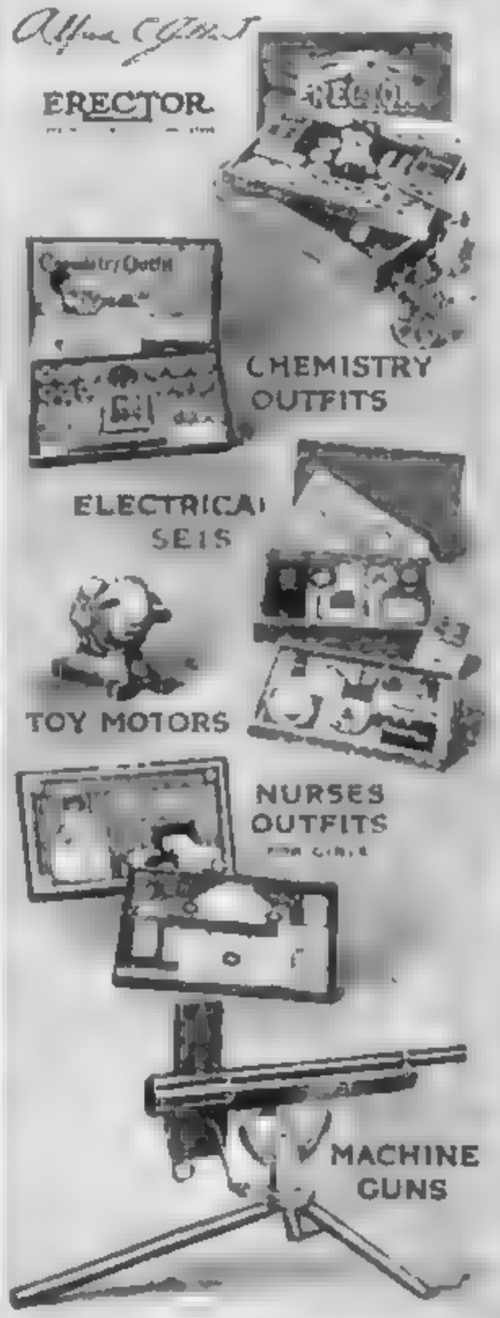

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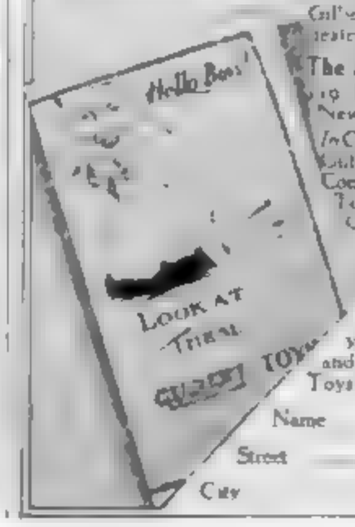

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No. 867 is made of finest three-ply veneer covered with Du Pont Fabrikoid, Craftsman Quality, in beautiful Moorish brown. The edges are bound with heavy fibre, reinforced with solid steel trimmings. A turn of the lock and the automatic Belber Boltless Interlocker securely fastens the trunk in three places

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18 inch size $35.00
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(Continued from Page 43

llew and explosive exclamations like "*Horrible!*" "*Abominable!*" and "*Atroce!*" split the air.

Presently a company of French soldiers swung into view. They had just received an issue of new uniforms; their helmets glistened with freshly dried paint. I mounted a pile of ruins to get a photograph; and they faced the camera with a most surprising readiness. I spoke to the captain as I closed the box.

"Where is the cinema?" he asked when we had exchanged compliments.

"The cinema?" I inquired.

"Ah!" he said after a moment's reflection. "I have made a mistake, surely! You are an American and he is French. My regiment, you see, held the trenches before the town, and my company here has been chosen for the honor of taking possession of the town—and being filmed!"

The first indignation over, the assembly on the square resolved itself into a rather merry ratification of the victory—everyone beaming and shaking hands. Presently round the corner came a handsome blond young Frenchwoman wearing a dust coat and a blue automobile veil. She was conversing vivaciously with a group of French soldiers when we approached her to find if she was the advance guard of the returned civilians.

"Alas, no," she said; "or not exactly."

She lived fifteen kilometers away, but she had come in by permission of the army to see whether anything was left of her aunt's house. Her aunt had been quartered on her ever since the authorities evacuated Rheims last March. Of the house, she announced rather cheerfully, there was nothing left—or nothing that one might save.

This whole affair of Rheims has been one great crime. This was always a quiet sector; this particular region offered no strategic advantages for an attack. In fact during the first two years of the locked line the place was so safe that visitors came and went continually to see the cathedral. Then the Germans began systematically to shell it; and there followed the period when the children of that stiff-necked people went to school in cellars and wore gas masks on the way. It was not the kind of shelling that is directed against lines of communication—roads where troops may pass. Methodically they shelled this quarter and then that, sparing nothing. Nor was this extraordinary expenditure of shells designed to destroy the places where troops might be quartered. That is proved by the immunity of certain little villages to right and left, nearer to the German artillery positions than the center of the big city.

No, the reason was given during the summer of 1917 by a German prisoner in a moment of self-revelation. A Prussian officer, he was captured by the French. He spoke English, and an American surgeon working with the French had a chance to talk to him.

The American stood in the midst of the desolation wrought when the Germans fell back in the spring of 1917, and he asked: "What was the use of all this? Even if you thought you had to destroy the towns why did you cut down the fruit trees and blow up the village churches?"

"You don't understand," said the Prussian, "but I suppose you Americans never will understand. We're not after the French Army. We're after France. France is the sheepfold, the French Army is the shepherd dog, and we are the wolves. We are after the sheep. It may be necessary to fight the dog to get at them, but that is not the main object. We intend to reduce France to such a condition that she can never again be a competitor to us."

Which is the reason for the passing of old Rheims. Those shells, which in a few months destroyed what men of genius had wrought two hundred years to build—the Cathedral of Rheims—were not fired in spite. The motive was not so human as that.

Mailly, which stood until day before yesterday about two miles and a half from the German trenches, was a living proof that the German bombardment was after values, not military positions. The town was a little battered here and there, but intact, habitable. Camouflage screens hung across the streets; but, as we passed, the town butcher was mounted on a stepladder taking down one which interfered with the light of his windows. A group of women, old and young, passed us, carrying baskets, chatting gayly. They smiled at us—sign of returning life that we were—so pleasantly as to invite conversation.

Yes, they had been in Mailly all through. No, it had not been so very bad when one accustomed himself. Happily only three persons had been wounded. They stood to be photographed, first insisting on dragging a nondescript dog into the group, disposing him with many pats at their feet and coaxing him to smile, dog-fashion, at the camera. A handsome black-eyed woman joined us and inquired eagerly if we were taking photographs for pay—she would like one taken so much! It was a grave in the soldier cemetery down there—a boy who used to be quartered with them, but who had died in the trenches above Rheims. His mother in the Midi, to whom she had written about him, had wanted a photograph of the grave.

So we took her into the machine and ran down to the little silent city of white crosses and tricolor cockades all fenced off with barbed wire. She invited us then to the farm for a glass of new champagne—it appeared that though eleven shells had fallen among the farm buildings they had not missed a vintage since the thing began. We found M. Malvy, her husband, busy at his wine press, from which the muddy-white first pressing dripped into a vat.

M. Malvy, standing in a leather apron beside his press, lectured to us upon the settling process by which his muddy first flow grew clear as crystal. He explained the process of turning the still wine into sparkling; leading us over to the farmhouse he poured us glasses of his 1914 vintage, whose grapes he had gathered while the boches were sojourning in his farmhouse before the Battle of the Marne. He held the glass up to the light and made us admire its exquisite color. All this time we were asking questions about the long dark four years. Those he parried with short words. It became plain by now that M. Malvy was simply bored with any conversation about boches and the war. Now that they had moved beyond gun range of his front yard he simply wanted to forget.

A can of American bully beef, a life preserver of French bread kindly donated by a French mess, and a bottle of vintage champagne bought for a song at Mailly furnished our luncheon, which we ate on what was once an observation post above the Champagne battlefield. But for the mist of an intermittently rainy day we might have swept the Champagne clear to the horizon. And what a battlefield! Except for the Italian Carso this is perhaps the most barren ground over which men have fought in the present war. It lies in somewhat the shape of a great long leaf, a plain good for nothing but scant pasturage except where a little oasis gives slight nourishment to a vineyard. Hard soils often give the best wine grapes; that is the secret of the vintage which makes this country famous.

The herbage had faded with autumn into a kind of unhealthy drab. The subsoil is a dirty-white clay, and the trench lines, old and new, stood out like a diagram as far as the eye could reach. They were the lines of at least three great battles besides this one; the diagram showed that in 1914 and 1915 the reserve trenches began at the foot of our hill.

A wooded range finished the view toward the north; over it only three days ago the enemy had disappeared. From that direction came constant gunfire; a plume of smoke showed where another French village was going up in smoke; and over the whole dismal scene bowed a rainbow.

Mile after mile we ran through the Champagne on our way to the American division which we must visit before night fell. And the Champagne looked no more attractive on close view than it did at a distance, even though the innumerable activities of a back zone made it lively. Those long white gashes resolved themselves into rubbish heaps, trail of four years of destruction. What had looked like white splotches in the far distance were areas of shell holes, half of them stained with the sickly-yellow color that poison gas leaves behind. With its rubbish, with its surly fires burning here and there, and finally with its smell of burning and of mortality it resembled nothing so much as a city dump.

Our division, though, had worked through the worst of it; headquarters was near the farther edge of the barren ground as it ran into the gracious hills of France. The division was fighting somewhere forward among those hills; the regular burst-burst of big shells on a crest beyond proved that. In a section of the city dump the

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headquarters had found place for a shipshape dugout, all nicely lined with gunnysacking; the officers, with softened expressions about their mouths, were reading home letters, for the mail had just arrived Past it just after we arrived walked with a brisk limp a tall, white-mustached French officer. Doughboys who had been lolling by the doors sprang up to salute, and necks craned after him when he was gone. It was the general of this army, he who had at last cracked the Champagne nut, upon a tour of inspection.

The major shoved his helmet back on his head—he was at that moment senior officer present—and gave us the news and gossip of the day. Everything was going on; if you asked him, the boches were getting out. Yes, it had been pretty stiff and the losses were what you might expect—only luckily a small proportion of killed. Had anything been heard from Wilson on that note of the Central Powers?

"If you ask the opinion of this man's army," he added, "you'll find that we don't want it called off until we finish with those blighters up there."

When at the fall of night we pulled out across the city dump the evening hate of the retreating enemy had begun. New guns were in action; the plumes of black earth were bursting on a nearer crest, and the low light revealed that each had a blaze of red flame at its heart. Out of that twilight two metallic fireflies blossomed and twinkled and died—shrapnel, shelling the roads. And the evening mists carried the stink of the Champagne like a miasma.

October Eighth.

TO-DAY Runyon and I went hero hunting. Unless some more startling episode has wiped it out before these lines reach America all the world must know the story of the six lost companies of the Seventy-seventh Division—how, surrounded, by one of the errors unavoidable in that awful Argonne Forest, they held out for days, spite of a German summons to honorable surrender, and were rescued at last. The Seventy-seventh is a New York City division, with replacements from the Far West; and Ikey Mandelbaum of Pitt Street, Tony Sylvia of Baxter Street and Reginald Stuyvesant of Fifth Avenue are the talk of the Army to-day. We never found our hero until nightfall, but we did see about the toughest battlefield—from a practical military point of view—in this war. The Champagne is horrid, but one sees his way there. The Argonne is beautiful, but as obscure as a dark night.

I have described how the Argonne cuts straight across the valley of Northern France into the hills. Ever since the anthropoid swung from it by the tail it has been a forest. Only in the long course of civilization the French have made it a scientific forest, yielding timber as a cornfield yields ripe ears. For that reason it is very close-grown; and in the areas where they have recently cleared off and used the higher trees the second growth is like one continuous bush. It is a beautiful forest if you don't have to fight over it. The standard trees are oaks and lindens, a tree which reminds me of our own elms. There are, however, patches of evergreen, and the hills are banked with fern and with a bush that resembles laurel—if it isn't. More than anything else in America it resembles the woods that one sees from the car windows between New York and Boston; only it grows thicker. The leaves are not yet fallen; indeed the wither of autumn strikes so late in these regions that its greens look only a little rusty.

Such a country, where one cannot see an enemy twenty feet away, would be impossible to take by frontal attack; and we did not try it. We struck up at the right of the forest strip, and the French at the left, with the object of pinching it out. It was necessary, however, to accelerate the pinching, and our own left joining up with the French had this job. It was not artillery fighting, this, though artillery was used. Cannon are not of much use without observation, and the trees blind observation whether by aëroplane or balloon. Our left, of which a great and glorious part was this same Seventy-seventh, went in with rifle and grenade against rifle and grenade and, most pertinently, machine gun. It was glorified bushwhacking.

It had been raining; the ground held the water, as forest land always does; at every step our infantry slipped in the slimy black earth. All the way along the Germans had built entanglements a mile wide by lacing the wire from trunk to trunk; or they had cut down trees and rolled them up with barbed wire into a kind of entanglement which there are no rules to solve. And round any bush one might scramble into a machine-gun nest

The forest to-day—now that we had gone three-quarters of the distance—was a mess of curious contrasts. Here and there it was only a fairy wood, untouched, seemingly untrodden. You plunged into a hollow and the constant noise of the artillery was momentarily lost; you walked with Pan. Go round a corner and you found trunks splintered or clean broken off, the black earth pitted by explosions, the paths littered with pieces of German pack or uniform, and such items as meat saws, spare batteries for electric torchlights, broken bayonets, cartridges and shell fragments trampled into the black earth. This has been a center of resistance, and the artillery has managed to get in some work. Again the disturbed spot is smaller; the trees and branches are not cut but only dented, and in the center of disturbance the ground is trampled all about. Beside such a spot, like as not, a tree bears the sign in German "——th Regiment, ——th Machine Gun Company." It is a machine-gun nest, taken by stalking or by sharpshooting.

Then come stretches where camps, dumps, tents, resting artillery horses, gasoline stations may be glimpsed through the trees; or where the forest thins out into a little open dell you see a company encamped, with the ever-busy cooks working under the trees. It all seems in such places like camping out on a great scale

The roads past these spots were yesterday running full with military traffic; occasionally if you were a part of the procession you saw a heavy gun detach itself here and there and go lumbering down a newly built dirt road, whose crossing you could not perceive until you were exactly upon it. The faces of the men who looked out from the trucks or watched from the wayside camps were sharp, keen, city faces; the caressing conversation to the army mules were softened with that curious oily pronunciation of the "r" which is heard in New York alone. By one of the ironies of war men who never knew Nature except in Central Park had been fated to do a woodsman's job. With the adaptability of city men they were doing it well.

For four years the Germans had remained in comparatively peaceful possession of this forest; they had settled down for a stay, which the star dugout of the war proved. It looked from without like a four-square wall of bare cement, pierced here and there by a window. Within it was a most comfortable country villa. Some real artist with the virtue of simplicity had built the softwood paneling which ran five feet high along the walls. The wooden wall cupboards had quaint little windows. In the corner was a brick stove, with a new-art design in plaster superimposed; above the firebox was a niche to keep liquids hot for use. A paneled door led to a cement staircase, which descended thirty feet into the earth to a dugout. This was furnished with cots, with a Morris chair, and even with a shovel and pick to get the occupants out in case of adventure with flying hardware. From this underground dugout three more flights of cement stairs led to outbuildings, notably a fine and comfortable structure used as kitchen and dining room. This had been, as the signs showed, a brigade headquarters.

It all resembled nothing that I have ever seen before so much as one of those luxurious Adirondack camps.

When we pushed on and found the general, that sturdy old Indian fighter was exactly in the act of telephoning the news that Major Whittlesey, who commanded the six lost companies, had been promoted to lieutenant colonel—"if he cares to accept it," he added in the quaint army formula. As for the heroes, he said, they were resting up—at least the unwounded were—in a spot so remote that it would take hours of scrambling on foot; but we might still find a few wounded in the field dressing post, to which, the afternoon being rather quiet, we might go by automobile.

So more thick forest, more crowded roads with New York going forward, until we came to an old German field hospital, taken so recently that the German alarm clocks in the orderlies' quarters woke the new occupants this morning. It, too, was built as though for a stay; they had left behind even a library; and orderlies lolling at the

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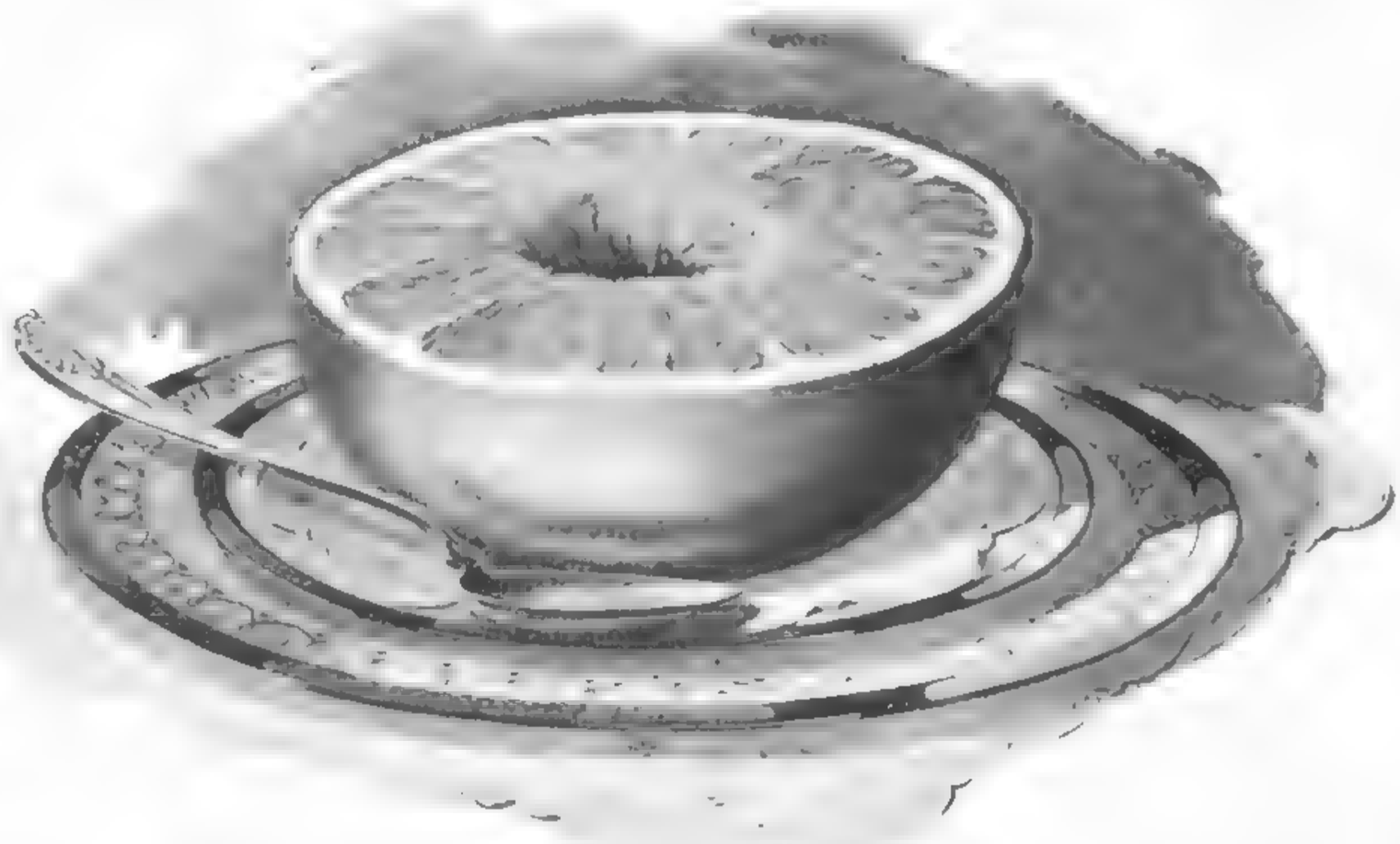

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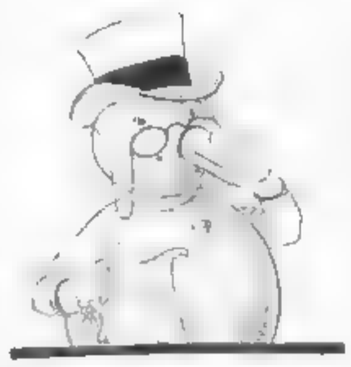

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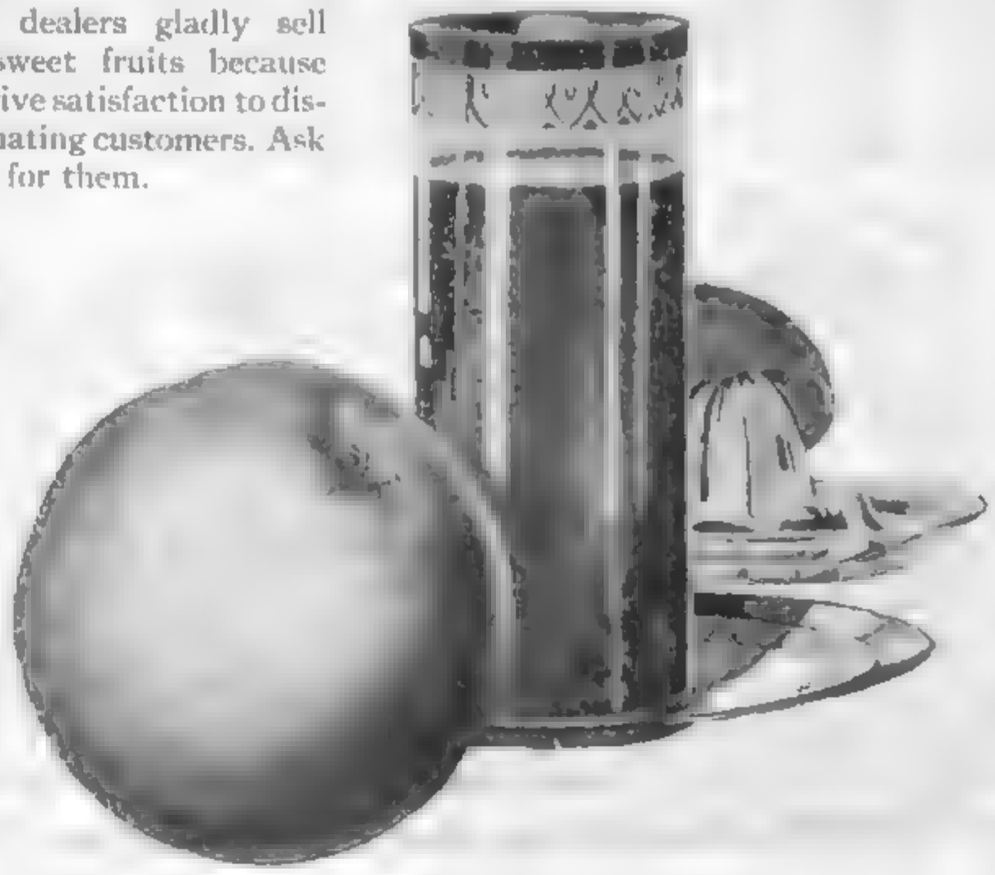

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REPUBLIC

Internal Gear Drive MOTOR TRUCKS

Built by the Largest Manufacturers of Motor Trucks in the World

Concluded from Page 46

tables of the entrance were poring over illustrated books. It was a dull moment at the field hospital, after a heavy night. Two wounded and no more lay on the stretchers in the corner; they were quietly sleeping. The heroes had been passed on backward.

On the way out we ran into a temporary block of the road caused by long-distance shelling somewhere below. We took the chance of turning into a side road. That highway through the silent woods grew strangely deserted as our car bumped on the ruts; only here and there was a plodding soldier looking at us curiously from under his helmet. Finally two officers, their horses splashed to the bellies, hove into sight. Upon being interviewed they informed us that this was decidedly not the way out but the way in; beyond that ridge there were many reasons why one should not drive a car. Finding a turning place in that narrow close-bordered road presented some difficulties. As we jumped out to lighten the car we could hear firing at will and the stutter of machine guns; but the dead stillness of woods muffled these sounds until they seemed only the crackling of twigs.

Along the gutter beside us lay four horses so newly dead that they had scarcely begun to swell, and their blood lay bright by their nostrils. I learn to-night by consulting the map that we need have pushed only a little way into that copse to find the spot where the six companies made their fight; and that the firing we heard was only a mile or so beyond. Nothing proved that, however, except the dead horses and the military kits scattered here and there in the openings of the forest.

When we reached the crossroads again the jam was over. As we waited our turn to shoot into the line of traffic a buzzing with a staccato rhythm sounded from overhead. I saw the helmets tilted upward and heard vivid remarks in the New York dialect.

"He's just above," said our chauffeur, "and he's blamed low!"

There as I craned my neck out of the limousine window was a black gnat of a boche machine, the black and white Archies framing him. Then a machine gun stuttered, and I saw a flutter of heads along the column. Everyone, I suppose, had the same thought—he had begun to rake the column with his gun. But no spurts came from his fuselage; and everyone realized on second thought that it was our own gunners firing at him.

Baxter Street, Pitt Street, Second Avenue and Fifth Avenue lifted up their voices and cursed the boche in concert for a quitter as he flirted his tail and shot upward and away.

At last in a battered old church far down below the sector we found the hero. This, before the enemy shot it to pieces through four years of long-range shelling, had been amazingly big and beautiful for a country church. It belonged to the best period of the Gothic, with all its appearance of enormous height and yet of dark mystery. The roof of one transept had been shot half away; the massive pillars had been splintered; a pile of rubbish showed where the high altar had been; the frames of the stained-glass rose windows gaped empty and dismal. In the center of the spacious floor the surgeons had set up partitions of burlap for offices and operating rooms. On the steps of a confessional slept half a dozen Frenchmen, wounded; beside them and before a little improvised shrine crowned by an intact virgin from one of the smashed altars lay twenty or more heavily wounded on stretchers; on the benches where penitents used to wait to shrive themselves sat more walking cases. Buttoned up in a new private's overcoat and tagged for the hospital sat an officer. He, the head surgeon informed us, was one of the heroic five hundred, going back with a light wound. He looked, as he sat there resting, like a very tired, very healthy and very satisfied young man. Up to last year he was a business man, just as Major—now Colonel—Whittlesey was a downtown attorney.

He began weakly, and warmed up as he went along until he finished, standing.

"Quit? Hell, no!" he said. "None of the boys ever expected to quit. They broke our line of runners the first day and we knew we were cut off. Yes, we had plenty of ammunition. The boys had gone in with a hundred rounds, and each carried two extra bandoliers. We had four machine guns. The strafing was awful. They were using potato mashers and winiwefers. There were four attacks to rush us—no, I guess it was five. We'd hear them forming in the woods and wait until they got in close and let them have it. Then we'd snipe them whenever they showed themselves in the bushes. Their wounded were yelling all the time. A wounded German makes an awful noise.

"The rations gave out the first day. After that there was nothing to eat except once in a while when the boys would manage to loot the knapsack of a dead boche. But that didn't go far. Of course the officers didn't get any. But you don't mind it so much after the first day. We buried our dead as they fell until the last day. By that time the boys were too weak.

"Water was nearly the worst. They had a machine gun on the spring. In spite of that the boys would sneak down for a drink. They got it, of course. We had to put a guard over the path to the spring. We sent down for water at night. That was dangerous, too, because every few minutes the boche would give the spring a few bursts. We'd gone in without our overcoats or blankets, and these nights are bad. Some of the men who died of wounds might have pulled through if we could have kept them warm."

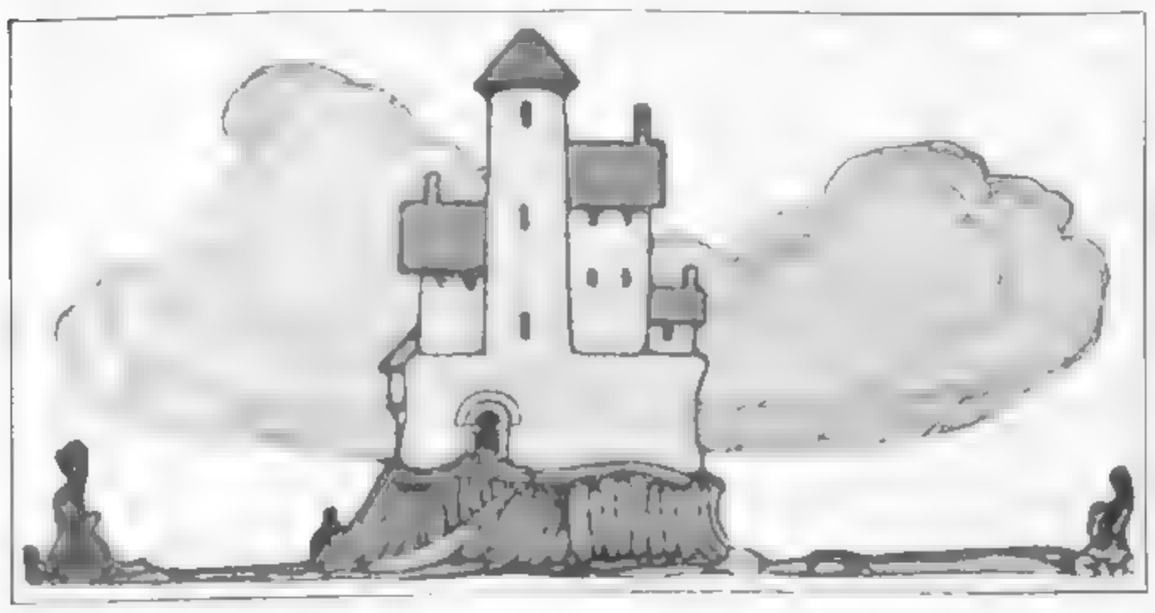
"What became of the stuff they dropped you from aëroplanes?" I asked.

"We saw American planes fooling round overhead but we didn't even know what they were doing. Fine chance they had of finding us in those woods! We'd used up our carrier pigeons the first day. We tried to get runners out. They all went.

"Nobody talked of quitting, though; and I always had a suspicion we'd get out. When that fool note asking surrender in the name of humanity came through from the German commander Whit just grinned and crumpled it up and put it in his pocket. It didn't need an answer. The boys were giving that.

"Yesterday morning one of the boys told me that he had seen an officer of the Three Hundred and Seventh talking to Whit down the line. I didn't believe it; I thought it was some kind of a kid; there was so much kidding going on"—get the Americanism of that—"but I thought I'd go down and see. And there was Whit, standing up and eating a sandwich. I said 'No you don't!' and reached up and took it out of his mouth."

The orderlies, clearing the hospital to accommodate an ambulance train that had just arrived, had started in on the sitting cases; and the officer, not limping exactly but at least walking limply, set his helmet back on his head and moved on toward a bed and a night's sleep.



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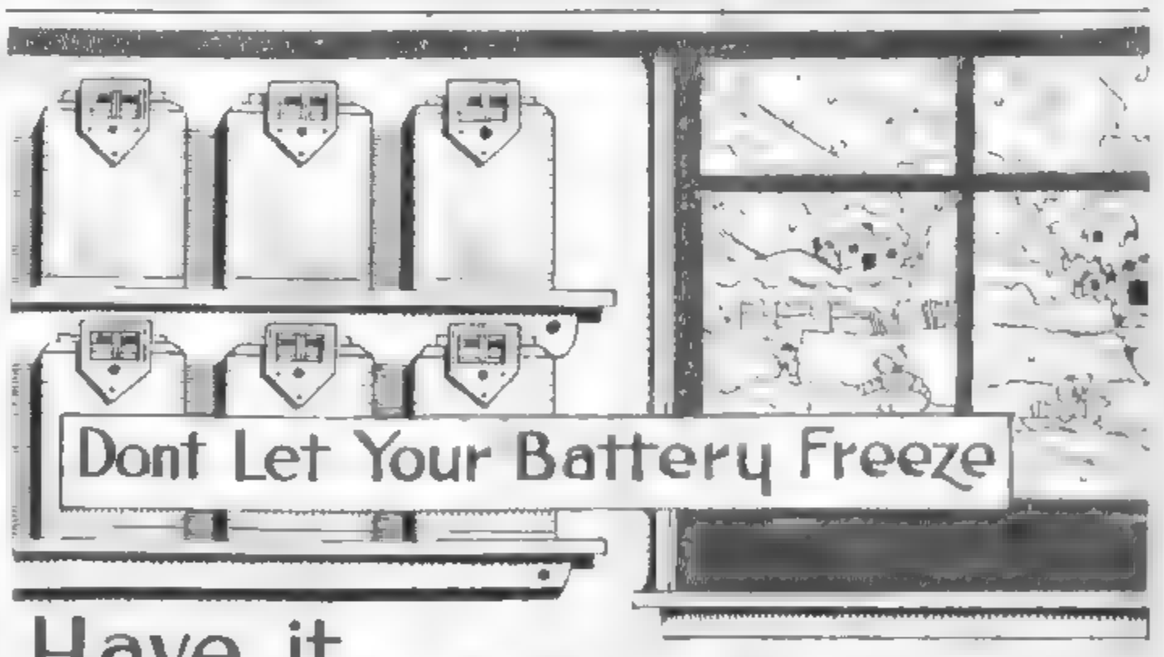

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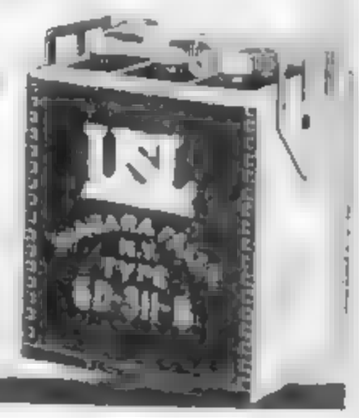

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ARMY TRACKS AND TRAFFIC IN FRANCE

(Continued from Page 11)

ships could be berthed and their cargoes unloaded.

But this was just the initial phase of the larger traffic task. The men and freight had to be evacuated from the ports and sent to depot, camp, project and the Front. We had to have a transportation system all our own, and once launched it followed with a rapidity that almost rivaled the growth of the seaboard facilities.

Summed up, here is what has happened: On July 1, 1917, it did not exist. Twelve months later saw it complete in every working department. It handles tens of thousands of tons of supplies at the ports; owns hundreds of locomotives and thousands of cars all erected in France; repairs worn-out French, Belgian and its own equipment in enormous shops; has a personnel of more than thirteen hundred officers and forty thousand men, and conducts a canal system which vies with that of Holland. Starting with operations at a single port it is in full swing from the Channel to the Mediterranean. From a French train in charge of an American officer our supply-carrying scope has grown to an all-American train—crew, equipment, freight, everything Yankee except the rails—which runs from the sea to the borderland of fighting, a distance of 482 miles. The complete operation of a French railway for both civil and military traffic by Americans is among the near possibilities.

Our whole transportation scheme in France was started right because that original railway commission, wise in its foresight, realized that our railway structure overseas must be dominated by seasoned railroad men. British experience justified this judgment. It was not until Sir Eric Geddes had been taken from his desk as general manager of the North Eastern Railway in England and ultimately made director general of Transportation of the British Expeditionary Force that the light railways began to follow the trail of the Tommy and the whole war transportation proposition bristled with results. We therefore escaped the costly mistake of first intrusting our railways to soldiers without experience.

The beginning of our transportation department dates from July, 1917, when three members of the commission—Major Parsons, Major Wilgus and Captain Barber—were assigned to the chief engineer of the A. E. F., then Colonel and now Brigadier General Harry Taylor, and instructed to formulate a plan. Major Parsons, however, got permission to rejoin his regiment of engineers, Captain Barber was assigned to staff duty, so Major Wilgus was left on the job, and with only one assistant—Capt. L. A. Jenny, who had left the New York Central Railroad to accompany General Pershing to France.

Simple Beginnings

Under conditions as picturesque as they were remarkable was the birth of this system. In a back room of a building at 149 Boulevard Haussmann in Paris, then the engineering headquarters of the A. E. F., using an army packing case for a desk and seated on an empty starch box, for there was practically no office furniture, Major Wilgus, aided by Captain Jenny, prepared what is technically known as Requisition Number Six—the first definite step toward the creation of that steam-driven organization which to-day links up all our whole overseas ports.

This document was a bill of material in terms of gauges, units, initial stocks and monthly needs, for the equipment of a complete transportation system, from spikes to locomotives, for an army of undetermined size and for a year in advance. It was based on pure assumption backed up by technical knowledge. Tribute to its accuracy is the astonishing fact that it remains to-day the basis of the whole automatic railway supply for our Expeditionary Force. Expanded it could easily meet the requirements of a system equal to that of the Pennsylvania or the New York Central. Henceforth, as in the case of the automatic food supply, it was only necessary to cable for quantities of supplies indicated on this master requisition. Oddly enough this document was cabled to America on July fourteenth, Bastille Day, a date memorable alike in French history and, by reason of this event, in the annals of railway transportation.

Meanwhile some step had to be taken to organize a working department. The lines of communication—forerunner of the Services of Supply—had been established, with Brig. Gen. R. M. Blatchford in command. Transportation logically belonged to his domain, so Major Wilgus was made a member of his staff as director of railways. Early in August, 1917, the first personnel came out to help him in the shape of a few draftsmen, stenographers and clerks. They were the outposts of that army of practical railroad men now in France who left jobs ranging from a hundred and forty dollars a month, as a signal man, to a hundred thousand dollars a year, as president and general manager, to help abroad.

From the start General Pershing was convinced that the head of his railway system must be a man of large experience in managing commercial railways at home. In this belief he cabled to the Secretary of War on July twenty-ninth suggesting that the ablest railroad man in the United States be sent over. After a careful canvass Mr. Baker asked W. W. Atterbury, then vice president in charge of operation of the Pennsylvania Railroad, if he would go to France and undertake the all-important task of director general of transportation.

General Atterbury's Problem

Mr. Atterbury accepted, sailed at once, and arrived in Paris on August thirty-first. He found transportation plans launched under the direction of Major Wilgus, and not only indorsed them but declared that he was content to return to the United States and leave the director of railways in charge. Since Mr. Atterbury had been sent by the Secretary of War Major Wilgus believed that the arrangement should stand. When the chief engineer communicated this desire to G. H. Q. General Pershing formally appointed Mr. Atterbury director general of transportation without military rank. Subsequently he was made a brigadier general. The commander in chief asked Major Wilgus to join the general staff. Mr. Atterbury, however, expressed his need of him so strongly that he remained in the work that he had launched as deputy director general of transportation. Thus two strong men, each with a distinguished service, joined for the gigantic service that lay ahead.

General Atterbury brought to his post a typical American railroad training. Though a graduate in mechanical engineering he rose from artisan in overalls in the Pennsylvania shops at Altoona to one of the supreme posts in the system. An organizer and an achiever he at once made things happen. His first action was to take a trip over all the railways that we were to use.

As a result, and to declare a general working policy, he approved a plan adopted in the early days which committed the American Expeditionary Force to running its own trains, made up of American locomotives and cars and manned by American crews, under trackage rights over French railroads by several routes from the sea to the Front, which meant, all lines considered, a distance of six hundred miles. This remains the scheme under which we operate. At the same time the light railways, which are really part of the operations of the combat army, were put in charge of Brig. Gen. W. C. Langfitt, while the control of roads fell to Brigadier General McKinstry.

The D. G. of T., as the head of transportation is called for short, was now free to concentrate on the standard-gauge steam job. His ideal was to create an army railway organization just like any American commercial railway system, and this is precisely what he has done in every detail from top to bottom, including a lost baggage division. To-day it differs in all major respects from the Harriman or Hill system only in that it does not have to solicit business and has no financial worries. Other anxieties, however, make up for this immunity from money troubles. It meant having a president, a vice president, a general manager, with all necessary aids charged with operation, maintenance of way and equipment; a business manager to look after fiscal matters, and a chief engineer for design and construction.

With the approval of the C. in C. General Atterbury filled these posts with live railroad men of his own choosing. J. A. McCrea, son of the late president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, retired from the general managership of the Long Island Railroad to become general manager of the American Army system abroad; C. M. Bunting left his desk as comptroller of the Pennsylvania to be business manager; and H. C. Booz went from assistant chief engineer of the same system to become engineer of construction over there. M. C. Kennedy changed from the presidency of the Cumberland Valley Railroad to be deputy director general of transportation in England, where our troop and freight activities were soon to be extensive. All four were made colonels soon after their arrival and merged into the military establishment. With General Atterbury and Colonel Wilgus, who had been promoted, they formed the small group that evolved the whole system of American transportation abroad that has met every one of the five expansions in the numerical scope of our forces abroad.

Handicap, which was synonymous with our whole early effort in France, at once took up its abode with the D. G. of T. He faced complications, both physical and temperamental, that tried the soul, harried the patience and made every test of tact, resource and ingenuity. We had to haul supplies at once, so the first trains were sent out with French cars, French equipment and with an American officer in each section.

To understand General Atterbury's problem you must know that fundamentally our whole transportation system in France had to be built round our supply system. General Pershing, at that meeting in the Rue de Constantine where the supply system of the A. E. F. was born, had decided with his advisers that a ninety days' reserve of supplies must be kept in France. This is divided into three sections: Forty-five days' must be held at the base ports, thirty day ' in the intermediate section, and fifteen days' in the advance section. Thus the whole fabric of traffic had to bend to this all-essential end, which meant the safety and success of our cause overseas.

Practical Difficulties

The difficulties that lay in the way of swift Americanlike operation were many. First of all were those four great national strategic railways that run from north to south. They were laid out to expedite troop movements to the frontier, especially the German. The American Front was to be in a part of France which, to be accessible to us, necessitated the crossing of these vital arteries. Our feat was to cross but not to impair them. Hence we had to dig under or build over them. So far it meant the construction of more than six hundred miles of switches, bridges, tunnels and cut-offs.

This was only one obstacle. All French trains are switched at stations; we do this job outside the stations. French cars are all hand coupled and braked, while we use the air brake for both coupling and stopping. The French currents of traffic, like the British, use the left-hand track where we use the right. French signals differ from our own in many respects. The only thing that the two systems had in common was the fact that red was the universal signal of danger.

In addition our men had to buck the French language and French customs, which was about the hardest job of all. The French railroad employee, in common with his brother in city shop, takes two hours for his sacred *déjeuner* in the middle of the day. When our railroad hands came along with dinner pails that were literally emptied on the run they thought we were savages. Thus you see that our railway pioneers had some difficulties to face.

General Atterbury found that the French railways were in a surprisingly good condition considering their incessant usage since the beginning of the war. What was even more astonishing they were capable of standing more traffic than was being put on them. But they lacked equipment. This meant that we had to have our own tools of traffic. Fortunately that famous Requisition Number Six was already at work, and the rolling stock began to arrive. It is all knocked down in America for shipment and

(Continued on Page 53)

Eleven pieces are in this set: A pie plate that bakes pies with crisp bottom crusts. A bread pan that makes war breads light. A casserole for meats, vegetables and puddings. A round and an oval baking dish, and six individual bakers for delicate scalloped foods, leftovers or desserts. Packed in a special gift box, $6.00. $7.00 in the West

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THINK what a daily joy it is to any woman to have dainty, transparent dishes to replace black oven pans—the ugliest of all the things she must handle daily.

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For years Pyrex dishes stay just like new. They do not flake, dent or rust; they do not absorb odors; they do not grow black or discolored. Always they stay attractive as they were the day they were bought.

Order this gift from your dealer today

Give Pyrex this Christmas. You can get it either plain or beautifully decorated from your dealer in housewares. Leading manufacturers of metal mountings have adopted Pyrex for their standard inserts. Look for the name Pyrex on every piece. Dealers are authorized to replace any Pyrex dish broken by oven heat.

Every housewife you know will be delighted with Pyrex. It replaces unattractive utensils with beautiful dishes. It is more durable, more practical, cleaner, more convenient; it bakes every food better. Day after day and year after year she will use and enjoy this gift. The booklet, "New Facts About Cooking," which tells you how Pyrex helps to cut down fuel and food bills, is packed with each gift set. Pyrex Sales Division, Corning Glass Works, 203 Tioga Avenue, Corning, N. Y., U. S. A.

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(Continued from Page 50)

must be erected in France. We had to find or construct shops, and all this took much time and more worry. But the wheels were soon whirring and a phenomenal progress has been achieved. We have reached the point where we now average the erection of five 110-ton locomotives a day. Already we have 695 consolidation American engines in France, 497 in course of erection as I write, and we have ordered nearly three thousand more. In addition to these we have acquired 240 Belgian locomotives that were run out of King Albert's country when the Hun invasion began.

On September first last we had more than seven thousand American cars in France, including box, flat, gondola, tank and refrigerator types. During the first fifteen days of August we averaged a daily erection of seventy cars, and on one day 139 were put up and sent away on their own wheels. The average American freight car that we use in France is thirty tons capacity, while the average French has only ten tons. The American locomotive averages 110 tons; the French sixty.

On top of this erection we have had to build yards, terminals, sheds, switches, spurs, water tanks, sidings, ash dumps, coal pockets—the many accessories that go to make steam transportation possible. It has meant a continuous activity that touched every phase of transportation.

All this needed a vast personnel for both construction and operation. Those pioneer engineer regiments who came over at the first call for service had to be supplemented by many thousands of men representing a varied technical experience. You get some idea of personnel needs when I say that to operate a railway system for an army of one million men the full working transportation complement is exactly 63,034 men, which includes eight stevedore regiments, four operating regiments, two maintenance-of-way regiments, one maintenance-of-equipment regiment and four car-and-shop regiments. This personnel is organized in battalions by classifications, which include engineers, conductors, train dispatchers, yard clerks, flagmen, firemen, boiler makers, switchmen, blacksmiths and boiler washers.

Where did all the operatives come from? Here is a little story that will tell you how one kind of employee was recruited. During the latter part of the summer of 1917 a big-boned fireman, who had a regular run out of Laramie, Wyoming, heard some men standing on the platform mention the need of engine drivers for the American Army in France. This man, whom we will familiarly call Roger, was one year over the draft age, but that did not deter him. He had always wanted to go to France. He also hankered to get into the war. Here was his opportunity. When Roger got back from his run he went to the nearest recruiting station and enlisted. In the course of a few weeks he got to France, where he was classified as engineer. When they showed him the locomotive that he was to drive his guffaw could have been heard miles away. It was one of the little Belgian engines, about the size of the tender of the little mountain engine he had used in his apprenticeship. He called it a watch charm!

Shaking the Watch Charm

It did not take Roger long to master its kinks. His fireman, who shall be known as Jerry, came from the Southern Pacific. He had seen some railroading under wartime conditions, because his run had been in and out of El Paso during the period of our mobilization on the Mexican border. A few weeks after they had been doing the stunts with the toy locomotive in the freight yard at the French port a real American locomotive—the first in France—was set up. There was almost a knock-down and drag-out fight among the soldiers as to who should have this American engine. While the fight was going on Roger and Jerry sneaked off, had an interview with the proper officer and then mounted the American steel monster. To-day they are pulling long freight trains over the heaviest run of the entire American railway in France. Both being single they know every girl along the road, and there is always an affable chat with one of them every time they stop for water. Roger has sixteen French words in his vocabulary and Jerry twelve. But after the manner of the American soldier in France they manage to get away with all necessary conversation.

Roger and Jerry are typical of hundreds in the army of railway operatives who daily cause consternation among the French in the way they handle trains. One day a block signal was set against an American freight train at a small town in the intermediate section. Half a mile away the engineer of the train saw how the block was set and that he had to stop. He was going at full speed. The French who were congregated at the station got the idea that he had not seen the signal and was going to run through it. The result was that every native in sight began to wave everything he could lay hands on, from flags to towels, in a mad effort to stop the American train and avert what seemed to be an inevitable and disastrous wreck, because a passenger train was in the block.

As the French viewed it a miracle happened. Two hundred yards away the American engineer started to apply his air brakes and pulled up at the station with grace and ease just at the very spot that the French wished him to stop. When they got their breath they were in that state of ecstasy and acclaim that only Frenchmen can develop over an artistic performance. They are still talking about it.

Roger and Jerry and all their mates, who have come from practically every railroad in the United States to help win the war with throttle and switch in France, had to study French methods. Two books of rules were necessary. One, which we shall designate Book A, governs operations for the all-American trains and is all English; the other—Book B—is for our employees engaged in joint operation with the French. The men in the main have to master both.

Railroading in Two Languages

The first contains among other things a reproduction of all types of train orders, signals, block-system rules, and a dictionary of transportation, words and expressions ranging from engine to train registers. It also sets forth the fact that so far as time is concerned the Continental system is used.

Here we get to one of the toughest nuts that the American railroad man in France has been called upon to crack, because the French railway time-tables use the Continental system—that is, one to twenty-four o'clock. This means that three o'clock in the afternoon American time is fifteen o'clock French railway time; eleven P. M. American time is twenty-three o'clock, and so on. Thus the veteran engineer whose orders on the Union Pacific would have read "Pass blank station at 4:30 P. M." must adapt himself to a similar instruction in France which says "Pass blank station at 16:30 o'clock." But like his parlez-vousing with the French girls, he again gets away with it.

Of course Book A is the easiest to digest because it deals with rules familiar to all American operatives. Book B, however, which is printed in both English and French—the corresponding texts on opposite pages—is the hard one. It sets forth the regulations in effect on the Est, the Etat, the P. L. M.—Paris, Lyons & Mediterranean—and the P. O.—Paris-Orleans. These are the four great French railway systems to which I have already referred.

Dig into this little red traffic bible and you see at once how difficult is the job of the Yankee operator on these French lines. Scores of our engineers are running French locomotives that pull full, complete French trains. Here is an illustration: On the Etat, P. O. and Est Railways, when the semaphore signal is located at a station where the train is required to stop, the signal may be passed to make the necessary stop. On the P. L. M. there is no exception. The stop must be made before passing the signal. This is just one example of what Roger and Jerry must pack into their heads in order to avoid a conflict with rules, which in France is as bad as a criminal offense.

So complete is our system of instruction that an American flagman sent back to warn a train in case of a wreck or unexpected delay in traffic carries a complete set of cards printed in both French and English setting forth the specific message that he must deliver. It all shows that we are taking no chances on having wrecks due either to carelessness, misunderstanding or lack of knowledge of the French language.

The transportation department has schools for all ranks, and notably for the highly useful individual known as the railway transport officer, or the R. T. O., as he is more widely called. With the British he simply acts as a first aid to passenger traffic, stamps railway warrants and helps

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We are sorry that you cannot have all the Elmer's Chocolates you want this season. But you will be glad to know that hundreds of thousands of pounds of Elmer's are going abroad for the boys in the trenches. When the war is over, you can then have plenty of

Elmer's NEW ORLEANS Chocolates

made in old New Orleans, the home of good things. You have something to look forward to.

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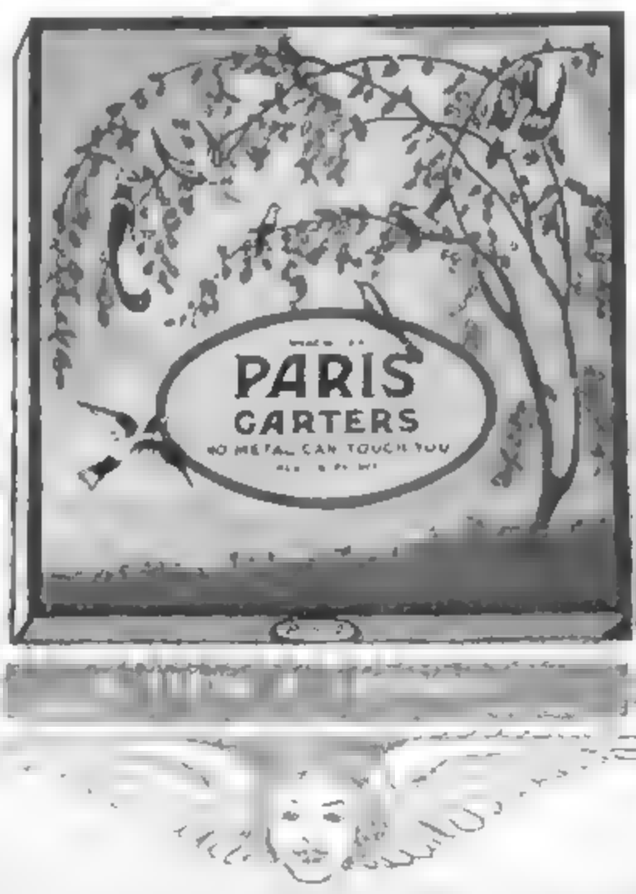
In keeping with our Government's Thrift campaigns, most men prefer the practical and useful remembrance.



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1848

1898

have been supplied to the United States Government for many years. Troops were equipped with Colt made arms in the Mexican War, 1848, during the great struggle from 1861 to 1865, and in the war with Spain, 1898. Through all the years of this Company's existence we have been developing arms which have been adopted by the United States Government and which have made many thousands of friends for the Colt Company.

This great experience now seems to have been but preparation to enable us to serve the United States Government during the present world war. The Colt Company manufactures the Colt, Browning and Vickers Machine Guns in addition to the Colt Automatic Pistol and Colt Revolver, Caliber .45. To the maximum extent of our capacity we are making these essentially military weapons for the Government, and at their request are daily enlarging our facilities. In doing this, which is our duty to the Government, we are each day having to disappoint many friends who wish to procure some particular model of Colt revolver or automatic pistol for their own use. We are sure, however, that all those who have the best interests of the country at heart prefer that at this time our whole effort be expended in making our part of the equipment for the boys who are going to use it "over there."

1861

1918

Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co.

HARTFORD, CONN. U. S. A.

troops as they pass through. With us, however, the R. T. O. has a dual capacity. He may be one of these passenger officials or he may also handle a full-fledged traffic job at a supply depot or a regulating station. At some of these places as many as five hundred cars are handled in a single day. It is his work to see that trains are properly made up and sent on to their destination. Hence the school of instruction must include a complete course in traffic and also a good dose of human nature.

I asked a certain high transportation officer in France what constituted the equipment of an efficient R. T. O., and he replied: "Twenty-five per cent French language, twenty-five per cent railway knowledge, twenty-five per cent diplomacy and twenty-five per cent common sense."

To-day you can find an American passenger R. T. O. at every station of any consequence used by our troops, all the way from the English Channel down beyond the Italian frontier. His freight brother is likewise hard at it at scores of places, often working twenty hours out of the twenty-four, because supply trains must be kept moving regardless of sacrifice. Some of these men, like their engineer comrades who toil with pick and shovel, perform heroic tasks.

Despite the almost unending demands made on their time and knowledge they are not without their sense of humor, as the following report made by a new R. T. O. to his chief indicates:

"The following memo. of the first thirty hours of a new R. T. O. at a perfectly new station might be of interest. Station is division hdqrs. No R. T. O. has been here previously. The writer arrived at 6:30 P. M., and after one look at the congested yard and unloading space covered with every imaginable property, from cottonwood logs, which predominated, to barracks bags, he decided that supper and a sleep were necessary before further efforts were made. The diary of the day follows: 6:30, petit déjeuner; 6:40, at yard handing out 'bull' and cigars to the station master, who is, by the way, a fine old fellow; 7:00 P. M., assigned to an office the best there was, and a good one; 7:45, had two engines at work clearing yard; 8:30, paid respects to commanding general and chief of staff and got assignment of a detail; 9:30, checked yard and arranged for detraining a solid trainload; at 1:00 P. M. arranged for billet; 1:40 P. M., train arrives; 2:20, troops all out of station and train gone; 3:00 to 5:00, answering fool questions; 6:00 to 7:00, supper; 8:10, train of troops detrained and led to camp; 11:35, train of troops detrained, served coffee and 'herded' to camp; 4:20 A. M., train of troops ditto, only worse. Have been asked more fool questions in twenty-four hours than ever before. Now I will send some telegrams and sleep all of two hours."

Unavoidable Interruption

Still another evidence of the kind of drama that bobs up in transportation reports is in a copy of one which lies before me as I write. It is a message from a train dispatcher up near the Front who is ordering a duplicate of a certain blank form. The reason that he gives is this:

"Lieutenant Blank interrupted while giving report. Said bomb exploded just then. Blew in window, causing candle to set sheet on fire."

The army of yardmen, engineers, switchmen and section hands who rushed to the railway colors is matched by the smaller but none the less patriotic group of higher officials who are part of the transportation fabric in France. You encounter them everywhere. One day I saw a buck private standing in line at the midday mess to get his tin of "slumgullion," as the army stew is called. My companion, an officer in the Railway Transportation Corps, pointed to him and said: "That man left a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year railway job to enlist as a private. He is now my orderly." It is not an unusual case.

The roster of our transportation officials abroad includes, in addition to those I have already mentioned, Col. H. G. Maxfield, formerly superintendent of motive power of Pennsylvania Railroad; Lieut. Col. H. H. Adams, who was president of the Kansas City Terminal Railways; Lieut. Col. V. R. C. King, who was terminal superintendent of the Atlantic Coast Line; Lieut. Col. Neddleton Neff, once division superintendent Pennsylvania Lines West; Lieut. Col. H. J. Slifer, former general manager of the Chicago Great Western; Maj. F. A. Delano, one of the best railroad men in the United States, and who left the Federal Reserve Board to join the Army; Maj. F. G. Robbins, former general superintendent of the Erie; Maj. G. T. Slade, who was vice president of the Northern Pacific; Maj. H. W. Hinkle, general superintendent Toledo, St. Louis & Western; Maj. E. B. Cushing, general superintendent of the Southern Pacific; and scores of others.

At the head of this empire of tracks and traffic is General Atterbury, with his hand at the throttle. So complete and coördinated is the organization that there is laid on his desk every morning a single typewritten sheet, a little more than a foot square, which sets forth—the figures are up to the preceding midnight—the number of ships in every port that we use in France; the number of vessels unloaded the day before; the tonnage discharged; the number of freight cars of all types that were unloading; the empty cars received; the barges shipped and the tonnage loaded on these barges; and a statement of weather conditions in every port. Attached is a brief résumé of the number of ships not being unloaded, and the reason why.

Tracing Lost Cars

This Daily Situation, as it is called, is just one more exhibit in the gallery of our army business. We can now go ahead and see how it is made up. It means a brief inspection trip over the system of the transportation department, now one of the Services of Supply, which means that its headquarters is at Tours.

In a small room on the second floor of one of these weather-beaten buildings is the office of the director general of transportation. On the walls are those familiar blue-print charts of organization which you find in the room of every department head of the A. E. F. Likewise, there are charts showing density of traffic. It means that with transportation, just as with food and mechanical transport, everything is diagramed.

The D. G. of T.'s right hand is the deputy director general of transportation, who exercises a supervision over all routine, which thus leaves the head of the system free to move about. Instead of using a private car, as an American railroad president would, General Atterbury goes about in a high-powered automobile, which enables him to inspect construction jobs right up to the point of pick and shovel and know what is going on up to the hour.

The work of every one of the important heads of departments is concretely charted. For the sake of illustration I will take the work of the general manager. Under him are an assistant general manager, and also an assistant general manager in the advance section, who is the link with the transportation of the combat armies; a general superintendent of transportation; a general superintendent of motive power; a superintendent of telegraph and telephone; and an engineer of maintenance of way. Various subdepartments include a car-record office, a car-order office, a troop-movement bureau and a lost-baggage bureau. Under the general superintendent of motive power of course come the various shop superintendents. Our whole system of railway operation in France is divided into five lines known as the A, B, C, D and E lines, each one—like the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburgh, for example—with a general superintendent. The list of these various offices indicates the scope and the completeness of the all-important wing of the service over which Col. J. A. McCrea presides.

The French had no organized or consecutive tracing of freight equipment. Every two weeks they had a sort of checking up, but there was no definite plan. Whole trains have been lost for weeks. Our number of freight cars was necessarily limited; like tonnage, everybody wanted all the cars he could get; we had to keep them in constant use, and this required in turn that we had to know where they were all the time. It meant highly centralized control to prevent duplication of orders.

Here then is the system: Every U. S. A. car has a number, which is part of a series. When a car is loaded at base port or supply depot its number becomes a part of the way bill. Henceforth that number is under

(Continued on Page 57)

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SOME day the gay, extravagant Christmas giving will come back, but today, when we are *ashamed* to give expensively or frivolously, here is a *world-service* gift of so little cost that we can give to *many*—the Corona Garden Guide—Christmas edition, with color illuminated bookmark Christmas greeting card—10c.

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If the eighty pages of this book were between ten-dollar covers, nothing would be added to the keen abiding delight the garden owner finds in its pages—not even artistically, for the beautiful color printing and garden scenes of the Corona Garden Guide are artistic delights. With the color illuminated bookmark Greeting Card, this Garden Book will be a bright spot in the Christmas mail.

We *must not forget* what America's gardens *must* do—help feed a famished world for years, even after the victory bells have pealed.

The restoration of world-wide "peace on earth, good will toward men" depends on American dinner tables. To eat that which we *could have* grown, and *did not* grow, is to sin against brave men and women, and little children, who know hunger now, while we have plenty.

Because scientific gardening will double and triple garden yields, this Garden Guide is in accord with the spirit of this world-need Christmas, and will be so received. Read the text on the Christmas greeting card in Uncle Sam's hand.

You can make your Christmas giving contribute to *world-service* by giving this Garden Guide to *many*—to school and Sunday school classes, to employees, club fellows, etc., as well as to your individual friends.

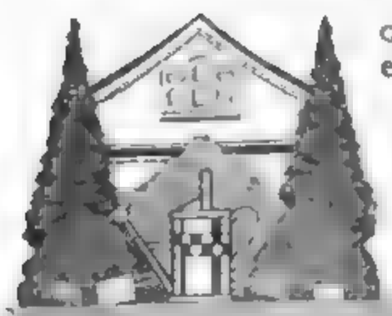
Good Gardens Are Started in January

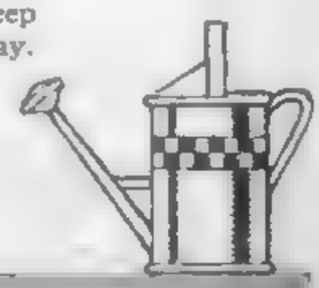
—there are many fascinating things for the garden grower to do these Winter evenings. This timely information put into the hands of thousands of garden growers this Christmas will do much to replace haphazard gardening with scientific, successful gardening.

Let us enjoy the keen delight of one-minute fresh vegetables early next Spring—re-use our soil the most times—plant the right things in the right place—let no shady corner lie idle—grow the things of greatest food value and that save most on the meat and grocery bills.

The Corona Garden Guide is a comprehensive, authoritative encyclopedia of scientific gardening for practical, day-by-day, month-by-month growing of gardens, big and small. A *compendium* of reliable information about vegetables, lawns, decorative shrubs, vines, berries, fruits, *and every other thing that grows.*

We will do your mailing if you wish, writing your name on the Greeting Card and mailing to the list of addresses sent with your order. Or we will hurry the books to you, each in a special envelope, ready for you to mail. Corona Garden Guides 10c each, including with each book a color illuminated bookmark, Christmas Greeting Card. Postage stamps or your check are O. K. If you are not splendidly satisfied with the gift, pleasure and profit value, we will return your money and you can still keep the books. Take action on this today.





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DU PONT

(Continued from Page 54)

constant scrutiny. At every station we have car checkers who report the location of empty and loaded cars each day. If a car is unaccounted for twenty-four hours a tracer is at once started. Every morning there is laid on the general manager's desk a large sheet which contains, by stations, a report of cars delayed in excess of twenty-four hours. It not only indicates the type of car and its freight, if loaded, but the specific cause of the delay. Thus congestion can be relieved at once. All our cars are marked: "Return When Empty to Port." This injunction has helped a great deal.

You can see the Master Car Situation on file each day in Colonel McCrea's office, which tells the whole story of why out of twenty-seven hundred American cars handled in one interval only twelve were missing on the whole lines of communication. Technically it is called "Report of Car Situation, Movement and Supply for Twenty-Four-Hour Period Ending Twenty-Four O'Clock." It is a complete analysis of every car, empty and loaded, handled at every station on our system during the preceding twenty-four hours. On it you can see such items as the analysis of freights; the physical condition of the rolling stock, which is a most important fact to know; the loading work done by the various departments; indeed, every conceivable detail that contributes to the upkeep and operation of the seven thousand freight cars that we had in France at the time I write. These daily records are sent in each day by telegraph. In the United States it is done by mail.

In addition to all this every freight train is checked up and its record put on a card which contains the number of the train and the number of each car in it; the French road it travels on; the consignee, point of shipment, destination and contents. On the card is also a list of the important stations that it must pass. The train is checked up as it passes each station and the hour of the passing is recorded. When the trip is finished there is a complete log-book of the journey. This card is kept for ninety days in order to check up any questions that may rise in connection with the trip. After ninety days it is officially dead, and is destroyed.

In the movement of troop trains you get a touch of dramatic interest. Here, up to the zone of fighting, the controlling factor is our old friend, G4, which is advised by cable by the Navy Department of the impending arrival of the convoys. G4 then, at the direction of G. H. Q., instructs the troop-movement bureau where the troops are to be shipped. They may go into a billeting area or to barracks for rest and intensive training. A so-called landing officer accompanies each troop train from port to destination. Only a blotter record is kept of the movement of troop trains, for no permanent records are necessary.

From Dayton to Tours

Our soldiers are carried on what the American would call a freight box car, labeled in France "*40 hommes ou 8 chevaux*," which means "40 men or 8 horses." In trying to decipher this warworn phrase many an American private has got his first real lesson in French. After he has traveled on the cars he begins to sympathize with the "*8 chevaux*."

The completeness of organization which marks the general-manager's activities is equally true in the domain of the business manager. Colonel Bunting operates in precisely the same way he operated in his office in the Broad Street Station in Philadelphia. He has to deal with purchases and requisitions, contracts, claims and settlements, statistics and accounts, and a record of material.

Colonel Booz, whose services were needed at home, has been succeeded as chief engineer by Lieut. Col. H. M. Waite. When I last saw him he was city manager of Dayton, Ohio. He had previously had a varied railway engineering experience.

It was one of the many contrasts that I have encountered in this war to find him bulwarked by blue prints in a little office in the transportation office at Tours. He prepares the plans and specifications for all transportation design and construction. The plans, with a list of material needed, are turned over to the general staff for approval and then delivered to the director of construction of the Services of Supply for execution. The material is ordered through the chief engineer. The order goes to Col. S. M. Felton, who is the director general of military railways in the United States, and who with his technical staff becomes the purchasing agent of the transportation system abroad.

The whole transportation department moves like clockwork. Every service has a staff meeting twice a week which is attended by the heads of departments. The list of subjects discussed at a typical staff meeting of the engineers' department included the following: Coal requirements; lumber dock at Blank; organization to have charge of new cranes; general repair shop; regulating stations; additional berths at a French port; maintenance-of-way material; additional tracks at X yards; car movements; plans for opening port at R; facilities required at ports; tugs from the United States; development of yards at A; return of steel rails to French. Everything is threshed out; there is no duplication. It all makes for teamwork.

Pointed Advice

Search through the whole transportation department and you find every detail that goes to make up a well-operated system. The safety-first rules are typical. They grew out of the many fatal accidents to our soldiers through carelessness on trains. One hundred and twenty-seven American soldiers have been killed while riding on the tops and sides of railway cars. Hence you find all cars used by our troops placarded with as picturesque a set of warnings as was ever handed out for the safeguarding of human beings.

One of them reads like this:

"Your Head May be Hard, but Not as Hard as Bridges and Tunnel Arches. Only Six Inches' Clearance Between Tops and Sides of Cars and Tunnel Arches and Bridges. Don't Ride on Tops or Sides of Cars. The Railway Company Will Hold You Responsible for Damages to Bridges and Tunnels and Signal Towers. They are Not Insured. Keep Your Block Inside."

A second runs:

"There are Three Kinds of Fools: 1. Fools; 2. Damned Fools; 3. Soldiers Who Ride on Tops and Sides of Cars. If You Expect to See the Next Block Keep Yours Inside."

A third warning says:

"Huns are Waiting in the Trenches Ahead. Speed Up. You Won't if You Ride on Top or Stick Your Head Outside of Cars. Keep Your Ivory In."

Still another one is:

"War Risk Insurance: Keep Inside. Don't Be a Dead One; Help to Win the War."

If you want one final evidence of the thoroughness of our transportation system I have only to add the story of the so-called American Special—a passenger train that runs for the exclusive use of American officers every night, each way, between the fighting headquarters and the supply headquarters. Everything on it is American except the coaches, and they happen to be the pick of the best first-class cars in France. When this train is about to start the passenger hears "All aboard!" in just the same vernacular, dialect and all, that he hears at the Grand Central Station in New York, the Broad Street Station in Philadelphia, and the South Station in Boston. As he approaches the car negro porters, in khaki instead of the familiar blue uniform and brass buttons, separate him from his baggage just as they do in the States. The best thing about it is that they are real Pullman porters. Every one of them has had his share of railroading back home. One distinctive difference between dealing with these army porters and the porters in America is that the boys on the American Special do not have their hands out for the customary tip which is such a necessary part of American travel. Yet their service is just as cheerful and just as good. The tipless porter, therefore, is one of the rare exhibits of the war!

When the American Special idea was launched the purveying of porters became a problem. Where were they to come from? If there was any place, that place was surely the stevedore regiments. Discreet inquiries were at once made, but the word soon percolated down the black and brown ranks that men who had had experience as Pullman porters were wanted. The response

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MOTORWEAVE is the touch of Springtime in the car. Its reinforced doublewoven fabric bestows a genial warmth that wins you instantly to its ample folds.

The fabric is exclusively Motorweave. It has remarkable durability, wondrously combined with a softness and pliancy that further enhance its unique value.

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By order of General Santa Claus

Whitman's Chocolates

have largely been mobilized in camp and over seas. Therefore civilians will be patient and patriotic and wait till "Our Boys" are served.

If you should find at your nearest Whitman's agency a few *Service Chocolates* or *Samplers* send one to some lonesome boy in camp, with "A Merry Christmas."

Our business is entirely at the disposal of the government for the winning of the war. Such of our packages as are offered for sale have been put up in full accord with the aims of the War Industries Board and the U. S. Food Administration. Nothing larger than a one-pound package.

THE SAMPLER, assorted chocolates and confections. Ten kinds of sweets selected from ten of our most popular packages.

NUTS, CHOCOLATE-COVERED. Contains a great deal of nutritious goodness and a minimum of sugar.

SUPER-EXTRA CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONS. The standard of quality that first made Whitman's famous back in the days when our war was with Mexico.

FUSSY PACKAGE, assorted chocolates. These are the nut and hard center chocolates that are favorites with many folks. No cream centers.

SERVICE CHOCOLATES, our new soldiers' and sailors' assortment, is a favorite gift to, or from, a man in the Service. Each box contains a pound of very special chocolates and a book. Such authors as Kipling, De Maupassant, Conan Doyle, Hugo. Our agents will attend to the mailing for you, or we will do so.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip.

was astounding. A certain top sergeant was known to be a porter veteran, and to him was delegated the task of picking out the twenty men needed. He was not to be fooled. The net result is a porter service that is one hundred per cent good. There is never a trip but that these soldier-porters recognize someone from whom they have collected quarters, half dollars and even dollars at the end of runs in America.

One all-essential detail in the structure of transportation remains to be explained. It is the army transport service, commonly called the A. T. S., which forms the link between ship and train or barge. Ask the average American soldier in France what the A. T. S. does and he will say: "They unload the ships." Yet no unit over there performs a task more significant or effective than this sleepless, tireless, eternally vigilant organization which delivers man, beast and material to the steam and water carriers. It operates in every port that we use; on its work depends the flow of that vital American war factor, tonnage. Though it employs thousands of men and ranges in its activities from the Welsh coast down to the shores of the Mediterranean, it is so efficiently coördinated that a man can sit at a desk at Tours and know every hour of the day and night just what is being done.

The man at that desk, white of hair and with a soft Southern drawl, is Lieut. Col. H. B. Moore, head of the A. T. S. His job really began back in May, 1917, when he was summoned from his steamship office down at Galveston to organize the transport unloading of the First Expeditionary Force. He has been on the job ever since. He has seen that infant organization of four hundred negro stevedores and twenty foremen, known as the transport battalion, expand into the army of laborers that he now commands. This work was originally part of the Quartermaster Corps, but was transferred to its logical domain, which is transportation.

When our supplies began to pile into France the word went forth from headquarters: "Keep the docks clear." Congested docks not only meant an interrupted flow of supplies all the way up to the Front but, what was equally important, delay in the "turn round" of ships, and ships in this war are life. Hence the job of the A. T. S. is to unload ships as swiftly as possible and keep the docks ever ready to take on the unending stream of stuff that flows from America into France. How is it done?

Routing and Discharging

As soon as a ship sails from the United States the Navy Department notifies the A. T. S. When that ship is in mid-Atlantic a further advice is sent stating the draft and size of the vessel and the cargo in detail. If it is a transport the number of troops and their classification are sent. This information now forms the basis of operations. The A. T. S. must adapt the ship to one of the fourteen destinations that we have in Europe. This assignment is governed in turn by the rail transport out of the port, whether that port is congested or free; by the draft and size of the ship; the class of cargo—if it is explosive it must go to an isolated place; and also the special type of cargo.

If the ship is carrying locomotives it must go to a port which has monster cranes. In the case of a troopship the destination of the soldiers often helps to determine the port. Thus before the ship reaches France the A. T. S. has assigned it to a port best equipped to handle its freight. By the time it is berthed the exact number of stevedores, machinery and trucks are ready to empty its deck and burrow into its hold. Now you see why there is no delay and why we have been able to handle thirty thousand tons a day and will eventually handle three times as much more.

An adequate intelligence system is a vital factor. Between twelve and two o'clock every day Colonel Moore gets a long-distance telephone call from the A. T. S. superintendent at every one of the ports we use in France; and they range from Belgium to Italy. This report is a compact summary of weather and dock conditions. Weather is of course an all-important matter. If there are any unusual events like accidents or wrecks they are all reported. Hence the chief of the army transport service is not only in constant touch with the situation but he can constantly inform the whole A. E. F. about many things they want to know. If the air service, for example, calls up and asks "When can we have some aëroplanes?" all that the officer at A. T. S. headquarters has to do is to look up a sheet recording advices of incoming ships and he can at once say: "Boat X will arrive at Y port to-morrow morning with a thousand tons of aëroplanes set up."

If you want to know just how the A. T. S. works come with me on a little trip to Base Section Number One—that port where the American flag was first planted in France. Here you will find the superintendent of the A. T. S. installed in an office at the dock, where he can see the ships that he must work, hear the creak of crane and the rattle of truck. In this particular case the superintendent is Maj. F. W. Green, short, stocky, alert; a dynamo of energy. He left the general managership of the Frisco lines to do his share in France. He runs that port just as easily as he once operated thirteen hundred miles of railway back home. In his pocket is a loose-leaf memorandum book on which is typed the name, length, draft, the heaviest package aboard and the itemized cargo of every ship that he must unload. He has got these facts by wire from the director of the A. T. S. Part of his task, therefore, is to arrange for a suitable berth for the ship. He must have a crane or derrick for that heaviest package, be it an engine or a steel girder.

Twenty-Six Hours a Day

On a large blackboard before him is a diagram of the lock basins. Each berth has a number. Alongside each number is written in chalk the name of the ship unloading there. Thus he can see at a glance just what is going on in his bailiwick. As soon as the ship is unloaded its name is wiped out and another is written in.

In addition there is a blackboard in the office of the assistant superintendent, which is a sort of working register. This deals with the concrete details of unloading. It contains the number of the berth, the name of the ship alongside, the unloading officer in charge, the number of hatches working, the number of labor gangs on these hatches—in short, the whole daily program.

The labor battalions—that is, the stevedores—are divided into gangs. There is one for each hatch, with a sergeant in charge on deck while a corporal looks after the men working in the hold. There are three labor shifts of eight hours each.

To quote Major Green: "We work twenty-six hours a day—that is, twenty-four for unloading and two for cleaning up!" These, I might say, are the regulation army hours.

A constant scrutiny is kept on these laborers. For every seven ships being unloaded there is a chief traveling stevedore, who is a sort of official black speeder-up of his fellow workers. He goes from ship to ship. In order to stimulate the stevedores they are given special leave after they have made a particularly good record. Theft, breakage of packages due to carelessness, and soldiering are punished with the rock pile or worse. A friendly rivalry is developed between these labor gangs which makes for good results. This is one reason why this particular port unloaded 10,341 tons in one day, which is the banner record up to the time I write.

Watch the unloading of a group of American ships in a French port and you behold a sight that at first seems to be one of utter confusion, so deafening is the din and so incessant the movement. There is a constant procession of laborers from hold to dock. Motor trucks, boxes, machinery and raw material appear to pile up from nowhere. Yet it is orderly chaos. Every case of canned goods that comes ashore is checked up and becomes part of the daily record. Not a pound strays or gets lost in the tumultuous shuffle.

There is a checker on the boat and one ashore. Frequently, and notably in the case of ration components, the goods go direct from ship to freight train, which stands on a siding at the dock. This saves rehandling in the warehouse. This process, technically called disposition, means that the cargo goes direct to consumer, which is the Army, without storage.

Where there is an exceptionally large consignment for one service a representative of that service is at the dock to see that it is sent at once to its proper destination. This is especially true of motor transportation and quartermaster stores. Motor trucks and cars are made up in trains and sent at

(Concluded on Page 61)

Firestone
Truck Tires

SAVING the truck, saving the load, saving the fuel, that is the mission of this Firestone Giant Tire. The greater traction given by this giant grooved tread keeps trucks going through snow, mud, all the worst conditions that winter brings.

It is but one of the complete line of Firestone Truck Tires, comprising a tire for every load, road and condition.

Half the truck tonnage of America is carried on Firestone Tires

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
FIRESTONE PARK AKRON, OHIO
BRANCHES AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE

The gift that makes housework easier

Most husbands and wives are giving each other things they need for the home this Christmas, in response to the Government's appeal for *useful* Christmas giving.

If you who read this are a woman, probably you have thought to yourself a hundred times: "How much more fun I could have in life if my housework did not take so much of my time!" If you are a man, doubtless you have heard your wife say something like this, and you realize its truth.

In Europe the labor of housework has been eased and lightened by the use of art linoleum floors in all rooms of the house, from reception hall to kitchen. By the same means in your own home, hard sweeping, vacuum-cleaning and rug and carpet beating can be done away with. A linoleum floor in even one room of your home will lighten the housework. Nothing more than a damp mop applied lightly is needed to keep linoleum floors beautifully bright and clean.

"But even so," you may say, "admitting this, I have never yet seen any linoleum attractive enough for me to put in a living room or bedroom."

We ask you to remember that here in America linoleum has only recently been developed from a product of utility to an object of art as well. The illustration above will give you a hint of the beauty of the new Blabon carpet linoleums and the new linoleum rugs. To-day a great and growing number of American women are putting Blabon Art Linoleums in living rooms, dining rooms, reception halls, bedrooms and nurseries.

If you are thinking of new carpets or rugs for Christmas, we suggest that before actually buying, you ask some good floor covering dealer to show you the Blabon Art Linoleums,—attractive, moderate in price, doubly economical because of their wonderful durability.

Important Notice:—Floor-coverings made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum. Such felt paper products have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge of the fabric.

The George W. Blabon Company Established 67 years Philadelphia

BLABON ART Linoleums

(Concluded from Page 58)

once to the reception parks, which are always near the quays. The whole rule of supply in France is to get the stuff from where it is plentiful to where it is needed with the minimum amount of labor.

All this many-sided and unending dock effort is put down on paper. On what is known as the Daily Report of Dock and Shed Operations you can see the location of the work, the tonnage unloaded from the boat, whether it went direct to cars or to trucks and barges, or was left on the dock; the total tonnage handled in terms of troops, animals and materials; the number of man hours used up in handling the freight, and the average tonnage per man per hour.

Likewise, and in a no less comprehensive document, entitled Daily Report of Boat Operations, you can read every night the complete record of what was done with every boat on which labor was employed. You get first of all the name of the boat, the port from which it sailed, the time of its arrival outside and the time of its docking, its draft, number of cargo hatches, the exact cargo aboard—both in specific items and tonnage, and the whole unloading record. In addition, you get its complete outward movement, the ballast employed, and whether it took back to America any troops or passengers. Even the state of weather during the ship's stay in France is part of this remarkable chronicle. When you have finished reading one of these reports you know the complete history of that ship and its cargo from the time it left the port somewhere in America until it sailed back from somewhere in France.

But this is not all. That great mass of freight must be transferred to car and barge. Hence there is a Daily Report of Car and Barge Movement, which specifies the exact number of freight cars or barges loaded and the specific freight, together with the destination. The work of the A. T. S., so far as the actual tonnage is concerned, ends when men and material go speeding inland. Once outside the port area the railway or canal service authority begins.

Apropos of this canal service let me say that here is a branch of transportation that grows steadily in importance and usefulness. On its four hundred miles of waterways we have more than six hundred men afloat in charge of towboat captains who have come from American canals that range from the Erie to the Panama project. Evidence of the approaching magnitude of the service is the fact that fifty concrete oil-burning towboats are under construction for the A. T. S. in France. Fifteen ocean-going tugs crossed the Atlantic to join its fleet.

Buried in the formal records of the army transport service are many dramas in achievement, romances of heroic effort that are as kindling as any narrative of fighting at the Front. They are shot through with the thrill of combat with wind and rain and circumstance. Let me disclose two of them that will make every American feel just a little prouder of his national kinship with the men, white and black, who made them possible.

Beating the German Record

One day a great fleet of troop transports—in reality two convoys—carrying more than forty thousand men appeared outside a port in France. The port had a normal debarking capacity, with camp accommodation ashore, of thirty thousand men a month. It was in the early days. There were no docks; the soldiers had to be lightered. "Can you unload these men in ten days?" was the proposition put up to the superintendent of the A. T. S. Exactly forty-eight hours afterward every man was walking the soil of France. Major Green, the live wire now in charge at Base Section Number One, is the man who turned the trick. He did it for one thing by making a bridge of a flotilla of French ships in the harbor. He even commandeered tugs, barges, anything afloat that would carry a human being. That enormous convoy did not find camps and kitchens ready for them when they set foot in France, but they got off their ships in less than one-fifth the time that they had expected would be required to land, and they were ready to go up the line.

Here is its twin performance. One of our ship problems has been the coaling of the monster Leviathan, which must take aboard forty-five hundred tons of coal and two thousand tons of water every time she touches port. On two occasions she was hung up for forty and sixty days. This was a waste of precious troop-carrying power. She was sent to a port in France and the instruction to the A. T. S. was: "The Leviathan must be turned round in two weeks."

Once more Major Green met the emergency, for in eighty-four hours after that reformed German ship poked her nose into port she was on her way out again fully fueled and watered. In this case Yankee resourcefulness spurred on by an indomitable energy worked the miracle. Major Green, who had ample advance notice of the coming of the great vessel, swung specially made platforms all round her sides. This enabled him to work a much larger force of labor than the ordinary coaling facilities permitted.

Then, with a keen sense of labor psychology, he started a rivalry between the army and navy gangs as to which could get the most coal aboard. Pitted against each other they performed prodigies. The best commentary that I can make on this triumph of American methods is to say that this record beat the best record in Germany by exactly forty-eight hours. In other words, it took a hundred and thirty-two hours to coal the ship in her home port under ideal conditions. Such achievements as these, and they are merely typical, are simply part of the day's work of the army transport service.

The Heroines of the Air Raid

This world of tracks and traffic which pulses with movement must be linked with swift communications. At this point we touch the Signal Corps, which has a leading part in the whole vast scheme of our effort in France. Its telephone and telegraph lines not only bind up the Services of Supply but reach to the observation posts that look out on No Man's Land. There is seldom a list of awards of the American Distinguished Service Cross without a citation of some signaler who crept out under fire to repair a wire or who kept his telephone working under a hell of shells.

With the Signal Corps you are face to face with what amounts to a large cross-section of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company planted overseas. You see telegraph rooms that rattle like machine guns and with multiplex systems that send eight telegrams at one time over the same wire; you find yourself in complete telephone exchanges operated by nimble-witted American girls. Over the five-hundred-mile length of our service we send what amounts to ninety thousand ordinary telegraph messages a day, which is equal to the commercial telegraph business done daily in a city the size of Philadelphia. In one place, Tours, we duplicate the business that Baltimore does. We register more than eighteen hundred long-distance telephone calls a day, or as many as are put in each day between New York and Boston. In addition, there are four hundred long-distance calls a day on our leased wires. To do all this we use eighteen thousand miles of American-strung wire. We also lease thirty-six thousand miles of French wire, which makes a total of fifty-four thousand miles of wire owned or controlled by the American Expeditionary Force.

At the head of this network of nerves is a smooth-faced, gray-haired man, Brig. Gen. Edgar Russel, who was in at the birth of the system in France. As in every other activity signals faced many obstacles. The European apparatus does not fully meet the needs of the American engineers. We had to bring over everything we used but the poles, and we had trouble in getting them.

The American telegraph battalions, who vie with the Transportation Corps in versatility and sacrifice, have become a familiar sight in rural France as they sit astride poles or dash up and down the roads in their emergency wagons. We have a complete system of pole patrol because these wires must be up and doing all the time. Every American pole is numbered and branded U. S. A. It gives you a friendly feeling to see the unending procession of them as you motor along the highways.

The really fascinating detail however—this adjective is not without its literal meaning—of the Signal Corps is the human side. I mean, of course, that gallant band of nearly two hundred American women who operate the switchboards and who have displayed a courage that has had more than one actual test. One night when Paris was under a rain of air bombs and when men rushed to safety the American telephone girls on duty were asked to leave their posts and seek the abri, which is the official shelter. Just then a window in the room was smashed by a shell fragment, yet those hello heroines remained at the switchboard. "We will stay until the last man leaves," they said.

That is the fiber of the enlisted sisters of our fighting men. They are a hand-picked crowd with as fine a sense of service as ever animated combat troops. For the original contingent the two main qualifications were a knowledge of French and a knowledge of telephone operation. That was when we had to use French wires. With our complete all-American system now the French requirement is incidental. Those pioneer operators had to be trained in the United States. The majority of them were college girls, keen of mind and with an immense capacity for work. Go to any one of our switchboards in France and you can see a Wellesley graduate seated alongside a girl who has had to make her way from childhood. In this service, like the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady, they are all patriots under the skin.

The telephone operators wear a smart blue uniform with a blue aviator cap. On the left sleeve is a white brassard indicating position. The operator's badge bears a telephone transmitter; the supervisor's, a transmitter in a wreath; the chief operator at a station, a gilt transmitter in a wreath surmounted by a static. All our women rank as civilian employees of the A. E. F. For safety and comfort there are never less than five girls in any one place. They are always in charge of a supervisor and usually live in a Y. W. C. A. hotel.

Colonel Carty on the Job

But telephone and telegraph is just one detail in the larger work of the Signal Corps. Though aviation, once a part of it, has been made a separate service it has many other vital functions. Modern war has proved the value of the radio, hence wireless is an all-important function. It is part of the duty of the Signal Corps to intercept both enemy and neutral wireless messages. Some of the latter are as dangerous to our cause as those of the Central Powers. We have regular intercept stations for this work. Then, too, the Signal Corps operates the whole carrier-pigeon service. These little white birds have saved the day on more than one occasion. Likewise, the Signal Corps operates a complete weather service. Air fighting depends upon weather conditions. It is the duty of these prophets to make daily forecasts of meteorological conditions, upon which so much depends.

Scientific inspection of all apparatus is another work. If a telephone transmitter is imperfect, for example, the service is impaired and this deficiency may spell defeat. All official photographs of the A. E. F. are taken by the Signal Corps, and they are no inconsiderable aid to army operations. Since the modern army invents as well as fights it follows that we have a completely equipped research service installed in a laboratory in Paris, where already our scientific experts under the stress of emergency have improved telephony and telegraphy. Such is the astonishing function of a little-known but all-essential branch of the Services of Supply.

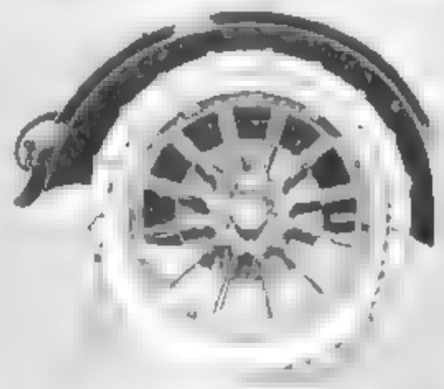
Like transportation, the Signal Corps has drawn the stars of communication to its ranks. In the telephone exchange at Tours one day I saw a slight, gray-haired man in khaki who wore the silver eagle of a full colonel on his shoulders. When I met him a little later I found that he was Col. John J. Carty, one of the foremost living telephone engineers and the man who, almost more than any other, made it possible for New York to speak to San Francisco. He is on the job in France, which means that our telephone service is as well supervised as is that of Chicago or St. Louis.

Thus rails, sails and wires combine in the creation of an aid to war that represents the last word in efficiency and service. The mark of America is all over it.

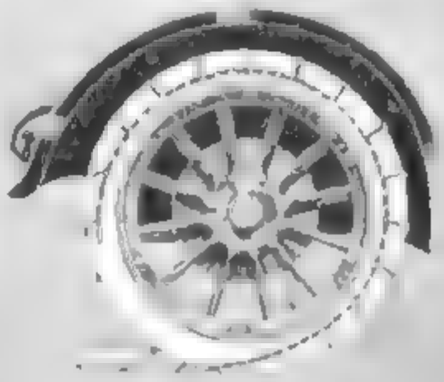
Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the American supply organization in France. The next will tell how the American troops are fed.

WEED TIRE CHAINS

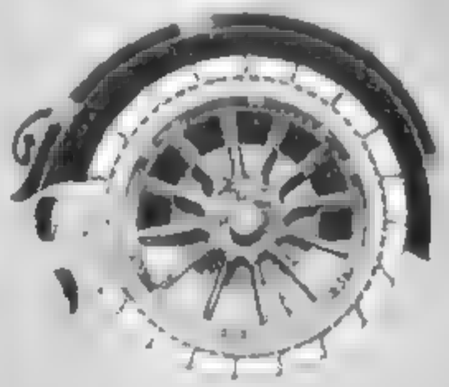
Attached without the Use of a Jack or Other Tools



Lay chains over wheel with hooks toward rear, and tuck the slack under front part of wheel.



Start car forward just enough to run over slack ends.



Hook chains as tightly as possible by hand.

Do Not Anchor

Chains must be free to "creep"—to shift their position on the tires continually—or they will injure tires.

Weed Chains do "creep"—a patented principle.

AMERICAN CHAIN CO., Inc.

Bridgeport Connecticut

In Canada
DOMINION CHAIN CO., Ltd.
Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

Ask the Lamp Man About Lighting

Wherever you see the blue carton displayed, there's a man who knows about lighting. He'll help you find the right lamp for a living room, or—he'll give you full engineering data for the lighting of a factory or a store.

He has access to all the knowledge of illumination that has been developed by years of scientific study. Wherever a NATIONAL MAZDA lamp should be lighting a dark corner, or bringing safety or convenience or greater factory production, the lamp man *has* the information or will *get* it for you.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS
of General Electric Company
48 Nela Park Cleveland, Ohio

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

IT takes coal to produce electric current. The MAZDA lamp uses *one-third* as much current as the carbon lamp it replaces, and therefore saves *two-thirds* of the coal. Use MAZDA lamps only, and turn them off when not actually needed

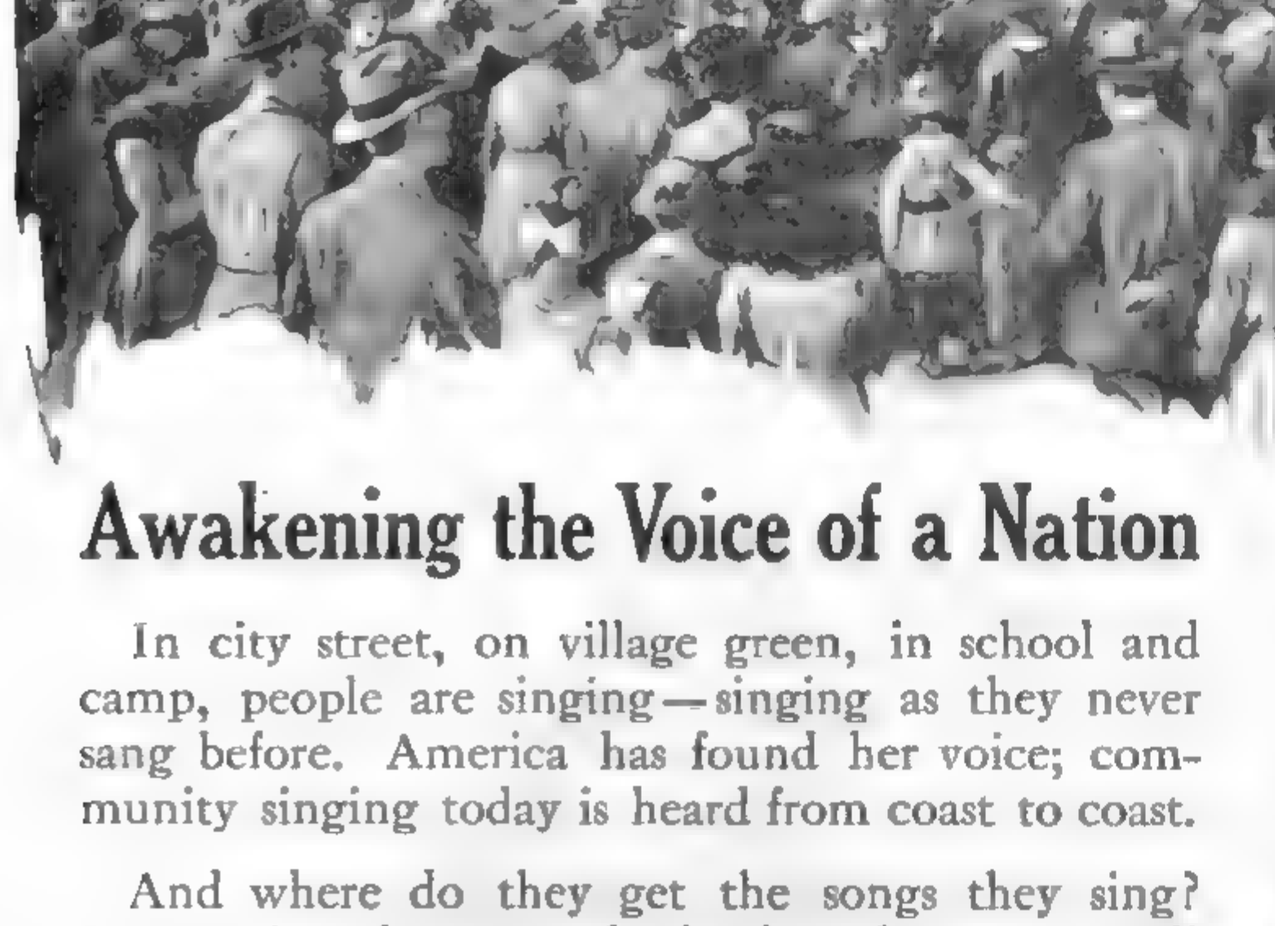
Any of the labels below is a guaranty of National Quality

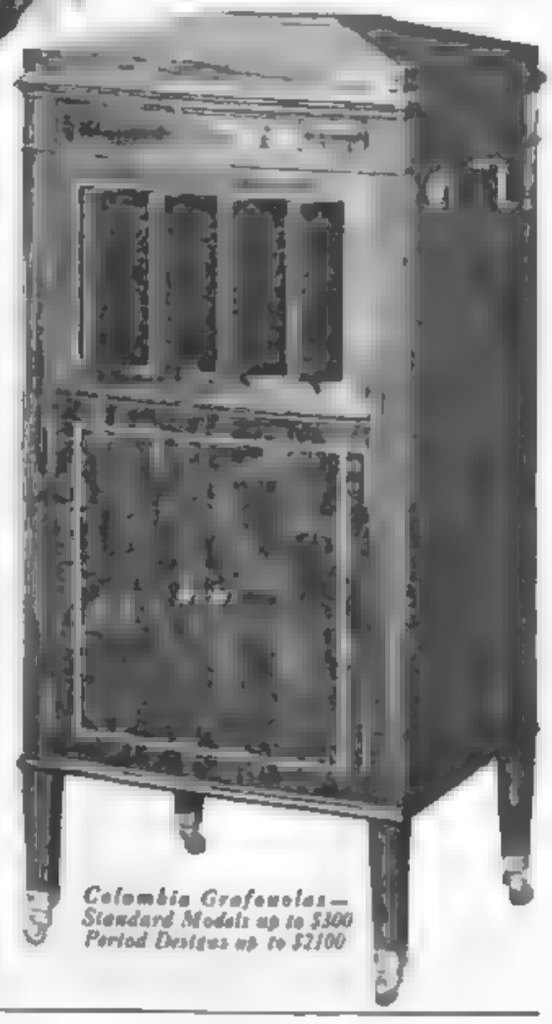
Columbia Grafonola

Awakening the Voice of a Nation

In city street, on village green, in school and camp, people are singing—singing as they never sang before. America has found her voice; community singing today is heard from coast to coast.

And where do they get the songs they sing? In American homes and schools and camps, you'll find the Columbia Grafonola, with its happy, cheerful records of the newest war song hits; its inspiring patriotic songs; its lively dance music.





Columbia Grafonolas—Standard Models up to $300 Period Designs up to $2100

For those who work and wait—and also sing—the Grafonola is an inspiration; a very fountain head of music, with all that music means in war-time.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO.
NEW YORK

ROMANTIC RUMANIA

(Concluded from Page 9)

their independent organizations and their own princes, having only to pay a yearly tribute to the Turks, who nowhere, however, were able to settle down or even to build their mosques.

Thanks to this state of things, Rumania served as a refuge to all Christians in the Balkan Peninsula, becoming their shelter and hope, because the princes of the land were always seeking ways of driving out the Turks, either by their own efforts or aided by their neighbors, more especially by the Hungarians and the Poles.

These incessant wars naturally gave rise to many acts of heroism, and countless were the princes who bravely fought the infidel; if not always successfully, that was often due to their neighbors, who sometimes forgot that it was their sacred duty to chase the Turks out of Europe.

The names of certain heroes have remained legendary. One of the first is that of Mircea the Ancient, called by his contemporaries "the brave and the sure." Mircea was master of Wallachia, Silistria, and of the Danube as far as the sea; he was Ban of Severin, possessing also the provinces of Amlasul, Fogaras and Transylvania. He waged continual war against the Turks, beating them sometimes without help, as he did in the Battle of Rovine, or at times with the aid of German, English, French and Hungarian knights, as was the case in the celebrated Battle of Nicopolis on the Danube. Of course Mircea was not victorious on all occasions, but under his reign his land was never diminished.

Stephen the Great

One of the most remarkable figures in Rumanian history is Stephen the Great, Prince of Moldavia—"the Great," "the Wise," "the Sainted." His fame has been woven into many a legend dear to the hearts of the people. Stephen came to the throne in 1457 and reigned forty-seven years, a rare occurrence in Rumania's history. A great warrior, he could proudly declare on his deathbed that of the thirty-six battles he had fought, thirty-four had been victorious! Fighting, in turn, the Poles, the Hungarians and the Turks, he had ever but one aim—his country's independence; and but one idea—the overthrow of the Turk.

During the winter of 1475 a powerful Turkish army entered Moldavia. In different places violent battles were waged—the most desperate battles of that time. The Turks were beaten near Racova, and so brilliant was Stephen's victory that he won for himself the name of Defender of the Faith, as well as great praise from the Pope, who wrote to him that "all tongues speak of thee, praising greatly thy valor."

Praise was not wanting, but material aid to stem the ever-repeated inflow of the foe was sadly lacking; so that a year after the great victory of Racova, when Stephen was again assailed by the Turks under the leadership of Sultan Mohammed, with vastly superior forces, he lost his bravest soldiers in the Battle of Rasboieni, and was driven back as far as Suceava, then capital of Moldavia, now in Bukowina. But Mohammed could not take the town and had to retreat, pursued, in his turn, by Stephen's army.

After the death of this valorous prince Moldavia and Wallachia had to feel the hand of the Turk weighing always more heavily upon them, and Stephen's successors were unable to defeat the infidels. Between 1593 and 1601, however, Michael the Brave succeeded in bringing about an alliance between Moldavia and Transylvania, and vigorously attacked the Turks. The famed victory of Calugareni crowned his efforts, and, though the enemy had for a time succeeded in invading the country, Michael and his allies beat them back beyond the Danube. But Michael the Brave's great act was that in 1600 he succeeded for a short period in uniting Wallachia, Moldavia and Transylvania under his scepter—that golden dream cherished through the centuries by every Rumanian; and a dream for which three hundred years later we have again taken up arms!

Though autonomous after Michael the Brave's reign, the Rumanian principalities suffered always more grievously under the Turkish yoke. There came even a sad period when the Porte chose their princes for them, going even to the length of sending them princes of Greek origin, from a part of Constantinople called Phanar; which explains why, in history, these rulers go by the name of Phanariots. This was a most unfortunate institution, the influence of these rulers of Byzantine conception being most inauspicious for Rumania. The habits and morals of the land suffered greatly, which was a serious hindrance to the country's wider economic and intellectual development. These Phanariot princes succeeded each other with bewildering rapidity. It was a time of intrigue and corruption. One family was continually plotting against the other, seeking to bring about its fall. More than one reign ended by murder, and several of these fugitive rulers lost their heads and thrones by order of the Turks! This rapid succession of princes makes Rumanian history of this period most confusing.

Nevertheless, some wonderful churches were erected during this time, the most famed being Trei Terarchi—the Three Saints—in Jassy, and Curtea-de-Arges, a lovely monument, where old King Carol and his wife lie buried, in the now invaded part of the country. These two churches are the most perfect buildings of late Byzantine art known in the whole Christian world.

In Wallachia and Bukowina other beautiful churches and convents have survived to speak of the strongly artistic movement of the period.

During the eighteenth century, owing to Phanariot rule, the country fell almost completely under Greek and Turkish influence, but in Transylvania great writers were born, who upheld the ardent desire for national unity, proving more and more through their writings the Latin origin of the Rumanian people and the ethnological unity of the Wallachians, Moldavians and Transylvanians.

More Recent History

In the nineteenth century these ideas took firmer root, and in the year 1859 Wallachia and Moldavia were united under one scepter by Alexander Cuza Voda. This was a great step forward. But Cuza did not answer all the high expectations that had been fixed upon him. A capable man, he made more than one useful and lasting innovation; but his character was not entirely to be depended upon, and the old habit of intrigue was still too greatly in favor.

To put an end to this state of affairs, which continued to hinder the nation's free development, several well-thinking patriots, who loved their country above personal pride or ambition, decided to call a foreign prince to rule in Rumania, their choice falling on Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, who bravely accepted their offer and ruled the country wisely for more than forty years.

The adoption of a foreign and hereditary dynasty put an end to the many quarrels among the once reigning families in the land, and under King Carol's long and dignified reign the country developed extraordinarily. Full of forethought in all his acts, King Carol chose the propitious moment for entering war on the side of Russia against the Turks. This won the country's independence and ended the long period of Turkish rule. Almost immediately afterward, in 1878, the principality was raised to a monarchy.

But four million Rumanians are still sighing beneath foreign sway. All the lands comprised between the Tisza and the Carpathians, those lands that are the birthplace of our nation, still belong to the Austro-Hungarian monarchy and continue to suffer beneath its yoke. No tyrannic rule has been able to crush the national feeling out of these Rumanians beyond the mountains! Their language, habits and religion have remained intact in spite of every effort to swallow them up; but they suffer heavily, their development is kept in constant check, their liberties are curtailed and their churches and schools continually suppressed.

Rumania's Future

In this present formidable struggle the principle of liberty of nations was championed by the Entente as a dam against the growing tendencies of conquest shown by the Central Powers; and Rumania, with her national unity in view, could but be on the side of liberty and justice!

Rumania may have a great and useful part to play in the Europe of to-morrow. On the lower Danube, with the Carpathians in the center, exists a large mass of people of one origin, who are, with the exception of the Russians on the east, ethnically the strongest; and if united into one kingdom would form a strong barrier on the frontiers of Germanism. She could then become a state representing peace, progress and equity, consisting of a single people of over twelve or thirteen millions, who soon could count twenty million souls.

From an economic point of view, once in possession of her natural ethnic frontiers, Rumania would also become a strong industrial factor, owing to the rich resources of her soil—oil, salt, corn, wood, and so on. By the free Danube, by the Black and Adriatic Seas, these riches could be disposed of to her advantage and to the advantage of other nations, and the long-dreamed-of kingdom of the united Rumanians could again win the name of Dacia Felix, as once she was called by the Romans.

A people of Latin origin, and therefore related to the people of the West, yet of one religion with its neighbors and closely in touch with the Balkan nations through historical development, Rumania's mission seems all indicated to be one of civilization, a strong link between East and West.

In ages past the country situated between the Dniester, the Tisza and the Danube was a passage for every barbaric horde invading Europe so as to destroy Roman civilization and to found new nations. Is it not a grand dream that in our modern times this same country should become a passage for Western civilization going East?

This future may be Rumania's; but all depends upon the great struggle in which she is taking part, at present with such tragic results. Upon its issue depends the country's fate.

Will Rumania's golden dream become a reality? Will she at last realize her national unity? Who can tell?

A veil lies over the future, and the day of to-morrow is in the hand of God. His will be done!

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HOME MOTORS

A WAR-TIME NECESSITY

Save time and give it to war work—release servants as far as possible. Housewives everywhere are finding the Polar Cub Home Motor a practical war time necessity. He will run sewing machines, polish silver, sharpen knives, churn butter, beat eggs, whip cream, mix food for cooking, etc., at a power cost that is next to nothing.

SEWING MACHINE MOTOR

Polar Cub will run any standard type of sewing machine when connected by cord to an ordinary incandescent light socket. He relieves you of all the hard work and enables you to do much more sewing at a cost of only one cent for power in two hours. Price $12.00

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Let Polar Cub sharpen your knives, scissors, etc. Let him polish silver and keep your tinware, brass ornaments and steel knives bright. Grinding and polishing motor $12.00 complete.

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As a churner of butter Polar Cub can save you lots of money; and for whipping cream, beating eggs, mixing mayonnaise, etc., he is superb. Only $12.00 makes him your obedient servant.

POLAR CUB VIBRATOR

Think of it!—a perfect vibratory massage at home. Polar Cub will oblige with his special vibratory arm and three rubber vibratory appliances. Price $6.85 complete with attachments.

Any Polar Cub motor described above can be used for running a sewing machine, for churning, ice cream freezing, for running a vibrator or for an electric fan—by purchasing the extra attachments at $1.50 in each case. He's a great all around worker.

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There's no finer or more useful gift than the Polar Cub De Luxe Outfit, with all the above attachments complete in a handsome hardwood cabinet beautifully lined. Retail price $25.00.

SEE POLAR CUB WORK

Visit any one of the following stores and see how helpful Polar Cub is, how he saves time and lightens labor.

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Birmingham—
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THE BRETON PATROL

(Continued from Page 7)

Tom Blau was born in Russia at Riga. He has always been a sailor. When I first knew him he was the highly efficient first officer of the Korea, of the old Pacific Mail. He had served an enlistment or two in the United States Navy. So they gave him a commission when war broke out, and on the particular morning when the Westward Ho was torpedoed in latitude this and longitude that he was on the converted yacht Sweet Marie—which isn't her name at all—there or thereabouts.

The Hun let the Westward Ho have a torpedo at one-fifteen on the morning of August eighth. It was a fair hit, and the Westward Ho began to take water and send out S O S signals simultaneously. Three of our destroyers came plunging to the rescue in response to the appeals of the wireless, and arrived at her side in a few hours. It looked to be all over with the Westward Ho. She was apparently in a sinking condition, filling with water and sloshing about as if she would go down almost any time. The destroyers took off the surviving members of the crew, and proceeded on their urgent convoy duty, leaving the Westward Ho to go down whenever her time came.

The Westward Ho didn't go down. Instead she continued to slosh about for hours and hours, and along about four o'clock next morning the Sweet Marie, which was on patrol in those waters, discovered her, and Lieutenant Blau and a salvage party were sent aboard her to see what was doing and what were the chances of getting her to port. The chances seemed slim. The Westward Ho had a bad hole in her forward, her Number One Hold was full of water, and it looked as if she might go plopping down to D. Jones' locker at any moment.

Star-Spangled Optimists

That is, it might have looked that way to anyone but delegates from the Breton patrol. Those lads are the star-spangled optimists of all the seven seas. Their creed is that nothing that remains afloat is sunk, which is why they stay out in the weather they do stay out in, with their little sketchy converted yachts that by rights should be tied up to buoys behind breakwaters on many of the days and nights when they are cavorting about on patrol. So long as there is anything at all above water those young men feel that they can bring the remains in; and they usually do. I have no doubt that any one of them could navigate a Swiss cheese in a ninety-mile gale and get away with it. I have seen them perform.

The salvage party from the Sweet Marie had a look at the Westward Ho. Remember that the captain and the crew had abandoned ship, concerning which the admiral says officially: "No criticism is made of the master of the Westward Ho for having abandoned his ship inasmuch as her condition was believed to be desperate, and the destroyers which rescued her crew were required for duty with troop transports, and could not remain in the vicinity."

The salvagers found things pretty badly mashed, the ship with a big hole in her and in just as desperate a condition as her captain thought her to be when he quit. Still, she was afloat. That was enough for that outfit. Anything that is afloat is afloat. And they went to it.

Under the direction of Blau they got some fire beneath the boilers, raised sufficient steam to start the pumps, and pumped out the compartments adjacent to Number One Hold. Then they started the propellers going. They soon found they could make no headway with the ship by trying to get her through the water bow first. So they reversed the propellers and gayly started off to take her in stern first. The little matter of sailing a ship stern first instead of bow first has no terrors for the Breton patrol. They will sail them broadside on or roll them over and over if necessary, but they will get them in.

Meantime another American yacht and a French destroyer had come up, and at ten o'clock these boats got lines on the Westward Ho and began to tow her. The salvage party had been working aboard since four o'clock in the morning. At two o'clock that afternoon some British tugs joined, and at four o'clock Blau had the propellers turning at good speed reversed, and the Westward Ho was on her way to the base port. This was on August ninth, the day after the ship had been torpedoed. Early the next morning an American destroyer and an American torpedo boat joined up, and a third tow line was put on the Westward Ho.

Thus with the stern first, with the engines going and the propellers running reversed and the three boats towing her, the Westward Ho made the base port at six o'clock on the night of August eleventh, three days and a half after she had been abandoned as a hopeless, helpless wreck. She made three hundred and fifteen miles; and a lot of material, a very large amount, that has since been very useful in killing Huns, was saved, to say nothing of a most valuable ship, which as I write is almost repaired and ready to go to sea again.

"The salvage of the ship was a splendid feat of seamanship," the admiral wrote, and he recommended Lieutenant Commander Windsor, Lieutenant Benson, Lieutenant Blau and Junior Lieutenant Knight to the attention of the Navy Department—which attention has been paid, I trust, for it surely was a splendid feat of seamanship, as the admiral says, but all in the day's work for the lads of the Breton patrol. That's the sort of stuff they are pulling all the time.

For example, there was the case of the Westbridge about a week later. They brought her in also. If you are nautical you will understand that the case of the Westbridge was a sad case, a mighty sad case, for when that unfortunate vessel was picked up it might have been a premium of a thousand guineas at Lloyd's to a farthing that she wouldn't get anywhere but to the bottom of the sea. The Hun had let two torpedoes into her, and she was as full of water as a sieve stuck in a filled bucket. Her well decks were awash. Her Number One Hold had seventeen feet of water in it. Holds Numbers Two and Three and the engine room and fire room were completely flooded, and there was eight feet of it in Hold Number Four and two feet in Number Five. She surely had a large supply of salt water aboard—a full cargo.

After the Westbridge was torpedoed four English tugs got to her to help her in, and later an American destroyer and a tug left the base port to assist. Presently a French yacht and a French tug joined up. There came a wireless that two of the British tugs were standing by the Westbridge, the other two tugs having left on account of shortage of fuel. About two days later there were other additions to the searchers, and the little fleet plugged along, trying for contact with the Westbridge. A scouting line had been formed, and the leading ship ran into an oil slick, which might be from the Westbridge or might be from a submarine.

The Case of the Florence H.

The scout leader followed the slick for twenty-seven miles and came up to the Westbridge forty-seven miles northwest from the position reported. The two British tugs were trying to tow her, but she yawed so frightfully that they were making small progress.

Whereupon Lieutenant Conolly, U. S. N., said he would go aboard and assist by steering the Westbridge with the hand-steering gear, and eight American volunteers went with him. Lieutenant Comstock, U. S. N., took charge of towing operations, and five days later they landed the Westbridge in the base port, her valuable cargo a bit wet but useful and, most of all, the ship ready for repair and future carrier service.

This of course was a joint operation, British, French and American, and the men on all the ships did their share in most commendable manner; but the chap I have in mind is Lieutenant Conolly, U. S. N., who with his eight men stayed for five days on a torpedoed, waterlogged, yawing ship, and steered her by hand every minute of that time—Lieutenant Conolly and his eight lads from the Breton patrol.

And in cheering for Conolly and his eight gobs let us not forget what happened that night in Quiberon Bay when the American ship, Florence H., loaded with four thousand tons of powder, caught fire and blew up. The Breton patrol was there that night, nine ships and nine shiploads of American sailormen, and they—— But let me set the stage for you.

Part of the work of the Breton patrol is the coastal convoy work, whereby ships filled with needful cargoes are convoyed north and south from designated ports to designated ports. One convoy goes south and another convoy comes north, running on schedule, and grinding at it day and night—every day and every night. It isn't exciting, and it's a bit monotonous, but it is supremely necessary work and the lads of the patrol go at it with heart and spirit and run it like clockwork. To be sure, always there is a chance that something may happen, but usually the thing is just a job.

Something happened that night in Quiberon Bay, surely enough. The northbound convoy and the southbound convoy were both in the harbor, the northbound fellows with running lights and the southbound chaps with anchor lights. The Florence H. with her cargo of powder was in the gathering. The night was cloudy and dark, the sea was calm, and there wasn't much wind. It was as peaceful a nautical scene as the war zone provided that night.

At ten minutes of eleven o'clock a lookout on one of the American naval vessels noticed that somebody on the bridge of the Florence H. was frantically signaling with an electric signal light. Before anyone could make out what this signalman was trying to say the Florence H., which had previously been dark, with no lights save her usual ones, was enveloped in a tremendous sheet of fire. The effect was similar to the setting off of a flashlight for the taking of a photograph—a sudden puff, and then a dazzling burst of flame. There was no explosion then; but instead of subsiding the blaze shot up in the air a hundred feet, throwing everything in the harbor into bright relief and lighting up the face of the water in a great crimson circle.

An Amazing Performance

The instant the fire broke out the ships of the Breton patrol got into action. They started pell-mell for the Florence H. Nobody knew what the burning cargo was. It might be oil. It might be powder. It might be fixed ammunition. Nobody cared either. They all stood by to see what could be done. A few minutes after the fire began there was a series of explosions on the Florence H., and great masses of flaming cases and wreckage were thrown out on the water. These cases, which had been closely packed on the ship, did not separate into their component parts, but stuck together and floated on the water like enormous, blazing rafts. Instantly the cases began to explode, shooting flame and greenish gas into the air, the flames rising ten to twenty feet and resembling huge blow torches. There was a terrifying whistling noise, also, as the cases exploded, similar to the noise that would be made by giant acetylene torches.

The fixed ammunition on the deck of the Florence H., kept there for defensive purposes, soon began to explode, and the shells burst all about like gigantic firecrackers. Then the guns went off with heavy booms. Meantime more of the burning and exploding cases were thrown out and the water was thickly covered with them. The entire surface of the sea for a considerable space about the Florence H. was not only afire but in eruption. In the midst of it the Florence H. was aflame from bow to stern.

A few minutes after the fire started the ship split apart amidships, and in ten minutes she had sunk. This left the water for the space of half a mile covered with the burning, exploding cargo. There were small patches of clear water here and there, and the whole scene looked like a bay with thickly dotted islands that were afire. When the American ships got to the wreck they found that in some places the burning wreckage and cargo were so thickly strewn upon the water that they could not maneuver.

The first ship up heard some cries in the water amid the flames. It had not been thought by anyone that the crew of the Florence H. could possibly escape. Signals were passed that there were men in the water, and all the ships that had come up lowered lifeboats. There was no chance to row. The burning ammunition cases were

(Continued on Page 70)

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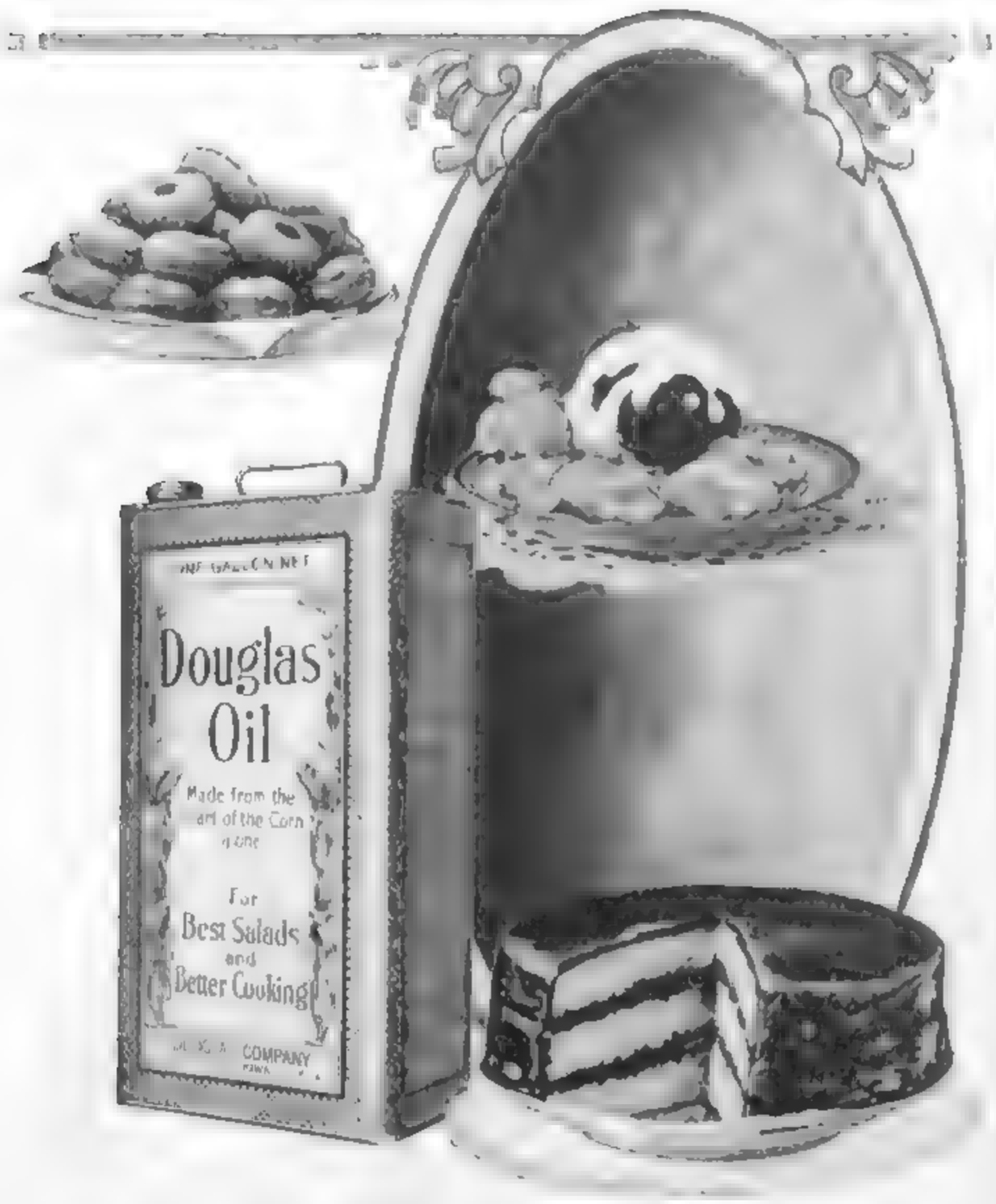

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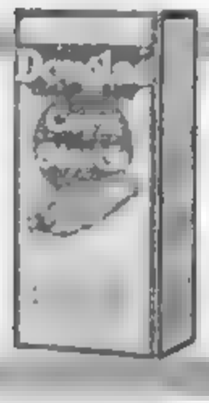

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(Continued from Page 68)

so thickly massed in and on the water that oars could not be used. So the lads of the American ships stood up in the boats and used their oars for poles, shoving aside the burning cases as well as they could and looking for survivors.

Make yourself a little picture of that situation. Not a man in those lifeboats knew what was in those boxes that were burning. It might be T N T. It might be fixed ammunition—machine-gun cartridges, say, or shells. At any moment the explosion of a box of shells or cartridges might kill every man in any boat or on all the boats. They gave no heed to that. They stood up in their lifeboats, shoved the burning stuff aside, were scorched by the flames of it and choked by the gases rising, but they went to it without a moment's hesitation.

The destroyers saw the predicament of the men in the boats. They came jamming in, regardless of danger, and opened up lanes through the wreckage so the small boats might move about. One of our lifeboats caught fire. A destroyer got the men in it up to her deck. Several men from a destroyer jumped overboard and rescued burned survivors of the Florence H., and numerous of our sailors leaped from the small boats and pulled survivors from the blazing wreckage. And all the time the powder in the cases—for it was smokeless powder—blazed and exploded and threw off greenish smoke and gas. Talk about burning lakes of brimstone! There was a burning ocean of stuff that made brimstone seem innocuous.

The result of that heroic battle by the lads of the Breton patrol with the combined elements of fire and water, coupled with shot, shell, powder and gases, was that thirty-four of the crew of seventy-five of the Florence H. were brought in, and that most of these recovered from their burns.

"The conduct of the officers and men was in accord with the best traditions of our service," said the admiral in publishing to his fleet and stations the story of that night, which is a conservative enough way of putting it. Personally if I had been writing that letter I would have said that the conduct of the officers and men on that night made a new, separate and glorious tradition of its own for future members of the service to emulate. However, that's what the Breton patrol is doing right along.

All Ashore!

The arrival of a convoy of troop ships at a base port on the European side of the Atlantic is one of the great sights of the war. The first one I saw come in came on a morning when the sun was shining from a cloudless sky and the sea sparkling in the radiance of it. The big ships were in two lines, stretching out to the horizon. Round them like collies guarding a flock of sheep the gray destroyers dashed and maneuvered. The bands were playing on the decks of the transports. The Stars and Stripes stood out from masts of each, and the decks were packed from rail to rail with eager young soldiers taking their first look at the land where they were to fight. A troop ship coming in, with its sides all yellows and greens and blacks and whites in camouflage, makes an odd picture on the water, and odder still is the massed brown of the khakied soldiers standing in rows on her decks. Those I saw this time wore the peaked army hats, and the effect was that of a level brown surface on which little tents were placed as thickly as leaves of grass.

The transports anchor and the destroyers come inside to their mooring places. Presently harbor boats, looking like small excursion steamers, go out and begin to take off the soldiers and bring them to the docks. These harbor boats have covered top decks, and as they come in there isn't an inch of space on them that isn't held by a soldier. They are lined up everywhere, even to the bridge. The only visible thing about one of these boats that is not taken by soldiers is the smokestack, and I saw one boat coming in with two or three boys clinging to that. They want to get off the transports, and the transports want to get them off, and the result of this mutual understanding is that these harbor boats steam to the docks packed to the gunwales with men—so many of them, indeed, that except for the small sections of the hull that show out of the water they seem to be slowly moving masses of soldiers held up on the water by some invisible medium.

Some of the ships come directly into the docks also, and the men are marched off. I fancy the most trying part of the voyage across is when the soldiers are lined up on deck waiting for the ship to get securely into her berth. They stand there straining their eyes over the base port, and every minute seems an hour. Docking is slow work. Often it is an hour and sometimes two before the gangplanks are thrown out. Then the boys march off and take their positions on the dock itself.

Presently they file away in long brown lines for the camps. They cheer a little and sing a little, but not much. It hits them then that they are in the land where they are going to fight. They are only a few miles and a few days from the Front instead of three thousand miles from it, and they are grave mostly, and serious as they land. But not for long. Presently the youth of them asserts itself, and they begin the Yank comment on the oddities of foreign things—that comment that never ceases and is infinite in its variety, American in its comparisons and humorous in its deprecations.

The destroyers brought them in. Faring out to sea when the time came for the appearance of the transports, they picked them up at an appointed place and watched and tended and guarded them through the submarine lanes. When the ships go back the destroyers take them out, and also they bring in and take out the great convoys of slow-moving supply ships, the cargo carriers that fetch the ammunition and the food and the supplies.

That word "supplies" is the most elastic word in our language. It means anything and everything. The fundamental of war is that an army never has enough of anything. It is omnivorous. It always wants men, food, ammunition, guns, and everything else from shoe laces to locomotives.

The Outgoing Convoy

Wherefore the job of the Breton patrol and the other patrols operating out of other base ports is to see to it that the ships bearing this multitude and mélange get into port securely, and get back beyond the danger zones safely on their way to America for more—more—more. The destroyers do this work. It is exciting and arduous work, but not more important than the work of the coastal convoys, the converted yachts and the older destroyers, which conduct in safety up and down the coast the long strings of ships with their needed cargoes—up and down—up and down—day after day and night after night, humbler and not so dashing as the long, lean destroyers, but doing their jobs faithfully and well, playing their parts in the game.

Times of departure of outgoing convoys are not announced of course, but it sometimes happens that a sightseer is at a point where a departure may be observed. I was one evening. The big ships lay out in the harbor, with little riffles of smoke coming from their stacks. The last lighters had cleared away. The last small boats had shoved off. The signal flags were set. From the inside of the harbor a destroyer came demurely along, turned and took an outside course. Following her came several other destroyers, proceeding circumspectly, in regular formation. It wasn't long before they were all in their positions, ahead, alongside and astern of the big ships. Then without a whistle, as quiet and calm as a summer daybreak, the whole procession started. The first big ship went silently away. Then followed the second, at its proper distance; and presently the whole convoy was moving, the big ships plowing serenely through the water toward the west, as if secure in their protection; and the destroyers steaming gravely beside them, quietly and slowly, but ready to spring to tremendous action and activity at the slightest alarm.

I stood and watched them disappear into the west, feeling as sure as the skippers themselves that those keen, alert destroyers would take them out to safe waters and at the proper time would bring them back into this harbor again, loaded with men and materials for whipping the Hun.

Escort duty, they call it, and that term includes about all that happens at sea in days of war, except gun fights with the Hun—and it would include those if the Huns would do any gun fighting. Often the destroyers have cruises that are exciting, but more often there is nothing but

(Concluded on Page 72)

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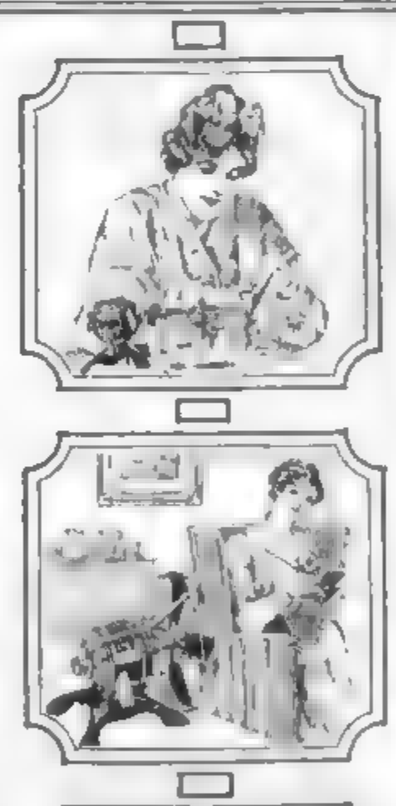

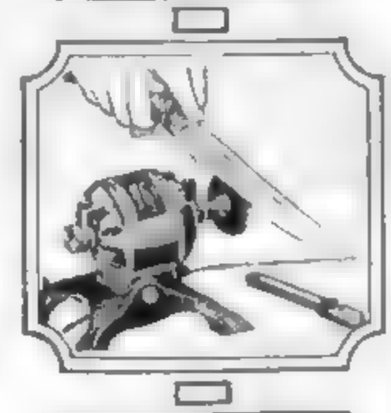

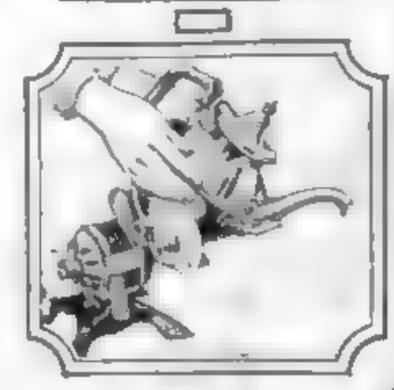

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Say "Goodbye" With Symblem

There'll be a prayer in your heart when you wish him goodbye, a prayer that you can't put in words.

Your *lips* will be silent, but your heart will be saying "God watch between thee and me while we are absent one from the other." Symblem is a beautiful way to LET HIM KNOW that. Under its National banner is that sacred Bible word "MIZPAH"—a symbol of this goodbye prayer. Hallow the parting with a

Symblem Ring

Isn't this your prayer?

"God watch!" It is His sign,
Oh thou beloved of mine.
"Over my ways and thine—
God watch, where'er we be!"

His unseen hands beyond
Shall keep us steadfast, fond.
What stronger, truer bond
Than this, for me and thee!

Then take, before we part,
This symbol of my heart—
"Mizpah!"—where'er thou art
In Him thou findest me!"

It will be a love-link of remembrance that will ALWAYS be with him wherever he goes. And in the years after the war it will be the ONE THING that he can always wear both as a sign of his service to the Country and a symbol of your love for him.

Give each other a Symblem Ring

A Symblem Ring on his finger—a Symblem Ring on yours—they will be ties of devotion that distance cannot sever. If your boy is at one of the cantonments now, send him a Symblem for Christmas—something that means more than just a beautiful gift.

See Symblem at your dealer's

Sterling Silver $2.50, 10-k solid gold $7.50, 14-k solid gold $10.00. If the dealer you call on hasn't Symblem in stock, he will order it for you at once.

Eisenstadt Manufacturing Co.
Manufacturing Jewelers Saint Louis, Mo.

(Concluded from Page 70)

the dull routine of it. Now and then they get a crack at a submarine. Ten destroyers were in column one day last summer when a submarine broached off the port bow of the leader at a distance of about eight hundred yards. The sub took one scared look at the destroyers and went under like a flash, but not until the alert men on the bridge had marked its course. The skipper rang for full speed ahead, and jumped for a point about two hundred yards from where the submarine went down.

Before that point was reached the destroyer was thrown round and the gobs on the stern of her let go the depth charges, dropping them in a barrage one after another. The skipper started to circle, but just then the submarine plopped up out of the water, and all the guns that would bear on it were turned loose by the destroyer.

The submarine was apparently trying to get to the top, for when she broached her bow was merely breaking the surface of the water. After that she made a run of several hundred yards just under the surface, and churned the water mightily, but she couldn't get up. She left a heavy oil wake after this run, and then disappeared. It is quite likely that if she couldn't rise when making those desperate efforts she never did come up again.

On another afternoon when one of our escort ships was bringing in a slow vessel there were oil slicks and sudden wakes and many other sub signs, but though depth charges were dropped nothing came of it save the explosions. Along about nine o'clock that same night a periscope stuck up less than a thousand feet away. The escort ship literally jumped at it, sending men to quarters and putting on every ounce of power she had. The first depth charge was dropped, and then the second, both functioning properly.

Why the Subs Failed

Immediately after the second charge had exploded there was a very violent third explosion which sent up a great column of water, masses of oil, splinters of wood, many air bubbles and other evidences that a just retribution of some sort had reached Fritz, who presumably was hoist by one of his own petards, aided and abetted, no doubt, by the depth charges dropped on him by the Americans.

These are rather bald recitals of submarine fights which to those participating are exciting and momentous. They are not so frequent as it may be imagined, for the number of submarines operating in any given area is much smaller than is thought by the general public. Still, now and then the destroyers and the yachts do find a submarine, and when they do they go at it like wolves, and usually have good success. Fritz is a wary person. He doesn't tackle warships when he can help it. He is looking for other game, such as troop and hospital ships and supply convoys. Therefore, though there is a great deal of submarine hunting done and this hunting has held the submarine under, it is quite possible for a submarine hunter to go for long periods without seeing even a feather made by a periscope in the water.

It is the opinion of the naval experts if the enemy had had the courage to make a real submarine fight greater results would have been attained. If he had not been so cautious about himself and his boat, and had taken the chance of warfare; if he had made his submarines fighting machines, digging in anywhere and taking his toll without regard to his own safety or the safety of his submarine, there is no telling what might have happened, for it is undoubtedly true that among the other causes that have made the submarine warfare of Germany less effective than it might have been is the tendency on the part of Fritz to play safe, to protect his own skin, to keep out of danger and be a pothunter instead of a sportsman, a pirate instead of a warrior.

It is quite probable he might have done great destruction by defying the destroyers, going in among the ships, letting off his torpedoes and taking the consequences that might accrue to himself. But he didn't, which is a cause for gratitude. He played the coward's game in his warfare, and no coward has a chance with the men, English, French and American, who hunt the submarines in European waters.

The Song of the Gobs

The work of our Navy in France is multifarious. It extends its operations for a long distance up and down the coast, and has stations in many places and of many sorts. It is in close relation with the French Navy, and the spirit of coöperation between the officers and the men of the two countries is excellent. There is no friction. There is nothing but a united effort to safeguard the ships, to get the submarines, and to do the work of the ports effectively. Exclusive of the aviators there are eight thousand sailors and nearly eight hundred officers in this section of our naval endeavor abroad, and an excellent complement of ships of all classes, which complement has been constantly augmented by arrivals from home and transfers from other bases.

The work is continuous. The French ports are the great depots that feed the Army with men and supplies, and it is the job of these Americans to keep things moving, to do any incidental fighting that may happen, and to guard the ships against the piracy of the Huns. They go to sea in all weathers, and stay at sea in worse. They plug up and down the coast in their tin-pot yachts, and guard a cargo of coal as zealously as they guard a cargo of soldiers. They are hearty, happy, husky youngsters, with a very clear idea that of all our sailors on foreign waters and in foreign ports they are the pattern and pick of what real sailormen should be, with a high regard and affection for their admiral, and a spirit of Americanism that has made the Breton patrol an institution that will live long and splendidly in the annals of our Navy. As they sing it themselves:

It's a squadron that's doing its best over here
To help keep command of the sea,
By day or by night standing by for a fight—
It's the Breton patrol—oui—oui—oui.

We beat it together, whatever the weather,
With a convoy that's bound for its goal;
If it's rain, hail or snow, still the convoy must go;
That's the job of the Breton patrol.

"A King's The Thing!"

Doubled the Speed Quartered the Cost

The Lincoln Motor Company, builder of Liberty Motors, was using three 3½ ton trucks in hauling parts from one plant to the other. Today this work is being done with one¾ ton truck and three 3-ton King Transport Units—making a much better schedule at a greatly reduced cost.

The city pickup is also being done by King-equipped trucks, giving better service and big savings in cost and man-power.

RUSH orders waiting! Trucks everywhere, loading, unloading, waiting for a chance at the shipping platform. Man-power and motive-power getting scarcer all the time. There's just one way to relieve the situation—*King Transport Units*.

With these Transport Units, the truck with one trailer is hauling goods while another unit is being loaded or unloaded. There is practically no lost time.

War conditions have only emphasized what hundreds of the country's leading industrial concerns already knew—

That in 95 cases out of a hundred, the proper trailer equipment will greatly increase speed and efficiency in a delivery system, and at the same time reduce investment and operating costs remarkably.

King Transport Units are designed and built with the same engineering and mechanical skill that marks the best trucks. For don't forget that a trailer is more than a post-graduate carpenter's job. The same problems of load-and-road strain and handling that affect the motor-truck apply with equal force to trailers.

Let Us Demonstrate King Usefulness to You

Somewhere near you, probably, there is a King dealer. We shall be very glad to put him in touch with you, without obligation on your part, if you will drop us a line.

King Trailers must sell themselves. If they solve your problems, you'll see it at once. If they don't, you won't want to buy them—and couldn't if you did.

Write us today.

King Trailer Company

2050 Main St., Ann Arbor, Michigan

One-half the world now knows
how the other half lives

YOU sit in a comfortable auditorium, watching the Zulu in his native dance, while out in the Dark Continent the savage sees the Easter parade on Fifth Avenue.

Today each half of the world knows how the other half lives—the motion picture has taught it. And, as in all other phases of photography, the Eastman Kodak Company has contributed, in a big way, to the advancement of the motion picture.

It was Eastman film that made such pictures possible, and it is Eastman film that tonight thrills you with the emotion of the drama, convulses you with laughter, gives you the war news in picture and instructs you in the ways and the work of the world. Photography today is a part of life. It touches every human interest, holds fast the memories of the home, is the right hand of science, the scout in war and truthful chronicler of history.

And the story of photography, during the past third of a century, is the story of the growth and progress and development of its strongest advocate and ally, the Eastman Kodak Company, for whatever promises to broaden the scope and usefulness of photography in art or science or business, is fostered through the research work and broad experience of that company until it has been made practical—made of real use to the world.

CHANGE OF VENUS

(Continued from Page 4)

likes and dislikes. I know that's what I thought afterward when he opened his soul to me. She said what a mercy it was that half a dozen yelling demons wasn't in this house at that moment to make life an evil thing for all. And Homer sunned right up and took the talk away from her. While she done his mending he spoke heatedly of little children in his well-known happy vein, relating many incidents in his blasted career that had brought him to these views. The lady listened with deep attention, saying "Ah, yes, Mr. Gale!" from time to time, and letting on there must be a strong bond of sympathy between them because he expressed in choice words what she had so often felt.

Homer must of been kind of swept off his feet at that very moment, and the rapids just below him. I guess he'd already been made mushy sentimental by seeing the ideal romantic marriage between Uncle Henry and his wife—forty years or so together and still able to set down in peace and quiet without having something squirm over you to see what you had in your pockets or ask what made your hair come out that funny way, till you wished a couple she bears would rush out and devour forty-two of 'em.

It was the first of quite many evenings when Homer and the lady would set with a dish of apples and fried cakes between 'em and denounce the world's posterity. The lady was even suffering grave doubts about marriage. She said having to make her own way after she lost her husband had made her relish her independence too much to think of ever giving it up again lightly. Of course she wouldn't say that possibly at some time in the dim future a congenial mate that thought as she did on vital topics—and so forth—just enough to give Homer a feeling of security that was wholly unwarranted. Wasn't he the heedless Hugo?

He was quite wordy about the lady to me when he come over on an errand one day. He told me all about these delightful talks of theirs, and what an attractive person she was, sound as a nut, and companionable and good-looking without being one of these painted dolls. He said, to see her above her sewing, she was a lovely view that he never tired of gazing at, and to hear her loathe children was music to the ear.

He said she was a rare woman. I said she must be, and asked him if he had committed himself.

"Well, I don't say I have and I don't say I haven't," he says; "but here I be, standing with reluctant feet at the parting of the ways. And who knows what might happen? I know I've had some darned close shaves from doing a whole lot worse in my time."

So I wished him the best of luck with this lady child hater; not that I thought he'd really get what was coming to him. He was so crafty. He was one of them that love not well but too wisely, as the saying is. Still, there was a chance. He was scared to death of fire and yet he would keep on playing with it. Some day the merry old flames might lick him up. I hoped for the best.

A few days after that I went down to the foreman's house late in the afternoon to see him about a shipment we had to make. Scott was off somewhere, but his sister was in; so I set talking with her, and waiting. This here Minna Humphrey was a hectic, blighted girl of thirty, sandy-haired, green-eyed and little—no bigger than a bar of soap after a day's washing. What had blighted the poor thing was having to teach public school for a dozen years. She'd been teaching down to Kulanche that year and had just closed up. We set out in front of the house and Minna told me she was all in; and how she'd ever got through the season she didn't know.

She went on to speak of little children. Fire in her voice? Murder! According to Minna, children had ought to be put in cages soon as they can walk and kept there till they are grown; fed through the bars and shot down if they break out. That's what twelve years' enforced contact with 'em had done to Minna's finer instincts. She said absolutely nothing in the world could be so repugnant to her as a roomful of the little animals writing on slates with squeaky pencils. She said other things about 'em that done her no credit.

And while I listened painfully who should be riding up but Homer Gale!

"Here," I says to Minna; "here's a man you'll be a joyous treat to; just let him come in and listen to your song a while. Begin at the beginning and say it all slow, and let Homer have some happy moments."

So I introduced the two, and after a few formalities was got over I had Minna telling in a heartfelt manner what teaching a public school was like, and what a tortured life she led among creatures that should never be treated as human. Homer listened with glistening eyes that got quite moist at the last. Minna went on to say that children's mothers was almost as bad, raging in to pick a fuss with her every time a child had been disciplined for some piece of deviltry. She said mothers give her pretty near as much trouble as the kids themselves.

It was a joyous and painful narrative to Homer. He said why didn't Minna take up something else? And Minna said she was going to. She'd been working two summers in Judge Ballard's office, down to Red Gap, and was going to again this summer, soon as she regained a little vitality; and she hoped now she'd have a steady job there and never have to go back to the old life of degradation. Homer sympathized warmly; his heart had really been touched. He hoped she'd rise out of the depths to something tolerable; and then he told her about Bert's five horrible children that drove him out into the brush—and so forth.

I listened in a while; and then I says to Homer ain't it nice for him to meet someone else that thinks as he does on this great vital topic, Minna seeming to find young ones as repulsive as Mrs. Judson Tolliver? And how about that lady anyway? And how is his affair coming on? I never dreamed of starting anything. I was being friendly.

Homer gets vivacious and smirks something horrible, and says, well, he don't see why people make a secret of such things; and the fact is that that lady and him have about decided that Fate has flung 'em together for a lofty purpose. Of course nothing was settled definite yet—no dates nor anything; but probably before long there'd be a nice little home adorning a certain place he'd kept his eye on, and someone there keeping a light in the window for him—and so on. It sounded almost too good to be true that this old shellback had been harpooned at last.

Then Minna spoke up, when Homer had babbled to a finish, and smirked and looked highly offensive. She says brightly:

"Oh, yes; Mrs. Judson Tolliver. I know her well; and I'm sure, Mr. Gale, I wish you all the happiness in the world with the woman of your choice. She's a very sterling character indeed—and such a good mother!"

"How's that?" says Homer. "I didn't hear you just right. Such a good what?"

"I said she's such a good mother," Minna answers him.

Homer's smirk kind of froze on his face.

"Mother to what?" he says in a low passionate tone, like an actor.

"Mother to her three little ones," says Minna. Then she says again quick: "Why, what's the matter, Mr. Gale?" For Homer seemed to have been took bad.

"Great Godfrey!" he says, hardly able to get his voice.

"And, of course, you won't mind my saying it," Minna goes on, "because you seem so broad-minded about children, but when I taught primary in Red Gap last year those three little boys of hers gave me more trouble than any other two dozen of the pests in the whole room."

Homer couldn't say anything this time. He looked like a doctor was knifing him without anæsthetics.

"And, to make it worse," says Minna; "the

(Continued on Page 77)

"I'm a Desperate Man," He Says. "Being Hounded by This Here Catamount; and Mebbe It's Best to Give In"

For the Whole Family: Sound Feet Mean Better Health

YOU need no scientist to tell you how largely your bodily comfort depends on the condition of your feet. How narrow, pointed shoes with their torture of corns, bunions, ingrown nails, callouses, flat foot, etc., sap the energy of man, woman or child.

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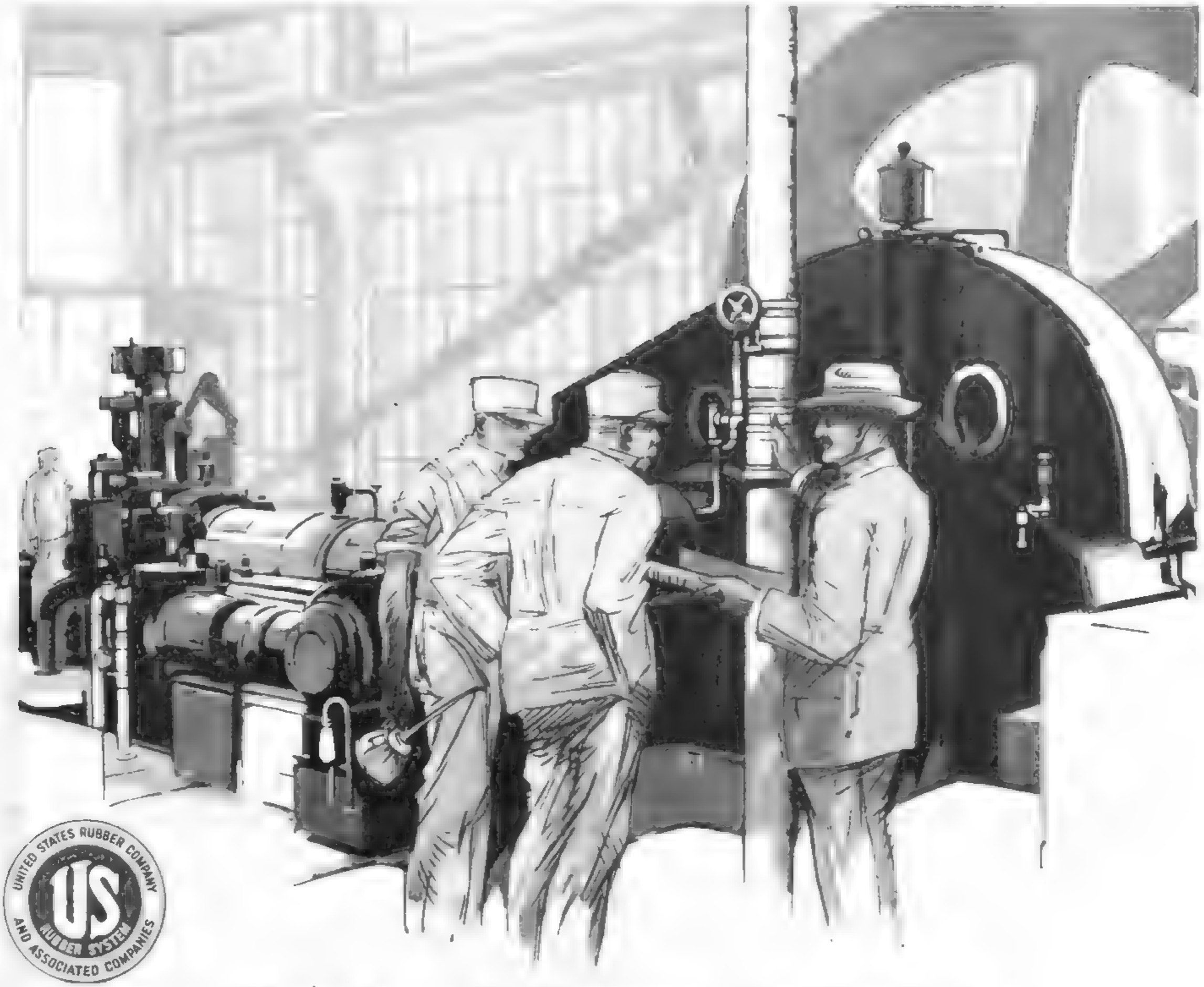

Good packing gives increased efficiency at lower cost. Saves coal, power, time and money. Enables you to speed up production throughout your entire plant.

Poor packing causes friction, resulting in loss of power, scored rods, and steam and water leaks—to say nothing of invaluable time lost in repacking and making repairs.

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Standardize Your Packing Requirements

A word from you will bring one of our packing experts to your plant. He is an engineer—not a salesman. He will survey your machinery—with no obligation on your part—and will recommend the packing that will give each machine its highest possible efficiency.

He will show you how you can standardize on United States Rubber Company Packing, as many large manufacturers have done to their great advantage.

There is a type of United States Rubber Company Packing to meet—*exactly*—every mechanical requirement.

Whether for large engines or small pumps each type gives exceptional service under the particular conditions it is designed to meet.

A few of our prominent brands are:

Rainbow Sheet
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Vanda Sheet
Wizard Valve Stem Packing
Honest John Hydraulic
Peerless Brand Flax Packing
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United States Rubber Company

Mechanical Goods Division

(Continued from Page 75)

mother is so crazy about them, and so sensitive about any little thing done to them in the way of discipline—really she has very little control of her language where those children are concerned. Still, of course, that's how any good mother will act, to be sure; and especially when they have no father.

"I'm glad indeed the poor woman is to have someone like you that will take the responsibility off her shoulders, because those boys are now at an age where discipline counts. Of course she'll expect you to be gentle with them, even though firm. Oswald—he's eleven now, I believe—will soon be old enough to send to reform school; but the younger ones, seven and nine —— My! Such spirits as they have! They'll really need someone with strength."

Homer was looking as if this bright chatter would add twenty years to his age. He'd slumped down on the stoop, where he'd been setting, like he'd had a stroke.

"So she's that kind, is she?" he kind of mutters. "A good thing I found it out on her!"

"The children live with their grandmother in Red Gap while their mother is away," says Minna. "They really need a strong hand."

"Not mine!" says Homer. Then he got slowly up and staggered down a few steps toward the gate. "It's a good thing I found out this scandal on her in time," says he. "Talk about underhandedness! Talk about a woman hiding her guilty secret! Talk about infamy! I'll expose her all right. I'm going straight to her and tell her I know all. I'll make her cower in shame!" He's out on his horse with this reckless threat.

"Now you've sunk the ship," I says to Minna. "I knew the woman was leading a double life as fur as Homer was concerned, but I wasn't going to let on to the poor zany. It's time he was speared, and this would of been a judgment on him that his best friends would of relished keenly. Lots of us was looking forward to the tragedy with great pleasure. You spoiled a lot of fun for the valley."

"But it would not have been right," says Minna. "It would truly have been the blackest of tragedies to a man of Mr. Gale's sensitive fibers. You can't enter into his feelings because you never taught primary. Also, I think he is very far from being a poor zany, as you have chosen to call him." The poor thing was warm and valiant when she finished this, looking like Joan of Arc or someone just before the battle.

And Homer never went back and made the lady cower like he said he meant to. Mebbe it occurred to him on the way that she was not one of them that cower easy. Mebbe he felt he was dealing with a desperate adventuress, as cunning as she was false-hearted. Anyway, he weakened like so many folks that start off brave to tell someone so-and-so right to their faces. He didn't go back at all till the middle of the night, when he pussyfooted in and got his things out, and disappeared like he had stumbled down a well.

Uncle Henry had to feed his own stock next morning, while Mrs. Tolliver took on in great alarm and wanted a posse formed to rescue Homer from wherever he was. Her first idea was that he had been kidnaped and was being held for ransom; but someway she couldn't get anyone else very hearty about this notion. So then she said he had been murdered, or was lying off in the brush somewhere with a broken leg.

It was pointed out to her that Homer wouldn't be likely to come and collect all his things in the night in order to keep a date with an assassin, or even to have his leg broke. About the third day she guessed pretty close to the awful truth and spoke a few calm words about putting her case in the hands of some good lawyer.

The valley was interested. It looked like a chance for the laugh of the year. It looked like the lightnings of a just heaven had struck where they was long overdue. Then it was discovered that Homer was hiding out over in the hills with a man after coyotes with traps and poison. His job must of appealed to Homer's cynical nature at that moment—anything with traps and poison in it.

Dave Pickens was the man that found him, he not having much else to do. And he let Homer know the worst he could think of without mincing words. He said the deserted fiancée was going to bring suit against Homer for one hundred thousand dollars—that being the biggest sum Dave could think of—for breach of promise, and Homer might as well come out and face the music.

Homer did come out, bold as brass. He'd been afraid the lady might gun him or act violent with something; but if she wasn't threatening anything but legal violence he didn't care. He just couldn't conceive that a lady with three children could make a suit like that stick against any man—especially three children that was known to be bellions. He didn't even believe the lady would start a suit—not with the facts of her shame known far and wide. He was jaunty and defiant about this, and come right out of hiding and agreed to work for me again, Scott Humphrey having sent his wife and children on a visit to Grandma Humphrey.

But, lands! He didn't earn his salt. Friends and well-wishers took the jauntiness all out of him in no time. Parties rode from far and near to put him wise. Ranchers from ten miles up and down the creek would drop important work just to ride over and tell him harsh facts about the law, and how, as man to man, it looked dark indeed for him. These parties told him that the possession of three children by a lawful widow was not regarded as criminal by our best courts. It wasn't even considered shameful. And it was further pointed out by many of the same comforters that the children would really be a help to the lady in her suit, cinching the sympathy of a jury.

Also, they didn't neglect to tell him that probably half the jury would be women—wives and mothers. And what chance would he have with women when they was told how he regarded children? He spent a good half of the time I paid him for in listening to these friendly words. They give Homer an entirely new slant on our boasted civilization and lowered it a whole lot in his esteem.

About the only person in the whole valley that wasn't laughing at him and giving him false sympathy with a sting in its tail was Minna Humphrey. Homer told her all about the foul conspiracy against his fortune, and how his life would be blasted by marrying into a family with three outcasts like he'd been told these was. And what was our courts coming to if their records could be stained by blackmailers?

And Minna give him the honest sympathy of a woman who had taught school twelve years, loathed the sight of any human under twenty, and even considered that the institution of marriage had been greatly overpraised. Certainly she felt it was not for her; and she could understand Homer's wanting to escape. She and him would set out and discuss his chances long after he had ought to of been in bed if he was going to earn his pay.

Minna admitted that things looked dark for him on account of the insane prejudice that would be against him for his views on children. She said he couldn't expect anything like a fair trial where these was known, even with a jury of his peers; and it was quite true that probably only five or six of the jury would be his peers, the rest being women.

Homer told me about these talks—out of working hours, you can bet! How Minna was the only person round that would stand by anyone in trouble; how she loathed kids, and even loathed the thought of human marriage.

"Minna is a nice girl," I told him; "but I should think you'd learn not to pay attention to a woman that talks about children that way. Remember this other lady talked the same way about 'em before the scandal come out."

But he was indignant that anyone could suspect Minna's child hating wasn't honest.

"That little girl is pure as a prism!" he says. "When she says she hates 'em, she hates 'em. That other depraved creature was only working on my better nature."

"Well," I says, "the case does look black; but mebbe you could settle for a mere five thousand dollars."

"It wouldn't be a mere five thousand dollars," says Homer; "it would be the savings of a lifetime of honest toil and watching the pennies. That's all I got."

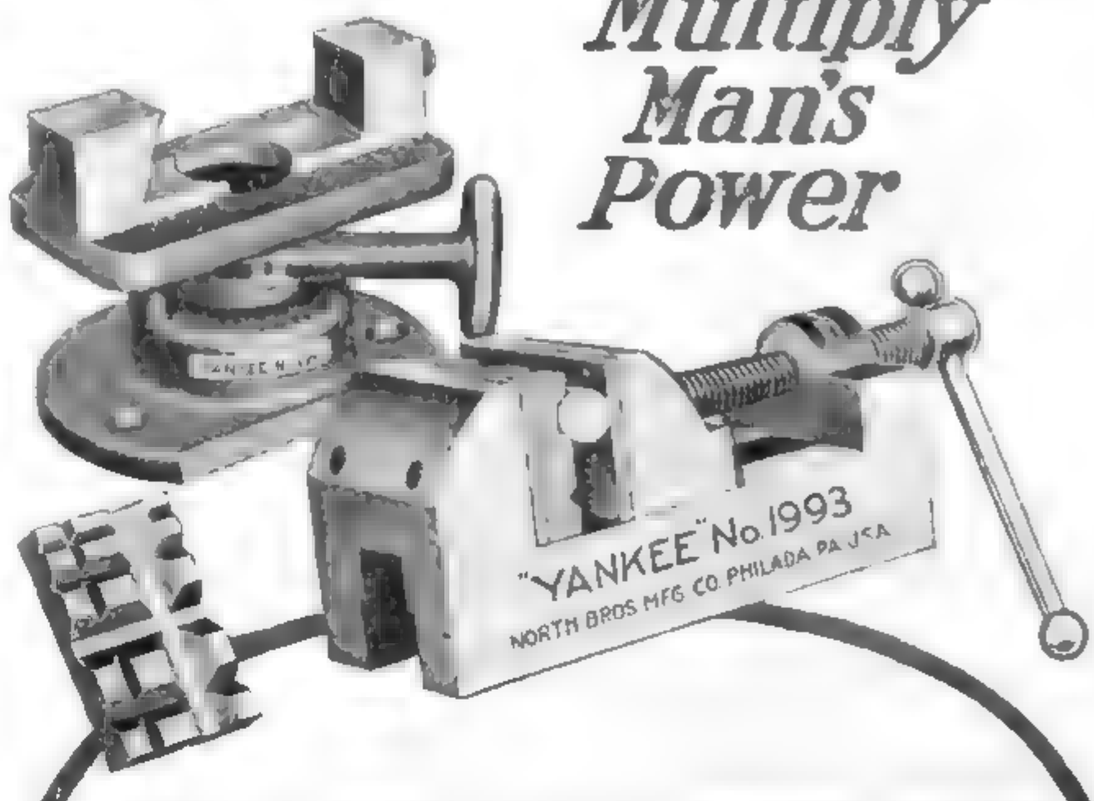
"Serves you right, then," I says, "for not having got married years ago and having little ones of your own about your knee!"

Homer shuddered painfully when I said this. He started to answer something back, but just choked up and couldn't.

The adventuress had, of course, sent letters and messages to Homer. The early

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Multiply Man's Power



You—who thought you knew all that *could* be known about a Vise! Blacksmith's Vise—Machinist's Vise—Jeweler's Vise. Sure! All the same old pair of jaws and screw, differing only in size and form.

But here's a Vise—"YANKEE" No. 1993,—that in flexibility, convenience and capacity—(judged by its power to increase *your* output and quality of work)—is as different from other Vises as a flash of lightning from a sulphur match.

No matter whether you be an amateur or apprentice with brains to learn, or an expert mechanic with years of experience, you're interested in this Vise.

Now look! Suppose you have a job requiring various operations. First, you've got to "lay it off:" Set your "YANKEE" Vise on the surface-plate and go to it! The "YANKEE" begins to help right there because bottom, top, sides and ends are machined exactly true. True with the jaws; true with the surface-plate; true with each other.

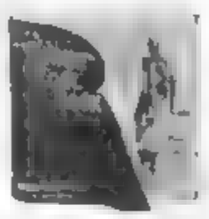
The "YANKEE" lifts off its base, work and all. You can take it in turn, to the drill-press, shaper, milling machine, emery-wheel, planer, perhaps set it in the lathe, vise and all.

Ordinarily, you must "true up" for each separate operation. Not so with the "YANKEE." Set your work true only once, and it stays set. No chance to go wrong.

"YANKEE" VISE

No. 1993, with Swivel Base. Price, $7.75

Set screw holds Vise to base; camthrow lever locks position. Body 7¼ x 2¾ (wide) x 3 in. Hardened steel faced jaws, open 3⅛ in.

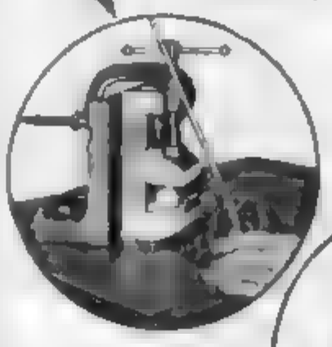


No. 993 Same as No. 1993, but without swivel base . . . . . **Price, $5.25**

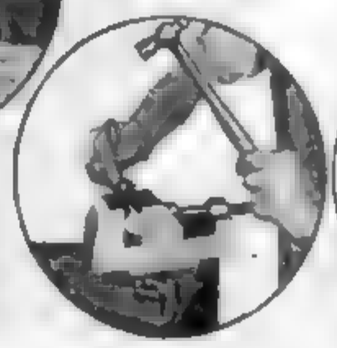
Your dealer can supply you

Ask us to send you free "'YANKEE' Tool Book" showing complete line of ingenious "YANKEE" Tools for modern efficiency work—bench, chain, breast and hand drills, wood-boring and screw-driving tools.

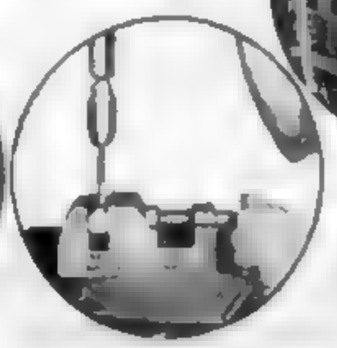
North Bros. Mfg. Co. **Philadelphia**



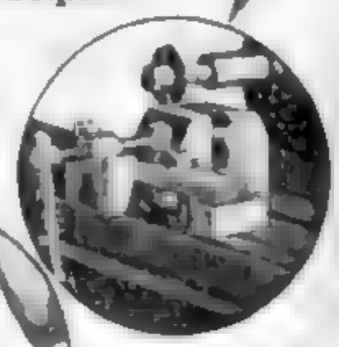
ABOVE
Removed from base to surface plate for setting work and 'laying off' centers with extreme accuracy



BELOW
Back to its base at bench for punching centers or any necessary hand work.



BELOW
Removed to drill press with work still held as first set. Holes must be true.



ABOVE
Vise attached to bed of milling machine, without releasing its original grip on the work.

$100.00 a week

A Business Man's Christmas Profits

Mr. Harvey Stofflet has an established business in his home town in Michigan which brings him a cash profit of $100.00 a week during the Winter months.

This business requires no investment, no stock, no salaries to clerks and no credit to customers.

Permanent Profits After the War

Mr. Stofflet merely devotes his spare time to asking his fellow-townspeople to give him their new, renewal, and Christmas gift subscription orders for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

Everybody knows these publications already and orders come thick and fast. The business grows from year to year; and profits are permanent.

More Money Next Year

may easily be yours through the same plan that pays Mr. Stofflet so well. Your own neighborhood offers you an excellent opportunity to earn the $10.00, $20.00 or even $100.00 a week extra that you want.

To obtain full details of our cash offer, clip and mail the coupon TODAY.

Agency Division
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
673 Independence Square, Philadelphia

Gentlemen:—Please send me details of your money-making plan.

Name

Address

City *State*

ones had been pleading, but the last one wasn't. It was more in the nature of a base threat if closely analyzed. Then she finished up her sewing at the Mortimers' and departed for Red Gap, leaving a final announcement to anybody it concerned that she would now find out if there was any law in the land to protect a defenseless woman in her sacred right to motherhood.

Homer shivered when he heard it and begun to think of making another getaway, like he had done from Idaho. He thought more about it when someone come back from town and said she was really consulting a lawyer.

He'd of gone, I guess, if Minna hadn't kept cheering him up with sympathy and hating children with him. Homer was one desperate man, but still he couldn't tear himself away from Minna.

Then one morning he gets a letter from the Red Gap lawyer. It says his client, Mrs. Judson Tolliver, has directed him to bring suit against Homer for five thousand dollars; and would Homer mebbe like to save the additional costs -which would be heavy, of course—by settling the matter out of court and avoiding pain for all?

Homer was in a state where he almost fell for this offer. It was that or facing a jury that would have it in for him, anyway, or disappearing like he had done in Idaho; only this lady was highly determined, and reports had already come to him that he would be watched and nailed if he tried to leave. It would mean being hounded from pillar to post, even if he did get away. He went down and put it up to Minna, as I heard later.

"I'm a desperate man," he says, "being hounded by this here catamount; and mebbe it's best to give in."

"It's outrageous!" says Minna. "Of course you don't care about the money; but it's the principle of the thing."

"Well, yes and no," says Homer. "You might say I care some about the money. That's plain human nature, and I never denied I was human."

So they went on to discuss it back and forth warmly, when a misunderstanding arose that I was very careful to get the rights of a couple of weeks later.

Minna went over the old ground that Homer could never get a fair trial; then she brightened up all at once and says:

"Don't you pay it. Don't you do it; because you won't have to if you do what I say."

Homer gets excited and says:

"Yes, yes; go on!"

And Minna goes on.

"When people can't get fair trials in a place," she says, "they always take change of venues."

"Change of venues?" says Homer, kind of uneasy, it seemed.

"Certainly," says Minna; "they take change of venues. I've worked in Judge Ballard's office long enough to know that much. Why didn't I think of it before? It's your one chance to escape this creature's snare."

"Change of venues?" says Homer again, kind of aghast.

"It's your only way out," says Minna; "and I'll do everything I can ——"

"You will?" says Homer.

"Why, of course!" says Minna. "Anything ——"

"All right, then," says Homer. "You get your things on, and I'll saddle your horse and bring him round."

"What for?" demands Minna.

"I'm a desperate man!" says Homer. "You say it's the only way out, and you know the law; so come along to Kulanche with me." And he beat it off to the barn.

Well, Minna had said she'd do anything she could, thinking she'd write herself to Judge Ballard and find out all the details; but if Homer wanted her to go to Kulanche with him and try to start the thing there—why, all right. She was ready when Homer come with her horse and off they rode on the twelve-mile trip.

I gather that not much was said on the way by Homer, who only muttered like a fever patient from time to time, with Minna saying once in a while how glad she was she had thought up this one sure way out of his trouble.

At Kulanche they rode up in front of Old Man Geiger's office, who is justice of the peace.

"Wait here a minute," says Homer, and went inside. Pretty soon he come out and got her. "Come on, now," he says, "I got it all fixed."

And Minna goes in, thinking mebbe she's got to swear to an affidavit or something that Homer couldn't get a fair trial among people knowing he regarded little ones as so many cockroaches or something to step on.

She got some shock when Homer took her inside and held her tight by the wrist while Old Man Geiger married 'em. That's about the way it was. She says she was so weak she could hardly stand up, and she hadn't hardly any voice at all left. But she kept on saying "Why, Homer!" and "Oh, Homer!" and "No, no, Homer!" as soon as she discovered that she had been dragged off to a fate she had always regarded as worse than death; but a lot of good it done her to say them things in a voice not much better than a whisper.

And the dreadful thing was over before she could get strength to say anything more powerful. There she was, married to a man she thought highly of, it's true, and had a great sympathy for in the foul wrong one of her sex had tried to slip over on him; but a man she had never thought of marrying. I'm telling you what she told me. And after sentence had been pronounced she kept on saying "Why, Homer!" and "Oh, Homer!" and "No, no, Homer!" till there was nothing to do but get some clothes out of her trunk that she'd left down there in time to take the narrow gauge for their wedding tour to Spokane.

The news spread over the valley next day like a brush fire in August. It was startling! Like the newspapers say of a suicide, "No cause could be assigned for the rash act." They was away ten days and come back to find that the whole country was again giving Homer the laugh because Mrs. Tolliver had up and married a prosperous widower from over in Surprise Valley, and had never brought any suit against him.

It was said that even the late Mrs. Tolliver was laughing heartily at him.

Homer didn't seem to care, and Minna certainly didn't. She was the old-fashioned kind of wife, a kind you don't hear much of nowadays; the kind that regards her husband as perfect, and looks up to him. She told me about this tumultuous wedding. Neither of 'em had had time for any talk till they got on the train. Then it come out. She says why ever did Homer do such a monstrous thing? And Homer says:

"Well, you told me a change of Venus was the only way out for me ——"

"I said a change of venue," says Minna.

"It sounded like change of Venus," says Homer, "and I knew Venus was the god of love. And you said you was willing and I knew we was congenial, and I was a desperate man; and so here we are!"

So she cried on his shoulder for twenty miles while he ate a box of figs.

Homer is now a solid citizen, with his money put into a place down at the lower end of the valley, instead of lying in the bank at the mercy of some unscrupulous woman with little ones. And here this summer, with his own work light, he's been helping me out as riding boss; or, at least, I been lavishing money on him for that.

A fine, dependable hand too! Here was this bunch of stock to be got in from Madeline—them Bolsheviki ain't gathered more'n two-thirds of 'em; and there's more to come in from over Horse Fly Mountain way, and still another bunch from out of the Sheep Creek country—the busiest month in a bad year, when I needed every man, woman and child to be had, and here comes Homer, the mush-head, taking two days off!

"Yes'm, Mis' Pettengill; I just got to take time off to go down to Red Gap. It's a matter of life and death. Yes'm; it is. No'm; I wouldn't dast send anyone, and Minna agrees I'm the only one to go ——" Shucks!

The lady built a cigarette and, after lighting it, turned back to scan the mesa we had descended. The cattle now crowded down the narrow way into the valley, their dust mounting in a high, slow cloud.

"Call yourself a cowman, do you?" she demanded of the absent Homer. "Huh!" Then we rode on.

"What was the matter of life and death?" I asked.

Ma Pettengill expelled cigarette smoke venomously from inflated nostrils like a tired dragon.

"The matter of life and death was that he had to get two teething rings for the twins."

"Twins!"

"Oh, the valley got its final laugh at Homer! Twins, sure! Most of us laughed heartily, though there was mothers that said it was God's judgment on the couple. Of course Homer and Minna ain't took it that way. They took it more like they had been selected out of the whole world as a couple worthy to have a blessed miracle happen to 'em. There might of been single babies born now and then to common folks, but never a case of twins—and twins like these! Marvels of strength and beauty, having to be guarded day and night against colic and kidnapers.

"They had 'em down to the post office at Kulanche the other day showing 'em off, each one in a red shawl; and sneering at people with only one. And this imbecile Homer says to me:

"'Of course it can't be hoped,' he says, 'that this great world war will last that long; but if it could last till these boys was in shape to fight I bet it wouldn't last much after that. Yes, sir; little Roosevelt and Pershing would soon put an end to that scrap!'

"And now they're teething and got to have rubber rings. And no, he couldn't send anyone down for 'em; and he couldn't order 'em by mail either, because they got to be just the right kind.

"'Poor little Pershing is right feverish with his gums,' says Homer, 'but little Roosevelt has got a front one through already. He bit my thumb yesterday with it—darned near to the bone. He did so!'

"Calls hisself a cowman, does he? He might of been—once. Now he ain't no more than a woman's home companion!"

Davis Portable Electric Sewing Machines

The Davis Portable Electric Sewing Machine is ideally meeting war-time conditions of conservation, efficiency and economy.

And in doing that it is establishing for itself a permanent and preferred place in the homes of America.

It is enabling the housewife to do a larger proportion of the family sewing because of its completeness, and its numerous labor-saving attachments for ruffling, tucking, quilting, binding, hemming, felling and many other things.

It is enabling her to do her work in much less time and with much less physical effort, because the Davis is operated by electricity and is simply and easily controlled by a touch of the foot.

The Davis Portable Electric also harmonizes fully with the Government plans for the conservation of materials and transportation.

It is light and compact, requiring in its manufacture only half the iron and sixty per cent. less wood than the ordinary type of sewing machine.

It occupies only one-quarter of the shipping space of the ordinary machine. It is light and easily carried about.

We back this trade mark with our reputation

Time, Energy, Materials—all are conserved by the introduction and use of the Davis Portable Electric.

It is complete and will do every kind of sewing that can be done on any sewing machine.

It is simple in construction and easily operated.

It is artistic in design and decoration, rich and beautiful in finish.

There are many exclusive Davis points of superiority. The Davis dealer will be glad to explain these to you.

There are three models—the price range is $39.75 to $51.50. West of the Rockies, $2.00 additional. Write for catalog.

An Ideal War-Time Christmas Present

THE DAVIS SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, DAYTON, OHIO

Manufacturers of Sewing Machines since 1862

The Advertisement We Did Not Use —and Why

For Hands That Rocked The Cradles

MOTHERS of the boys at the fighting front are giving more than their sons they are giving *themselves*, their time, ability, and labor to the at-home-work necessary to win the war.

For their Red Cross and numerous other activities a time-saving, energy-conserving car, such as Lexington, is of inestimable value to their personal efficiency, and, in the aggregate, to their country.

Essentially a service car, it also affords maximum comfort, convenience, and refinement—it is a sound investment.

The value of its exclusive Moore Multiple Exhaust System (which increases power and makes a substantial saving in fuel) is emphasized by the present-day economy spirit.

Write us for complete information on all Lexington models.

Five-passenger Touring Car, $1685. Five-passenger Touring Car, with two auxiliary seats, $1785. Five-passenger Convertible Sedan, with two auxiliary seats, $1985. The Five-passenger Coupelet, $2450; Four-passenger Sedanette, $2550, Four-passenger Coupe, $2650, Five-passenger Salon Sedan, with two auxiliary seats, $2750; Five-passenger Limousine-Brougham $3250.

All prices f. o. b. factory and subject to change without notice. Wire wheels $100 additional on all models listed above.

Lexington Motor Company **Connersville, Ind., U. S. A.**

A VERY natural thing happened when the public learned there was a shortage of passenger cars. Not knowing when they could again purchase a new car, thousands sought to protect themselves.

Many even, who in other times would have been content with a car of lesser quality, were eager for a car of the highest quality, one that would insure them the best of service over the longest period of time.

The logical result was a tremendously increased demand for Lexington cars that came as a climax to our sales increase of 1000% in three years.

Because of the ten large factories, specializing in automobile parts that are affiliated with and that contribute to Lexington, we were hoping to accommodate a limited number of the overwhelming requests without interfering with our Government work.

With this in view, we had prepared the above advertisement to direct the sale of Lexington cars into channels where *most needed by war-winning citizens.*

Then Washington asked us to get upon a 100% war basis. In cheerfully complying with this request, we are *working for you.*

But our after-the-war plans are already well under way and when victory is assured we will be in an even *better position* to serve Lexington owners and Lexington dealers.

Frank B. Ansted

President, Lexington Motor Company, Connersville, Ind.

Also on a War-Basis, Industries Associated with Lexington

Indiana Lamp Company	*Central Manufacturing Company*	*Rex Manufacturing Company*	*Metal Auto Parts Company*	*Connersville Blower Company*
Hoosier Castings Company	*Teetor-Hartley Motor Corporation*	*Ansted Engineering Company*	*Wainwright Engineering Company*	*Standard Parts Company—Ansted Plant*

CAMPING ON FIFTH

(Continued from Page 14)

"No, Marie; but Mr. Barnard is to have an early breakfast and I wish to join him."

"He rose so early! I am afraid it is my fault."

"Your fault?"

"I made a cry in the hall. It was Monsieur Doucette that I mistook for a thief."

"I had not heard."

"It was before the sun was up. I heard a noise and thought it was you. There was not much light, and when I saw Monsieur Doucette—oh!"

She placed her hand to her heart.

"But why should he be about before light?"

"It is so they do in the woods, madame."

"They do many strange things in the woods," suggested madame.

"*Ma foi*, they seem strange to us here, but there—they do not seem so strange."

Madame was not more than half dressed when she heard a medley of noises, and Barnard burst into the room with Albert. The lad's hair was tousled and he did not look as though his face had been washed, while his clothes, usually so immaculate, looked as though they had been thrown upon him. But the boy himself was laughing and evidently wholly pleased. Behind the boy and his father Julie followed, in tears.

"It is not my fault, madame," she protested.

"Who said it was?" demanded Barnard aggressively.

"It is not reasonable to rouse a boy at this hour and expect one to dress him properly in ten minutes."

"Who said it was? All I asked was that he be dressed."

"Henry!" broke in madame.

"Good Lord! When I was a boy I used to dress myself in five minutes," declared Barnard.

"I could do it, too, if she left me alone," chipped in Albert with spirit.

"I believe it." Barnard backed him up approvingly. "You haven't had a show."

From below came a shout from Pierre.

"Grub's ready."

"Right!" Barnard shouted back. "Ready, Beth?"

"Henry!" she cried.

"Slip on a wrapper or something and come down," he pleaded.

Here Julie broke in.

"I cannot endure this longer. I—I must protest with my resignation."

"Accepted!" declared Barnard without hesitation.

Mrs. Barnard was aghast.

"Really, Julie, you should consider——"

"Consider nothing," interrupted Barnard. "We'll worry along without her. I didn't realize until now how helpless the lad is getting."

Mrs. Barnard sank back.

"François gone; the kitchen maid gone; and now Julie! Where is this going to end?"

Again the voice from below—grown more peremptory.

"Grub's ready!"

"Come on," urged Barnard. "The eggs won't be good if cold."

Even then Mrs. Barnard found it impossible to make the necessary effort, but by some magic Marie slipped on a morning gown before she had time to protest. Then Barnard seized one arm and the boy the other, and she was on her way.

She moved as though in some topsy-turvy dream. In the cold light of this early morning she scarcely recognized her own surroundings as she proceeded down the stairs. In the lower hall she met John, attired in his dusting clothes—a strange figure, who with staring eyes scarcely knew whether to greet the odd procession or to run. So with popping eyes he merely stood aside as they passed the drawing-room, then the dining room, and went on out of sight into the kitchen—a spectral troop that left him cold and clammy.

It was the sight of Pierre that brought Mrs. Barnard back to consciousness, as it were. He looked perfectly natural and normal. He greeted her with a *bon jour* and a smile without turning his attention from the frying eggs on the stove.

"Brought along another one," announced Barnard, pointing to the boy. "Son, this is Pierre; and, God willing, he'll show you some day a real world up among the trees."

Albert strode forward doubtfully with his white hand extended. He had never before met anyone just like this man. Pierre was too busy to shake, but he nodded.

"Hello, sonny," he said. "Just take this johnnycake and shove it on the table."

He handed Albert a plate from the warming shelf and so initiated the lad into the first useful act of household service he had ever performed. The boy accomplished his task with credit. Then he returned and watched Pierre manipulate the eggs in the frying pan with quite as much curiosity as he might have watched a magician.

"You good for one or two?" inquired Pierre of Albert.

Mrs. Barnard answered.

"I think Julie gives him one, coddled."

"Bah!" exploded Barnard. "I guess he can join the rest of us this morning. Besides, Julie's gone. Fry one for the boy, Pierre."

So Pierre did, and then sat down at the table with the others. Here was a fresh revelation for Albert. He had always looked upon those who performed the household duties as a separate caste, moving in a world apart. Here was a man who not only could cook the breakfast but sit down and eat it with the rest of the family as though this were the most matter-of-fact thing in the world.

"Try the boy on some of your French," suggested Barnard.

Pierre's French was not Julie's French, but the lad understood it just as well and found it decidedly more interesting. Pierre was not overfussy about details of grammar, but his conversation had more content than Julie's. It seemed that he used his language to convey thought rather than rules. He spoke of fishing and hunting in response to Albert's eager questioning. Several times he broke out with astonished exclamations to Barnard.

"Eh—is that right? Is it possible this boy here has never caught a fish or seen a woodchuck or shot a partridge?"

"He is only nine," apologized Mrs. Barnard.

"But at the age of nine—*tiens*, I will tell you of what I did at the age of nine."

What Pierre did at the age of nine was nothing less than to go out on Baldface Mountain and shoot a black bear. Barnard and his son followed the narrative breathlessly, while Mrs. Barnard shuddered at thought of Albert in a similar situation. It was to her astounding that parents should have allowed such a thing. Albert had a popgun and in the nursery had shot at cardboard bears, but then only under the eagle eye of Julie, who was instructed always to stand behind him.

"M'sieur," concluded Pierre, "you should send this boy home with me and I will teach him how to shoot. *Sacré*—he is almost a man now, and he might find it useful when he goes to war."

"To war!" gasped Mrs. Barnard. "He is only a baby."

But Albert exchanged a glance with Pierre—a glance of understanding comradeship that seemed to seal a compact between them. It was a compact of friendship to which Barnard nodded approval with a quickening of his heart.

"You two ought to spend the morning in the park," he suggested. "I want the boy to hear more about the woods."

"We will," declared Albert. "We will explore some of the paths Julie would never take. And it is possible that we may find a bear even in the park—eh, Pierre?"

"Always everything is possible," nodded Pierre cryptically.

IV

WITHIN the next two days John, the chambermaid and the laundress gave their notices. This in spite of the fact that Marie had turned to and done the cooking for the servants while Pierre took the place of François for the family. But this did nothing to disguise the fact that the whole house was disorganized. When John came to Mrs. Barnard as spokesman for the others madame was forced to admit as much.

"My service with you has been very pleasant," explained John magnanimously, "but as things are going now——"

What his silence expressed was that this was no longer a proper place for a well-trained servant. His professional reputation was at stake, to say nothing of his life.

Calarab Figbuds

50 Figbuds 50 cents

Keep the spirit of Christmas. Now more than ever before the world needs it. A gift that carries much joy and happiness is a box of CALARAB FIGBUDS. The fifty pieces in one box will bring fifty happy smiles—and all for fifty cents.

What would this small price buy in a pound of any other candy that can compare with fascinating FIGBUDS. The box of candy that gives the greatest pleasure to the most people. The candy that will help keep the spirit of Christmas wherever it goes—and the cost so little

A candy novelty—"The world's confection" from California.

Buy Figbuds from these firms

ARK.—Oliver Finnie Co., Hot Springs
The Gus Co., Warren
ALA.—Schloss Kahn Co., Montgomery
CONN.—J. C. Worth & Co., Norwich
Newton Robinson Co., Hartford
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Fowler Fleming Co., Hartford
W. W. Wheeler & Co., Hartford
Goodwin Drug Co., Hartford
[illegible]
Edw. P. Hall & Son, New Haven
C. W. Whitney & Co., New Haven
City Pharmacy, New Haven
Hewitt Bro. Co., Waterbury
CALIF.—Goldberg, Bowen & Co., San Francisco
Hooper & Jennings, San Francisco
Gale Bros., San Francisco
[illegible] San Francisco
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J. W. Hopper, San Francisco
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Koerber Holtum Co., San Jose
Holmes-Johnson, Oakland
[illegible] Oakland
[illegible] Oakland
[illegible] Stockton
CANADA—J. A. Paterson Ltd., Vancouver
[illegible]
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Jenna Irwin & Co., Ltd., Calgary, Alta.
COLO.—A. J. Beckwith Co., Denver
J. S. Brown Mer. Co., Denver
Mercantile Co., Denver
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Baker Mer. Co., Pueblo
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WASH., D. C.—J. H. Magruder Co.
Woodward & Lothrop, Inc.
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[illegible]
[illegible]
C. G. Conn, Ltd., Sup.
FLA.—C. Revio, Key West
Lewis Burton & Co., St. Petersburg
GA.—Taylor Bayne Drug Co., Macon
[illegible] Atlanta
IDAHO—Watts & Bender Co., Wallace
[illegible]
ILL.—Tibbetts-Garland Store, Chicago
McNeil & Higgins Co., Chicago
Rothschild & Co., Chicago
H. Travsey & Co., Chicago
John Wanamaker, Chicago
IND.—Geo. Hitz & Co., Indianapolis
IOWA—Dubuque Fruit Co., Dubuque
Schroeder-Klein Co., Dubuque
F. P. Shaw & Sons, Mason City
[illegible] Hoffman Co., Waterloo
Todd Kratz Co., Des Moines
KANS.—Dockum Drug Co., Wichita
McCoy Candy Co., Wichita
John Kaul & Son, Hutton
LA.—Godchaux Bear Co., New Orleans
A. M. & J. Sugar Ltd., New Orleans
MICH.—[illegible]
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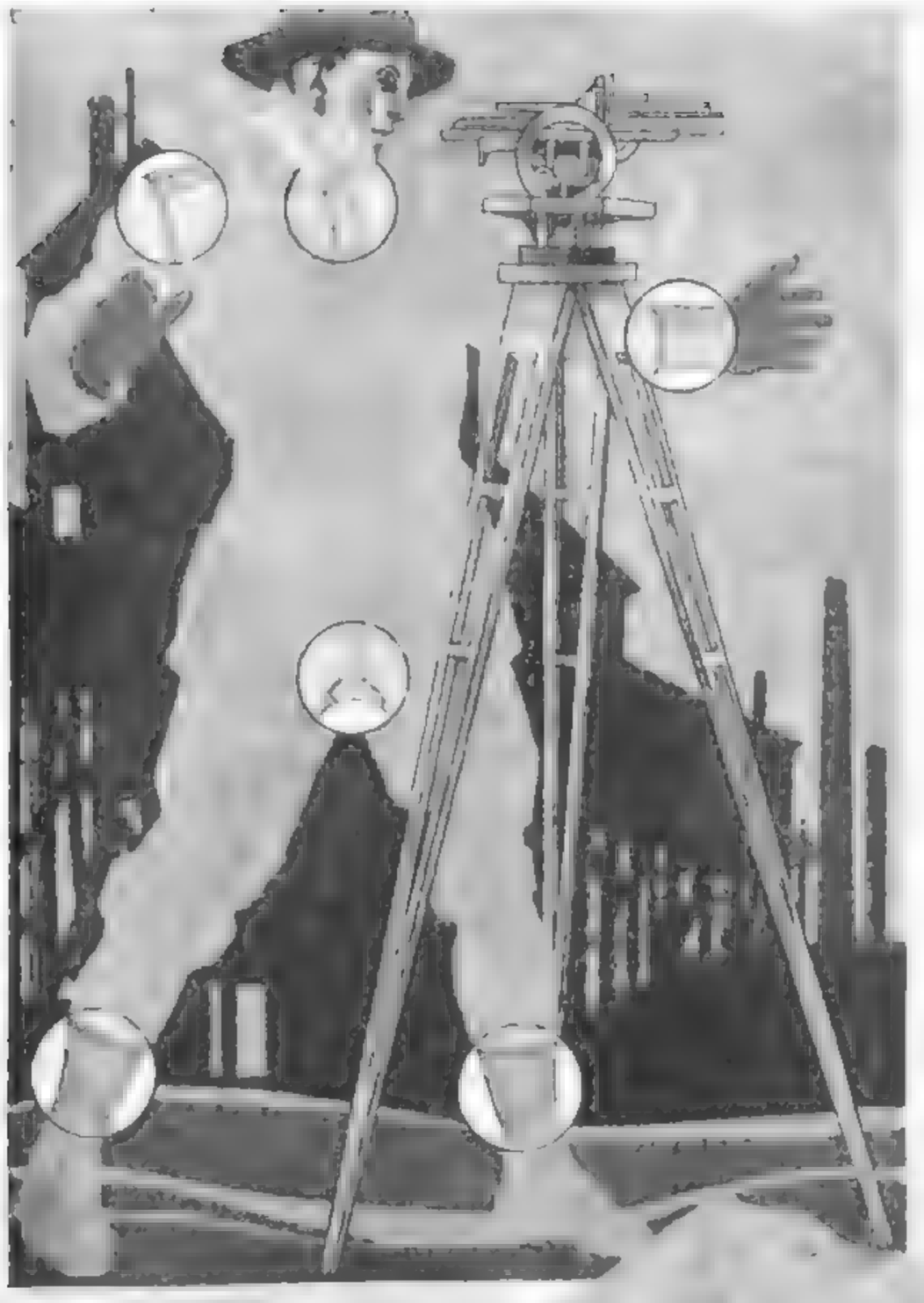

Unusual warmth, comfort and economy!

Guarantee

We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely — every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

Greatest winter underwear sold at popular prices—

Union Suits **HANES** Shirts and Drawers

ELASTIC KNIT UNDERWEAR

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Warning to the Trade—Any garment offered as Hanes is a substitute unless it bears the "Hanes" label.

This label on every garment. HANES Buy none without it.

Certainly that man Pierre gave him many a hard look. Not only that but he inflicted upon him many indignities. Once Pierre stopped him in the hall with the abrupt question: "How many years have you?"

John, still uncertain of the exact status of the man in the house, replied: "That is my affair."

"But yes," admitted Pierre. "Only I will bet a nickel to a doughnut that you are not yet forty."

John flushed uncomfortably.

"Well?" he demanded.

"In the English Army they take men of forty-five," replied Pierre.

That was all, but it touched John on a sensitive spot. He was still a British subject, as certain recruiting officers had upon opportunity reminded him. Fighting, however, was foreign to his nature.

Madame, seeing disaster ahead, tried to reason with him.

"This confusion is only temporary, I am sure," she said. "If you will remain another month."

"Is your guest to remain that long?" ventured John.

"I cannot tell," replied Mrs. Barnard. Then with a saving sense of the impudence of that remark she added: "I certainly trust so!"

"I must ask that my resignation take effect at once, then."

"Very well," answered Mrs. Barnard. "You are speaking for the others, too, I suppose?"

"Yes, madame."

"Then tell them that they are all at liberty to go at once. I will make out checks for them."

Which she promptly did, surprised at her own nerve, but feeling assured of the hearty backing of her husband—though unable to imagine where this matter was going to end. It left her with Marie alone—Marie, who merely laughed when she heard of it.

"We will manage somehow," she declared to madame. "That Monsieur Doucette—he is wonderful."

"But, my dear," gasped madame, "it is an extraordinary situation to have one's guest preparing one's meals! That cannot continue. Besides—who is to make the beds and open the door and ——"

She gave it up.

"Monsieur Pierre makes his own bed every morning," declared Marie. "Rose told me that."

"Makes his own bed?"

"It is not so difficult," smiled Marie. "And this noon—what do you think?"

Madame did not venture a guess.

"He is teaching Master Albert to make biscuit."

"Albert!"

"They are pretending this is a camp in the woods and they have just returned from a bear hunt. Fancy—and they have only been walking in the park."

"I'm afraid Albert will get too tired."

"At the start perhaps, but M'sieur Doucette says that in a few days he will find his legs."

If at lunch that day Albert was tired his condition was not reflected in his appetite. Marie, in place of Julie, sat by the boy's side at table in the kitchen to prepare his food, but she found little to do except to enjoy her own meal, for with the eyes of Pierre upon him Albert insisted upon tending to his own needs.

It was as surprising a luncheon as Mrs. Barnard had ever partaken of. It consisted of pork scraps fried to a crisp brown with the sweet fat serving as a gravy for the boiled potatoes. With biscuit made of half oatmeal flour and half wheat, that was the entire lunch. There was not even a sweet at the end. It seems the trick was to eat enough of these simple dishes not to want anything more. That was what Pierre, Marie and the boy did, and if Mrs. Barnard was not quite so successful in eating as much as the others she found herself in the end quite satisfied. And then because the others remained to clean the dishes and leave the room tidy she herself stayed on.

"But it is not necessary," explained Marie. "With so few dishes it is very easy."

Indeed it seemed to be, because they were less than half an hour about it. After this Mrs. Barnard suggested that the chauffeur be summoned and they all go for a ride.

"As for me I will walk," declared Pierre.

"And I will go with Pierre," added Albert.

Had Marie been able to express her own preference she certainly would have joined the two men. It was a long time since as a girl she had lived in the Canadian woods, but Pierre was bringing back to her with every minute the glory of those childhood days. She was ten years old when her parents had moved from the farm to a mill town, and from there to New York. She had almost forgotten that dim past, but now as it came back to her it left her with a strange yearning. It was as though she saw in the eyes of Pierre Doucette—eyes still retaining the full vigor of primal strength—the dew-fresh, tree-filled world in which she had used to dream.

"But why should you walk?" exclaimed madame.

Pierre answered for the boy. "It's a man's way of getting round," he said.

Albert impulsively crossed to his mother's side. He put his arms about her neck—something he had not done since a baby.

"You come too," he pleaded.

With her heart beating as wildly as at the call of a lover she bent over the lad's lips and, looking into his eager eyes, kissed him.

■

DAY after day passed, and Mrs. Barnard made no effort to replace John or François or any of the maids. The situation was absurd—impossible; and yet it did not seem to disturb anyone. Quite naturally and unaffectedly she had fallen into the way of rising at dawn and dressing herself. Then because she had a good deal of time left upon her hands she ventured to make her own bed and tidy her room. It really was a simple matter, calling for neither a high degree of intelligence nor an exhausting outlay of manual labor. And it left her with a satisfying sense of intimacy with her own belongings. Because of her personal touch this room became more peculiarly her own room than it had ever been. Marie at first protested, but Mrs. Barnard only smiled—a new smile that was like the rebirth of an old smile.

"You look after Albert's room," she said.

"But Albert will not permit me. He says that Pierre told him that a good hunter attended to his own camp."

Mrs. Barnard laughed.

"Soon," she said a bit anxiously, "there will be nothing left for us women to do."

There was the rest of the house, to be sure, but it was at Barnard's suggestion that most of the other rooms were closed as for the summer.

"A place to sleep in, the kitchen to eat in, and the library for a living room—what more do we need?" he demanded.

"But, Henry ——"

Always at first she was startled into a protest at these radical innovations, but when she attempted to justify her protest she was left baffled.

"If anyone should call?" she asked.

"Show them to the library," Barnard answered promptly.

"But with John gone ——"

"There is Marie. If she is not able to open the door call on Pierre or Albert."

"No," she replied, "I will open it myself."

Barnard's eyes brightened.

"After all, why not, Beth? It used to be a pleasant custom for the hostess to meet her guests at the threshold."

It was the next evening that she opened the door for her husband. He stood a moment in the hall, startled at the strangeness of it. Then without even glancing round to make sure he was not seen, he stooped and kissed his wife's lips.

"Wife o' mine," he whispered, "this makes it seem like home."

So a month passed. In the meantime Henry, the chauffeur, left. That disturbed no one, for in the last two weeks he had not been used. It seems Pierre and Albert had fallen into the way of walking halfway downtown to meet Barnard, and he had fallen into the habit of walking halfway uptown to meet them. The exercise was good for him, and when it rained he had only to step into a taxi.

It was toward the middle of June that Pierre made an abrupt announcement that startled this little group as much as an aerial bomb falling fair upon the roof would have done. They were sitting in the library after supper, including even Marie, who was knitting in a corner.

"*Bien*," said Pierre, "to-morrow I return."

Marie dropped a stitch and gave a little gasp; Mrs. Barnard, who had been reading the evening paper aloud, sat bolt upright; Albert rose to his feet, and Barnard himself frowned.

"The deuce you are!" he exclaimed.

(Concluded on Page 85)

COMMUNITY PLATE
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Hebe (pronounced He-be) in ancient mythology was cup bearer to the gods on Mount Olympus. Buoyant, beautiful, appealing, she served the nectar to them, and typified youth, health and happiness.

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Hebe is a compound of evaporated separated milk and edible vegetable fat, the latter pressed from the white meat of the cocoanut and highly refined. Separated milk, largely neglected for use by the human family, and cocoanut fat are high in food values and Hebe retains the nutritive qualities of both, scientifically combined—nothing is added.

Hebe has been tested and approved by expert chefs and domestic science teachers. Thousands of housewives are using it in their cooking and baking with excellent results.

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The Hebe Company, 3201 Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

(Concluded from Page 82)

"To-morrow," nodded Pierre, pulling thoughtfully at his corncob pipe.

"But, good Lord," protested Barnard, "you can't go away and leave us like this!"

"I can remain here no longer and do nothing," answered Pierre. "Yesterday I called again at the recruiting office. They asked of me only one question: How old? When I told them they said only Next! They are as big fools here as in Durham. Or it seems that I am a big fool myself and am an old man without knowing it. Yes—perhaps it is that."

As he raised his eyes he met the eyes of Marie in the corner. She had rested her knitting in her lap. The color left her face, returned and went again.

Albert crept nearer to Pierre's side.

"Don't go," he pleaded.

Barnard brought his fist down upon his knee.

"Good heavens, Pierre, you shall not go! You don't realize what you have come to mean here. You say you want to help win the war?"

"*Nom de Dieu*," exclaimed Pierre, "if they would only permit me one shot at a Hun! That is all I ask just one to make my life mean something."

"Yes," answered Barnard more quietly. "That is what we should all like. In some ways it is easier to play the game with all staked on a single throw. But that is the privilege of youth. The magnificent moments are for the young. And yet, without us, the older ones, they could not avail themselves of it. Back of those in the front lines are those in the second and third lines; back of them again are others, and back of them still others. So in time it gets back to us, Pierre you and I doing our daily, plodding, undramatic bit far away from the battle line

"We don't make much of a spectacle, but we count, Pierre. We count a lot because there are so many of us. They've taken only two or three million out of a hundred million. Multiply everything we do as individuals by ninety-five million if you want to realize the power in us Ninety-five million times every dollar saved is ninety-five million dollars; ninety-five million times every pound of sugar saved is ninety-five million pounds; ninety-five million times every stocking knitted is ninety-five million stockings; ninety-five million times every extra hour worked is ninety-five million more hours."

"But I "

"You've helped me to do better work ever since you've been here, Pierre. I sleep better, eat better, work harder and longer because of you. And what you've done for me you've done for the boy, and that's going to count in the years ahead, which will call on us as insistently as the days we are living now."

"And you've done that for me too," added Mrs. Barnard.

Again Pierre met the eyes of Marie. She said nothing, but Pierre felt as though he drank a glass of wine.

"I don't understand," he murmured.

"You'll break up the camp if you go," said Barnard.

"*Bien*," said Pierre. "Then then I remain."

Marie went on with her knitting.

VI

MRS. BARNARD sat before her writing desk staring at some of the most astounding figures that she had ever dealt with. She had been over them three times, and they stubbornly refused to budge from the final result. This in face of the fact that the result was manifestly incorrect—manifestly impossible. According to the tabulation before her the household expenses for this past week amounted to a trifle less than seventy-five dollars. This included twenty dollars for Marie and thirty-five dollars to the garage—and the latter as far as she could see could be very easily cut out by the simple process of selling the cars, which were no longer used. This would leave actual necessary expenses of only forty dollars out of her bedrock weekly allowance of seven hundred and fifty.

Clearly something was wrong here. Either she had left out a cipher or two or got the decimal in the wrong place, as she had sometimes done before. She went over the bills again, and the result came out just the same. Still she would not believe her eyes. Because, for one thing, she had done this last week no conscious economizing. Pierre had ordered of the grocer whatever he wished, and all had had what they wanted to eat. In fact, Albert had actually gained in weight, and she had an uncomfortable suspicion that she herself had, though she refused to put this to the test. Then—where were the bills?

It was a mystery—a deep, unfathomable mystery, and she could scarcely wait for her husband to come home that night to have her error pointed out. She met him at the door, as she did quite naturally now, and while Pierre and Albert went down to the kitchen to prepare supper she followed him to his room. He went up the stairs like a boy, with his cheeks aglow after his brisk walk. He had to let himself out pretty well to keep pace with Pierre's long strides on these daily hikes.

"Henry," she said as soon as they were alone, "I hate to bother you with figures before supper, but I've got so mixed up on my accounts that I couldn't enjoy my meal without having them straightened."

"In the hole so soon?" he grinned. "Let's see your figures."

She handed him her brief memorandum.

"Where's the rest?" he inquired as he glanced at it.

"That's the trouble," she frowned. "I can't find anything more."

"Lost the bills?"

"There aren't any more bills."

He studied the items and then stared at the total.

"But look here!" he protested. "You figured on thirty-seven thousand a year. That's roughly at the rate of three thousand a month, seven hundred and fifty a week. You were down to bedrock then, and yet this last week you've only spent, according to this, seventy-five dollars."

"Perhaps it's the adding," she ventured.

He shook his head.

"That's O.K.; and this includes a week's wages for Marie."

"That makes it even worse—doesn't it?" she frowned.

"Twenty dollars worse," he nodded. "What in the world have you been trying to do?"

She looked disturbed.

"I haven't been trying at all—that's the trouble. It—it just came out that way itself. Are you sure I haven't changed a decimal?"

"No," he answered. "The decimals are all right."

"Then ——"

"Why, it's we who have changed," he exclaimed as though he had made a great discovery. "Jove, that's it! You and I and the boy have changed! We've pulled free. We've joined the great movement. We've found a way to simple things—right here on Fifth."

"Oh," she cried, "I'm so glad—so glad it isn't just a mistake!"

VII

THE recruiting officers had done their best to make Pierre Doucette feel like an old man. Twice without as much as giving him a chance to prove the steadiness of his hand, the keenness of his eyes, the powers of his sinewy body, they had curtly dismissed him. In view of the fact that his grandfather had lived to be ninety and that his father had died of an accident only recently at the age of seventy, it seemed strange to be called old at forty. It seemed stranger still whenever he looked into the tender, laughing eyes of Marie, because then—then he felt even younger than he had at twenty. It was she who made it possible for him to remain here in the midst of the turmoil of a million and more people; it was she who made him see only the sky and the sun and stars—the things above, which were identical with those above the north woods. It was she who filled him with new hopes and new ambitions and set the world to vibrating.

But Pierre Doucette did not purpose to make a fool of himself. It might be true that he was old, but he did not intend to be an old fool And so as much as it was possible he avoided those dangerous eyes that made him forget himself. As much as possible, yes, but when one lived in the same house with such a woman and met her, in spite of all precautions, on the stairs in the early morning, and found oneself alone with her in the kitchen while preparing breakfast, with no possibility of escape, and met her a dozen times during the day, and sat in the same room with her in the evening—*Nom de Dieu*, a man must needs be old indeed not to feel his blood run faster! And this was not one day alone but many days.

She called him Pierre now, and no one had ever spoken his name as she did. It had never meant very much until he heard it from her lips. But when, in the ordinary course of conversation, she said "Pierre" his heart leaped like the heart of a youth of twenty. And so he felt until he recalled the recruiting officers. Then he brought his lips together as he used to do when on the last mile of a long trail that called for all his strength.

And he said to himself: "Pierre Doucette—you are old, but, by gar, that does not mean that you need be an old fool!"

When he did that and answered her sharply the eyes of Marie grew big with wonder, and there was a trace of hurt in them. It took all the courage he had to stand grimly silent before that look. But what would you—if a man was too old to fight, was he not too old to love? There should be officers to settle that question. It would have been a simple matter could he have gone up to a man in uniform and said: "I love this girl Marie. I am forty years old. What do you think, eh?"

But the Government took no interest in such matters. Whether a man loved a maid or not was his own affair. It had nothing to do with the great war. And yet perhaps it was just this kind of love that accounted for the eagerness with which the young men threw themselves into the fight. There were women and children at stake the world over.

There should be a judge to decide whether he were too old to love or not. And one day in June in the early morning he found the judge. It was curious that he had never thought of it before. He found his judge in this very house, in the very room with him. He found his judge sitting in calm seclusion on the bench waiting to answer his question. He was at the stove when he turned and looked into the eyes of Marie. There, far back in them, sat the judge—the only judge in the world, when you stopped to think about it, qualified to render a decision in such a matter. Pierre Doucette caught his breath.

And then he said with a quaver in his voice: "Marie—I am forty years old. They tell me I am too old to fight, but I—I love you very much. Am I too old for that?"

"Pierre!" she exclaimed.

He stood very erect.

"You have only to say yes or no and I will never speak of it again," said Pierre

"You ask if you are too old?"

"But yes."

Marie's cheeks grew scarlet.

"And all the time," she said—"all the time I thought you did not ask me because you thought me too young."

After such an answer as that, how is a man going to decide what he is too old for and what not?

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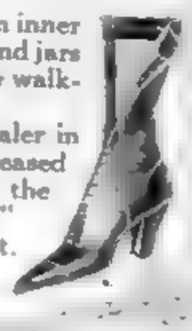

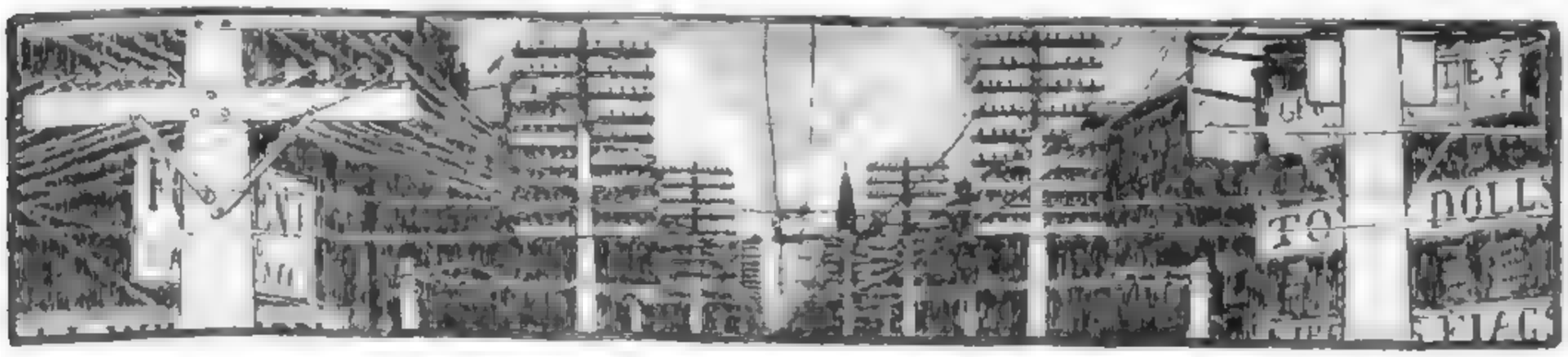

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and stop the waste and trouble. The Inland Piston Ring is absolutely gas-tight because it has no gap and because it uncoils in a perfect circle. Its patented Spiral cut construction causes it to cling against the cylinder wall all around, making a positively gas-tight seal. The Spiral Cut produces an absolutely gas-tight ring in *one-piece*, which makes it *low* priced, saving you money over any other type of gas-tight ring. This construction also makes the Inland strongest and most durable because it is of equal width and thickness all around—no weak or thin places.

Overhaul now! There may be a scarcity of new cars. Don't let your car get "down and out" from failure to keep it in condition. Put your car in A-1 shape *now*. See your garage man about Inlands today.

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Inland Machine Works, 813 Mound St., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

THE CONTROL OF RAW MATERIALS

(Continued from Page 6)

In connection with potash the writer is moved to make comment upon the oft-repeated story that Germany is storing up potash in order to be able to flood the markets of the world after the establishment of peace. Tales are also told of the storing up of immense supplies of coal-tar dyes, toys and even of textiles. The writer believes these tales were made in Germany. The reception accorded to these rumors in France and England seems to depend entirely upon the individual outlook. Hauser, in France, has laid considerable stress upon these rumors. Other writers discredit them entirely. The writer was unable in 1916 to secure evidence that Germany was storing up anything for post-war sale except toys, dyes and porcelains. The operations of the potash mines were reduced to what was practically a bankruptcy level, some of the mines were flooded, and the cartel for three years has been substantially subsidized by the state.

Germany is so short of textiles that it is difficult to suppose that she has any of the fast-dyed German cloths stored up. There was for a time, unquestionably, an accumulation of dyes. Gradually, however, with the greater encroachment of the munitions program upon the dye industry, with the increased scarcity of coal tar for nonmilitary purposes, and with progressive scarcity of coal and labor, this ceased to exist. As a matter of fact Swiss manufacturers are to-day buying American dyes because they cannot secure them in Germany, though Germany endeavors to supply the neutral nations surrounding her with all possible commodities in order to secure foodstuffs from them. A search of the trade relations of Germany with Switzerland, Holland and the Scandinavian countries through the past two years does not indicate that Germany is storing up material amounts of anything for after-war trade purposes.

Germany's Stolen Equipment

Large amounts of toys were made in the huts of peasants and mountaineers in the more secluded districts of Germany. Germany had of course a large production of toys of a purely industrial type. Germany has no tin. She has abundant supplies of zinc and aluminum, and successful substitutes for tin have been developed since the war. But though to some extent manufacture of toys has continued during the war the scarcity of textiles and other raw materials has made itself felt. We may be sure that there can be no large accumulation of toys. That there was this tendency in policy cannot be questioned; there was early in the war a certain measure of success, but it has not been maintained. In one respect Germany has increased her equipment. She has robbed Poland, Belgium and Northern France of the equipment of textile plants, enough to increase her output of textiles if she could secure cotton. The terms of peace must not allow Germany to exploit the world with stolen equipment.

Another illustration is afforded, though in the opposite direction, by the blockade of Germany as applied to nitrates and phosphates. Germany had always drawn enormous amounts of nitrate from Chile. Lacking nitrates within the boundaries of the Central Powers, Germany proceeded to perfect methods for the synthesis of nitric acid and ammonia. The raw materials are air and water; required are electrical current for the production of nitric acid from the air, and coal plus pressure for the production of ammonia from air and water. The process of manufacture of ammonia by the Haber method has been so perfected in Germany that on the basis of pre-war cost Germany will not after the war import for chemical or agricultural purposes nitrate from Chile. One great advantage of the processes of synthesis is the ability to effect combinations. One can prepare cyanamide from coal and nitrogen of the air, and then either apply this to the soil directly as a fertilizer or convert it into ammonia. One can synthesize nitric acid by the aid of electrical current and recover it as nitrate of ammonia or nitrate of soda or lime. The ammonia synthesized by the Haber method can be combined with sulphuric acid or converted into nitric acid. The shiftability of these processes renders their commercial application very facile. Just as one must believe that after the war the world will be free of the potash domination of Germany, so Germany will be free of the saltpeter domination of Chile.

In the case of phosphates the problem has not been solved by Germany. A careful survey of the countries included in the Teutonic alliance has revealed no workable deposits of phosphate. The United States possesses the largest phosphate deposits in the world. Germany during the war has relied entirely upon the phosphate contained in the Thomas slag obtained from iron furnaces. This is not a convenient form of phosphate for application to the soil, and undoubtedly the scarcity of phosphate in Germany has been a source of serious agricultural injury. The phosphate deposits of Northern Africa are controlled by France Elsewhere in the world deposits are known to exist, in countries that are anti-German in the present war. But in the event of the United States and France refusing to supply phosphate to the Central Powers after the war it would not be long before they would secure supplies through development somewhere in the world.

What Germany Needs

The raw materials that the Teutonic nations will need badly after the war are platinum, nickel, copper, tin, manganese, hardening metals, petroleum, rubber, cotton, hemp, jute, sisal and linen. Of these they produce only linen and hemp, petroleum in Galicia and small amounts of the metals. Germany before the war drew iron ore largely from four sources: Lorraine, Prussia, Northern Sweden and Spain. The imported ores were secured in various amounts, in accordance with their characteristics, and employed in connection with the domestic ores. With each decade Germany has come to rely more and more on the ores of Lorraine rather than on her other domestic ores. Germany controls in large part the ores of Kiruna and Gellivare, and indeed the development of these mines was due to German initiative.

The dependency of Germany upon Spanish ore, though notable—especially in relation to sulphuric acid—was no greater than that of the United Kingdom. Deprived of Lorraine, Germany would still be able to maintain her industries of iron and steel so long as she could secure ores from Spain and Sweden. There are iron deposits in Southern Russia, rich and varied, close to both coal and oil, and awaiting only development by modern engineering. Deprived of Lorraine, if Germany could not secure ore from Spain or Sweden she would be compelled to fall back upon the ore from Russia. There are no other iron deposits from which ore could be brought to Germany to enable her to maintain her iron and steel industries upon a competitive basis for world trade.

In all probability the domestic needs of Germany could be covered by her domestic deposits outside of Lorraine; but she would then be in just such a position as she is now trying to place France in—a secondary industrial nation.

There is a great deal of loose discussion concerning the coal situation in Germany. Germany has three large coal deposits—the Saarbrücken, in Westphalia and West of Rhine, and Silesia. She has in addition brown-coal deposits, superficial in location and well adapted to certain uses. An eminent American engineer has suggested that with the return of Lorraine to France the coal deposits of the Saar should also be given France, since these deposits plus those already available in France would place France upon a parity with Germany minus the Saar deposits, and thus maintain an economic parity between the two nations that would make for peace in the future Certain writers go still farther and state that this would seriously incapacitate Germany. Now time is an element not to be overlooked. The withdrawal of the Saar deposits would incapacitate Germany in the Malthusian sense; but certainly for generations the deposits of Westphalia and Silesia would maintain her in coal for domestic, export and manufacturing purposes.

(Continued on Page 89)

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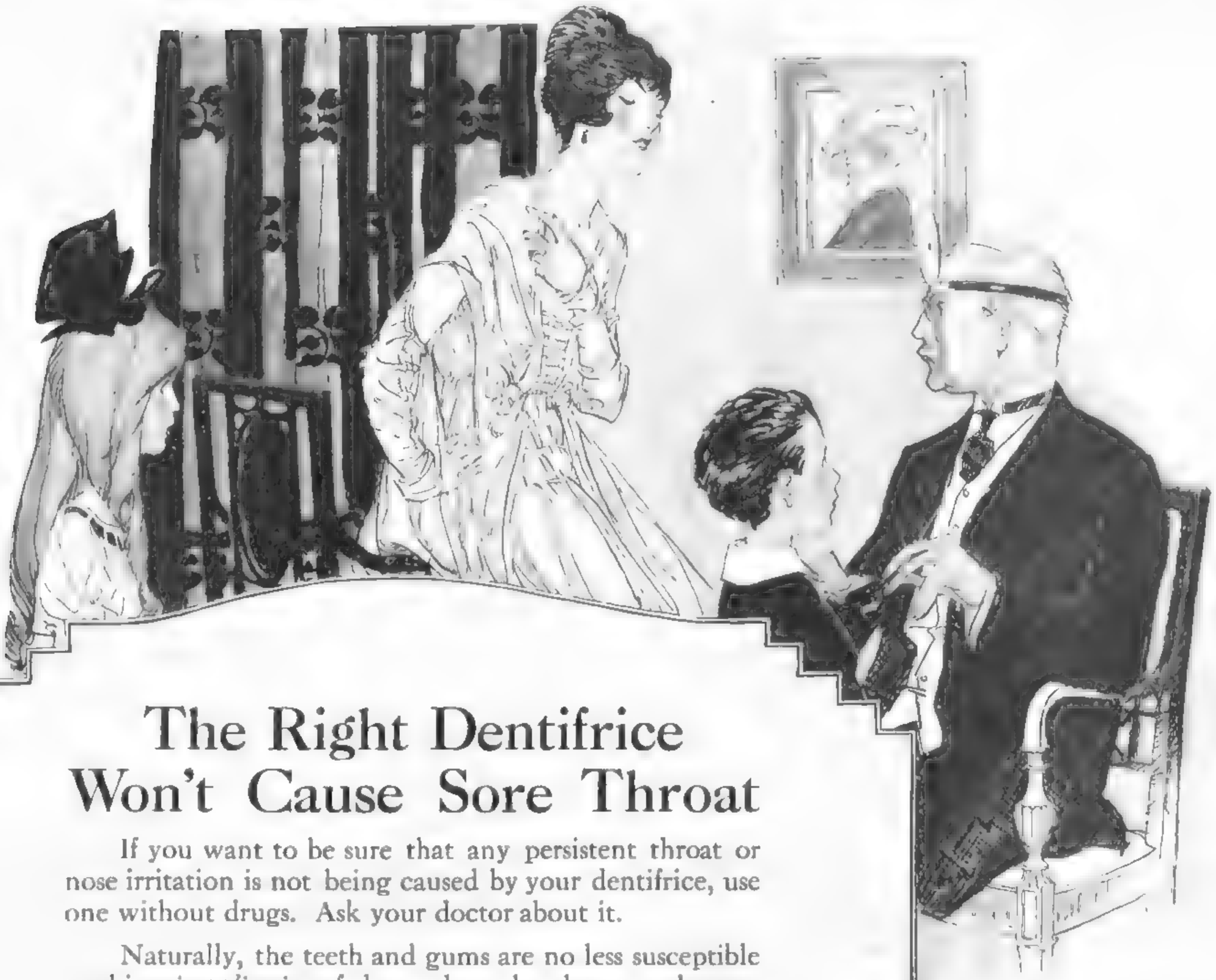

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(Continued from Page 86)

The Teutonic nations have no tin, and the scarcity of tin is one of their serious war problems. The tin of the world comes from the British Empire, Bolivia, the Straits, the East Indies and China. New deposits of extensive and workable nature are not known. Germany has got along without tin by substitution; paper or glass containers may be used to replace tin to a very large extent; in other directions aluminum and zinc serve as substitutes. For many foodstuffs that cannot be packed in paper Germany has devised a new enamel. When the writer was inspecting prison camps in Germany he saw many of these containers—rolled sheet steel or iron, covered with a blackish-brown enamel of organic nature, probably a coal-tar derivative, resisting heat, salt and weak acid. These containers were used to a large extent to can fish in Norway. The appearance was revolting, but apparently the contents were not injured. In these devious ways Germany gets along to-day apparently without tin, but with serious inconvenience. To prevent Germany after the war from securing access to tin the blockading nations would need to control widely separated deposits.

The Sources of Metals and Fibers

Copper exists in every continent. The Central Powers have but small amounts of copper, and at present obtain it mostly from Austria and Serbia. Their achievement in the matter of copper has not been so much the finding of a substitute for copper itself as in the replacement of the function. The military demands for copper have of course been very pressing, and the Central Empires are undoubtedly now seriously denuded of copper, though up to the fall of 1916 there were no indications that copper roofs, for example, had been removed. Aluminum was scarce in the early years of the war. The German deposits of bauxite are not extensive, and she has had difficulty in securing cryolite from Greenland. In 1916 she solved the problem of obtaining aluminum from the common forms of clay; and apparently if price consideration be waived they are able to procure aluminum from clay as well as from bauxite. The Central Powers have an abundance of lead and zinc

The Central Powers have had little manganese, but through careful blending of the several iron ores at their disposal they have maintained their extensive steel production with the use of far lower amounts of manganese than was previously thought possible. Manganese exists in large amounts in Southern Russia as well as in India and Brazil, and will be as difficult of control after the war as copper. Manganese presents interesting international features. The cheapest manganese is in India. If the British should refuse manganese to Germany or sell her ferromanganese only at a high price, Germany would fall back on Brazil for the ore. Southern Russia contains large and accessible deposits, but the costs of production on a modern scale are not known. An embargo on manganese to Germany could not be accomplished by Great Britain without the coöperation of the United States. Nickel is practically a natural monopoly of the British Empire, but except for coins nickel may be largely replaced in peacetime both in material and in function. The metals, outside of iron, are capable of substitution to a very great extent if price be not the determining factor.

The situation with the fibers illustrates again the great difficulties in the control of raw materials. The Central Powers raise large amounts of linen, and Austria-Hungary, hemp; but there is no territory open to them, unless one includes Turkey, where cotton can be raised. They have no sisal, jute or silk. It is estimated that the sheep of the Central Powers would need to be quadrupled if wool were to be used to replace cotton for human clothing—an obviously impossible accomplishment. The Central Powers are very short of cotton. They have attempted substitution through utilization of wood fiber. Wood fiber is composed of cellulose, just as is cotton. The fiber may be isolated but does not weave well, has low textile strength, feeble resistance to water, acid and alkali, and does not dye well. Nevertheless, two years ago Germany began to produce garments made of wood cellulose fiber. These were fragile; for example, in hot soapy solution they would dissolve like a starch. Within the past year German chemists have greatly perfected the products. The cloths are now resistant to cold and hot water and soap and they hold certain dyes. The garments are never soft and pliable as in the case of cotton, but nevertheless they are serviceable. Technically Germany could clothe her people with garments made of wood fiber instead of cotton; practically speaking she could never do this because of the high cost. Germany must have cotton after the war.

Cotton can be grown in a great many areas of the world. Cotton grows as well under conditions of irrigation as with natural rainfall. The length of the fiber is according to the number of hours of hot sunshine the plant enjoys. When one realizes the extent of the area in our country in which cotton may be raised one can estimate the extent to which cotton could be raised in Southern Russia, Asia, Africa and also in South America. At present the cotton of the world is controlled by England and the United States. If England and the United States were to refuse to sell cotton to the Central Powers this would at once stimulate the raising of cotton in every country of the world climatically suited to the cultivation of the plant. The price that the Germans would pay would naturally be high; this would stimulate not merely speculation but also agriculture, cotton being an annual.

To place an embargo on cotton fiber to Germany would mean also an embargo on cotton seed to the neutral world, as well as a control of cotton fiber.

The only way to prevent Germany from securing cotton would be to purchase it from the neutral nations. This purchase would be a competitive one, since Germany, needing cotton, would pay almost any price. Failing to purchase the cotton would necessarily lead to a definite system of blockade against many neutral nations of the tropical and subtropical zones; and this blockade, could it be applied to these neutrals, would represent measures as drastic as those that in the past have been applied between states at war. The experiences of the Allied nations before the entrance of the United States into the war indicate that to prevent a commodity from being sold by a neutral to the blockaded nation one must either buy it all or one must in some way prevent the neutral nation from maintaining natural commercial relations with the blockaded country; and one must do this so that the burden does not fall heavily upon the neutral. To a very large extent the fibers are substitutable in their uses; it is merely a matter of price. One probably could not make automobile tires of silk, and there are certain uses of camel's hair that cannot be accomplished with linen or cotton. But certainly seventy per cent of substitution in the uses of textiles is possible if price be disregarded. Under these circumstances an attempt to deprive a certain nation of one fiber will fail of accomplishment.

Rubber Difficult of Control

Rubber is another commodity that affords a good illustration. Rubber is now grown over most parts of the tropical world where certain amounts of rainfall are available. It requires a number of years to establish a plantation; from this time on production continues. Plantations already under way and natural growths now exceed the rubber requirements of the world, excluding the Central Powers. An embargo would become particularly difficult in the case of rubber, which is at present controlled, practically speaking, by the British Empire. The rubber would have to be purchased, and with each country pressing its offerings year after year the blockading countries would eventually be swamped with rubber. Large amounts of rubber in the Western Hemisphere are now in the possession of German houses for delivery after the war. The Germans have suffered severely from the rubber blockade. They have been able to synthesize pure rubber, but only at a price that is absolutely prohibitive. They have, however, learned to substitute the function of rubber in a great many directions.

All rubber in hard rubber has been replaced by coal-tar derivatives, and Germany will probably never go back to rubber except for its elastic properties. It is not merely a source of discomfort that automobiles in Germany no longer have rubber tires; it is a source of industrial loss, since the wear and tear upon the machine is doubled when any other tire replaces the pneumatic tube; particularly the wear and

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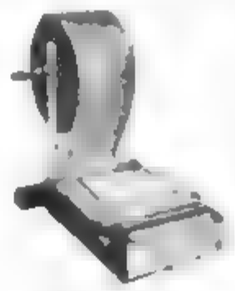

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tear upon the bearings is very great, and bearings represent a finished product of the most refined steel and highly specialized labor. For elastic rubber Germany has found no substitute. She has, however, greatly perfected the methods of reclamation of rubber after vulcanization. The value of recovery of rubber from automobile casings has been enormous. The writer has seen good surgical gloves made of rubber reclaimed from automobile casings. Up to two years ago the blockading nations did not wholly realize Germany's advance in this direction. Though the embargo on rubber and rubber goods to the neutral nations was strictly maintained, the prohibition of the sale of old casings from these nations into Germany was not rigidly enforced until a much later date. Since that time the scarcity of elastic rubber in Germany has been acutely felt.

These illustrations suffice to show how difficult it would be to enforce a practical control of raw materials, meaning by this exclusion from a particular nation. The possibilities of substitution in the direct or indirect sense, the successful accomplishment of synthesis of the material itself or the development of new sources of natural supplies are so varied and numerous as to make it practically impossible, except under very unusual circumstances, for a nation to be deprived of raw material through control by another nation or group of nations. So long as the small neutral nations that do or can produce one or another of these raw materials cannot be brought into direct line with the blockading country it will be impossible to control their output.

In the opinion of the writer the entire point of view of control of industrial nations and their commerce through extra-commercial control of raw material rests upon a fallacious basis. In the final analysis control of commerce, trade and manufacture will rest upon efficiency in the operation of the several factors.

Apparently it is assumed by many writers that control of raw materials against Germany is the only way that we can combat her subterranean efforts or repress her rapacious competition. With this assumption no one who is acquainted with the development of industries in France, England and the United States during the past two years, contrasted with the conditions in Germany, can give assent.

A German's Striking Prediction

With the greatest bitterness one of the leaders of the largest industrial group in Germany once remarked: "The curse of this war will be that we have taught the competing nations efficiency." In every type of manufacture, be it coal tar, textiles or metals, the United Kingdom, France and the United States have now attained, and in many instances excelled, the standard of pre-war efficiency in Germany. In one direction or another we possess many natural advantages over Germany. She suffers from many limitations from which she cannot escape, particularly a naturally poor soil. With proper coördination of the export trade—through pooling for export trade, as is legally permissible; with unified foreign banking operations; with a study of foreign markets; with that extension of foreign credits that German experience has shown to be absolutely safe; with that same application of physics and chemistry to industry that is practiced in Germany; and with the addition of the initiative and incentive possessed by the nations now opposing Germany, the absence of which is a German characteristic, it ought to be possible to restrain the monopolistic tendencies of German industry and commerce far more successfully than can ever be accomplished by the repression of raw materials. The war has necessitated with the four Allied countries a veritably marvelous development of industrialism, contrasted with which that of the Central Powers has suffered a positive decline, since we have been expanding while they have been "stop-gapping."

Speaking specifically of this country we have a totally new foundation for industry in our enlarged plants for the manufacture of sulphuric acid, nitric acid, ammonia, alkali and coal tar. As an illustration may be mentioned the expansion of our manufacture of sulphuric acid—the index of the industry of a nation—from four to nine million unit tons during the past three years! Our use of dyestuffs in 1917, largely domestic, was a third more than in 1913, when we imported most of them. American manufacturing industry, viewed internally, is fully qualified to-day to hold its own against Germany if efficiency in export organization and management is equally achieved.

The Fetish of German Efficiency

The efficiency of Germany has become a veritable fetish. It surrounded everything in Germany, from university to industry. There was something mystical about it. Chemists from the entire world flocked to the German university. German science was placed at the disposal of German industry. Efficiency was preached to be a Teutonic characteristic that could not be competed with and could not be acquired by any other nation. Ostwald once remarked that the laws of physical chemistry were discovered by Norwegian, Swedish, Dutch and American scientists, but these would have died if they had not been given life in the efficient atmosphere of his laboratory! All this is sheerest nonsense. The chief reason for the preëminence of German industry lay in the use by German industry of the daily world advances in physics and chemistry. Let this point be emphasized: German industry made use of the world advances in scientific knowledge, not merely of German achievements. The present type of German university has been fostered by the German state for this reason.

A great deal of commercialism was tolerated in the German university that was abhorrent to the universities of France, England and the United States. We attempted to prevent contact between science and industry; this contact was invited in Germany. But the step has danger for the university unless rightly controlled. As the German university became more and more used by industry, freedom of the faculty became supplanted by edict of the Minister of Education, the love of liberty of thought declined and the slide rule of trade replaced the computation of the scholar. German universities have always been free to all students of chemistry; this was not true of the universities of France and England. Thus the students of chemistry flocked to Germany and not to England and France; not because they found in Germany a degree of intelligence in instruction not to be obtained in France and England, but because they were welcomed—craftily—in Germany and were not welcomed in France and England. To-day movements are under way in the United Kingdom and France that will afford the American student the same facilities for study of natural sciences in the universities of these countries that were accorded in Germany before the war.

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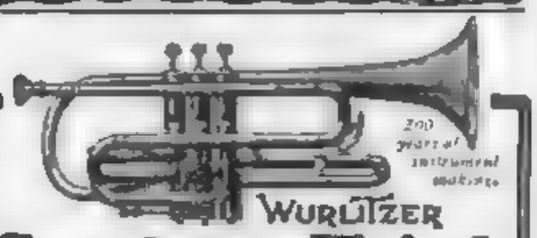

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THE CITY OF COMRADES

(Continued from Page 17)

So that was it!

I said, after we had spun along some few miles more: "Your name is Stephen, isn't it?"

"Yes; how did you know?"

I hedged.

"Oh, I must have heard someone call you that."

"That's funny. Hardly anyone does. They mostly say Cantyre—or just doctor." He added after a minute or two: "You call me Stephen, and I'll call you Frank."

Once more the swift march of happenings gave me a slight shock.

"Oh, but we hardly know each other."

"That would be true if there weren't friendships that outdistance acquaintanceships."

"Oh, if you look at it that way ——"

"That's the way it strikes me."

"But, good heavens, man, think of what—of what I am!"

His gaze was fixed on the stretch of road ahead of him.

"What's that got to do with it? It wouldn't make any difference to me if you were a murderer or a thief."

"How do you know I'm not?" I couldn't help asking.

"I don't know that you're not; but I say it wouldn't make any difference to me if you were."

The word I am tempted to use of myself at this unexpected offer of good will is flabbergasted. I am not emotional; still less am I sentimental; both in sentiment and emotion my tendency is to go slow.

After a brief silence I said: "Look here! Do you go round making friends among the riffraff of mankind?"

"I don't go round making friends among people of any sort. I'm not the friendly type. I know lots of people, of course; but—but I don't get beyond just knowing them."

"Is that because you don't want to?"

"Not altogether. I'm a—I'm a lonesome sort of bloke. I never was a good mixer; and when you're not that, other fellows instinctively close up their ranks against you and shut you out. Not that that matters to me. I hardly ever see a lot with whom I should want to get in. You're—you're an exception."

"And for heaven's sake, why?"

"Oh, for two or three reasons—which I'm not going to tell you. One of these days you may find out."

We left the subject there and sped along in silence.

This then was the man Regina Barry had turned down; and notwithstanding his kindness to myself I could understand her doing it. For a high-spirited girl such as she evidently was he would have been too melancholy. "Very nice" was what she had called him, and very nice he was; but he lacked the something thoroughly masculine that means more to women than to men. Men are used to the eternal-feminine streak in themselves and each other; but women put up with it only when it is like a flaw in an emerald, noticeable to the expert but to no one else.

I asked him how he came to be what Coningsby called physician in ordinary to the club.

"By accident. Rufus Legrand asked me to go over and see what I could do for a bad case of D. T."

"He's the rector of the church opposite, isn't he?"

"Yes, and an awfully good sort. Only parson I know who thinks more of God than he does of a church. I shouldn't be surprised if one of these days he got the true spirit of religion."

"What's that?"

"What they're doing at the Down and Out."

"Oh, but they skip religion there altogether."

"They don't skip religion; they only skip the word—and for a reason."

"What reason?"

"The reason that it's been so misapplied as to have become nearly unintelligible. If you told the men at the club that such and such a thing was religion they'd most of 'em kick like the deuce; but when they get the thing without explanation they take to it every time. But you were asking me about my connection with the club. It began four years ago, when they first got into Miss Smedley's house. Fellow had the old-fashioned horrors bad. As I'd been making dipsomania a specialty Legrand railroaded me in, and there I've stayed."

When we drew up at the gate of an old yellow mansion standing in large grounds Cantyre left me in the machine while he went in to visit his patient. The blue-green hills were just beginning to veil themselves in the diaphanous mauve of afternoon, and between them the river with its varied life flowed silently and rapidly. It was strange to me to remember that a short time ago I had been wishing myself under it, and that this very water would be washing the oozy, moss-grown piles of Greeley's Slip.

VII

NO LATER than that evening my life took still another step.

A little before nine, just as I was about to go to bed—our hours at the club were early—Ralph Coningsby dropped in for a word with me. I happened to be at the foot of the stairs in the hall when Spender admitted him, and he refused to come farther inside.

"Been dining with my wife's father and mother over the way," he said in explanation of his dinner jacket and black tie, "and just ran across to say something while I was in the neighborhood. You said last night you'd come and see the Grace Memorial with me."

"If you say so," I smiled, "I suppose I must have; but it's the first time to my knowledge that I ever heard of it."

"Oh, that's the bit of work I told you about—the thing I'm doing on my own. It's over here at St. David's. You see, when Charlie Grace died he left a sum of money to build and endow this institution in memory of his father."

I smiled again.

"I know I must have heard the name of Charlie Grace, but it seems to have slipped my memory. All the same ——"

"I'll tell you about him to-morrow. I merely want to say now that I'll look in about ten in the morning, and take you across the street ——"

The difficulty I had had to confront in the afternoon was before me again.

"I don't know about that, Coningsby. The fact is I'm not —— Well, hang it all! Can't you see? I haven't a rag in the world but what I stand up in, and I can't go where I'm likely to run into decent people."

"You won't run into anyone but carpenters and painters. I'm not going to take no for an answer, old chap. Besides, there's method in this madness, for—now don't buck!—for I'm going to put you on a job."

I could only stare vacantly.

"On a job?"

"Mrs. Grace wants some measurements and specifications which she thinks I haven't given her exactly enough; and the first thing to be done is to go over the whole blooming place with a foot rule and a tape measure; but I'll tell you about that to-morrow too. For a chap with your training it will be office boy's work; but as you're doing nothing else for the moment ——"

It is needless to say that I hardly slept that night. It was not the prospect of work alone that excited me; it was that of being gradually drawn into the sphere in which I might meet Regina Barry. I was still uncertain as to whether I wanted to do that or not. There was no hour of the day when I didn't think of her, and yet it was always with a sense of thankfulness that she couldn't know where I was or guess at what had become of me. If I could have been granted the privilege of seeing her without having her see me I should have jumped at it; but the ordeal of her recognition was beyond my strength to face. Rather than have her say with her eyes, "You were the man who came into my room and tried to rob me," I would have shot myself.

And yet I had to admit the fact that this danger was in the air. Ralph Coningsby's sister was the Elsie of that tragic night; Cantyre was the Stephen. I was being offered work by Sterling Barry's partner, and might soon be doing it for Sterling Barry himself. The fatality that brought about these unfoldings might go farther still, and before I knew it I might find myself in the precise situation that filled me with terror—and yet made me shiver with a kind of harsh delight. Before I could sleep I had to make a compromise with my courage. I would not shoot myself rather than meet her. I would meet her first, if it had to be. I would take that one draught of the joy I had put forever out of reach—and shoot myself afterward.

But in the morning I was more self-confident. Having examined myself carefully in the cracked mirror in the bathroom I found that my mustache, which had grown tolerably long and thick, changed my appearance not a little. Moreover, food, rest and sobriety had smoothed away the unspeakable haggardness that had creased my forehead, hardened my mouth and burnt into my eyes that woebegone desolation which I had noticed among my companions when I arrived at the club. It is no exaggeration to say that I was not only younger by ten years but that I was changed in looks, as a landscape is changed when after being swept by rains it is bathed in sunshine. The one hope I built on all this was that were I to meet Regina Barry face to face she would not recognize me at a first glance, while I could keep her from getting a second.

On the way across the street Coningsby told me something of Charlie Grace and his memorial. He had been the son of a former rector of Saint David's—an important man in the New York of his day, who had outlived his usefulness and been asked to resign his parish. The son had never forgiven this slight, and the William Grace Memorial was intended to avenge it. It had been the express desire of the widow, Mrs. Charlie Grace, that he, Ralph Coningsby, should have sole charge of the building, and the work had been going on since the previous autumn. In the coming autumn the house would be ready for furnishing. It was for this purpose that Mrs. Grace required the exact measurements of each room, with the disposition of the wall spaces. During the summer she could thus consider what she would have to do when the time came in October.

Only a corner of the new building was visible from Vandiver Street, the main entrance being on Blankney Place, which was a parallel thoroughfare. Standing in the middle of the grass plot in front of the dumpy, spurious 1840 Gothic rectory, we had the length of the dumpy, spurious 1840 Gothic church in front of us. The memorial had to be fitted in behind the chancel, on the space formerly occupied by a Sunday-school room. This space had been enlarged by the purchase of the lot in Blankney Place, giving an entry from a more populous neighborhood. The purpose of the memorial had been more or less dictated by Mrs. Ralph Coningsby, who as Esther Legrand, the rector's daughter, had from her childhood upward worked among the people roundabout and knew their needs. As far as I could gather it was to be a sort of neighborhood club, with parlors, reading rooms, playing rooms, a dancing room, a smoking room, a billiard room, a lecture room, a gymnasium, baths, and so on, and

I Came to Understand the Secret of the Long, Stupefied Forenoons and Afternoons on the Part of My Companions

(Continued on Page 94)

The Perfected Phonograph of Today

The AEOLIAN-VOCALION

THE production of the Aeolian-Vocalion four years ago, signalized the entrance of a *great music house* into the field of *phonograph manufacture*. Before that time, phonograph development had been in other hands. Resourceful inventors, and skillful mechanics had done wonders—had brought the phonograph from an ingenious toy to a mechanical marvel.

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TONE—The Aeolian Company's wide experience in tone production through various mediums—strings, reeds, pipes, etc—have enabled it to construct a phonograph with a tone of unrivaled depth, richness and beauty.

TONE-CONTROL—The exclusive and resolute use of its "Graduola" makes the Vocalion the only phonograph affording means for artistic and instinctive expression control. This new feature enables anyone to participate in the playing of the records, and adds immeasurably to one's enjoyment of the phonograph

CASE-BEAUTY—The [illegible] models of the Vocalion reflect the experience of its makers as fine art instrument designers. In both outline and finish these establish entirely new standard of beauty, while the Period Styles, though inexpensive are the most unusual and artistic phonographs ever displayed

MECHANICAL PERFECTION—The Automatic Stop on the Aeolian-Vocalion—at once the simplest and most effective device of its kind—is an example of the degree of perfection manifest in every detail of the Vocalion's construction

And the extraordinary ne[illegible]

UNIVERSAL TONE-ARM—This wonderful new feature enables the Vocalion owner *to play every make of record*—to hear *all* the great bands and orchestras. Without requiring any change of reproducer or parts and in the most direct and simplest way, it supplies what is now recognized as an essential to the up-to-date phonograph. Moreover, so scientifically is this Universal Tone-Arm constructed that the Vocalion will not only play all records but will play them *at their best*

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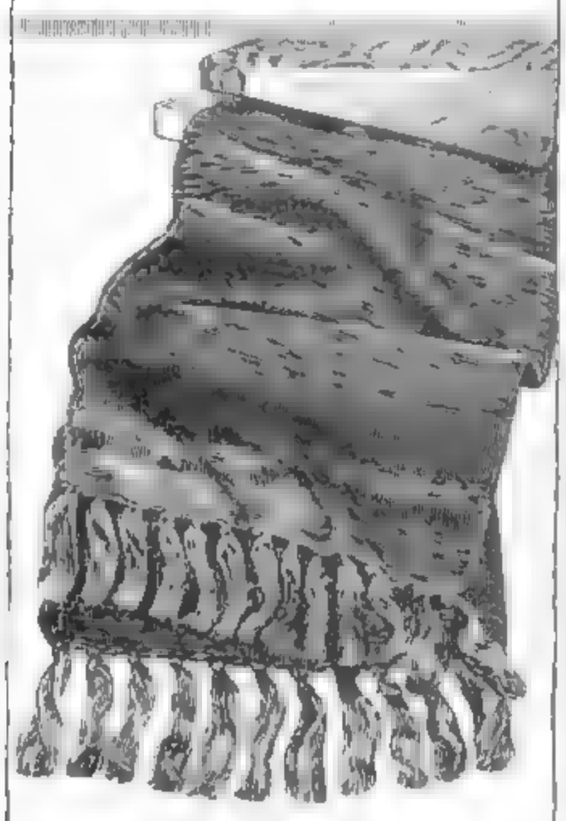

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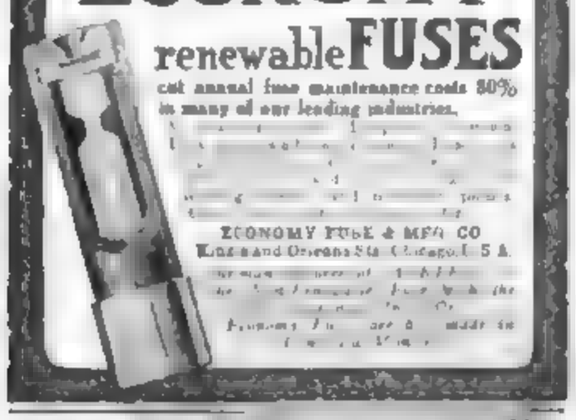

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(Continued from Page 92)

open to those who were properly enrolled, of both sexes and all ages. Of the committee in charge Mrs. Coningsby was apparently the moving spirit, though Mrs. Grace was reserving to herself the pleasure of fitting the house up.

Before going inside we discussed the difficulties of harmonizing a modern building with the efforts of the early nineteenth century, and I had an opportunity to commend Coningsby's judgment. He had kept to the brownstone of the church and rectory, and had suggested their spirit while working on sober, well-proportioned lines.

In the middle of this I broke off to say: "Look here, old chap! I hope you're not inventing this job of yours just for the sake of giving me something to do."

His frank gaze convinced me.

"Honest, I'm not. Mrs. Grace is particularly anxious to have the measurements sent down to her at Rosyth, and we're so short-handed ——"

"Then that's all right. Let's go in, and you can show me what I'm to do."

As Coningsby had said, it was office boy's work, but it suited me. It was a matter of getting broken in again, and—whether it came by accident or my friend's goodheartedness—an easy job in which there was no thinking or responsibility was the most effective means that could have been found of nursing me along. At the end of a week I was treated to the well-nigh incredible wonder of a check.

Early on a Sunday morning I took it to Christian, asking that it should be turned in toward my expenses at the club.

Having read its amount he held it in his fingers, twisting it and turning it.

"You see, Frank," he said after thinking for a minute, "the primary object of the club is not to be paid for what it spends—though that is an object—it's to help fellows to get on their feet. Of you nineteen chaps who are in the house at present twelve are regularly paying for their board and lodging, and that pretty well carries us along. If there's a deficit it's covered by the back payments of men who've gone out and who are making up. So that this isn't pressing for the minute ——"

"But I should like to pay it, sir."

"Yes, of course; but it's a question of what is most urgent. Now this isn't urgent; we can extend your credit; whereas, the first bit of bluff we've all got to put up when we're pulling ourselves together is in clothes."

He asked me how long my present job would go on. I said for about three weeks.

"Then keep this check," he pursued, handing it back to me, "till you get as much again. That will be enough to turn you out quite smart. Go to Straight, at Bruch Brothers—all our fellows go to him—and he'll advise you to the best advantage."

The words were accompanied by such a smile that I, who am not emotional, felt my eyes smart.

VIII

THE summer passed with no more than two or three other incidents worth the jotting down.

In the first place the day arrived when I had to make up my mind either to leave the club or to join it. Expecting some opposition from Lovey as to joining it, I was surprised to find him take the suggestion complacently.

"I've found out," he whispered to me, "that yer can jine this club—and fall. Yer can fall three times before they'll turn ye out."

"Oh, but you wouldn't want to fall in cold blood."

"Well," he muttered doubtfully, "I ain't partic'lar about the blood. Now my hadvice'd be this: 'Ere we are in July. That's all right; we can jine. Then in Haugust we can 'ave a wee little bit of a fall—just two or three days like.

"We can do the same in September; and the same in Hoctober. That'll use up our three times, and we can come back under cover for the worst month of the winter. We can't fall no more after that; but in the spring we can try somethink else. There's always things."

"And suppose I don't mean to fall?"

He looked hurt.

"Oh, if you can keep straight without me ——"

"But if I can't, Lovey? If I must keep straight and need you to help me?"

He clasped his hands against his stomach and drew a dismal face.

"That'd be a tight place for me."

"And isn't there," I continued, "another point of view? Suppose we did what you suggest, do you think it would be treating all these nice fellows decently?"

"Oh, if you're going to start out treatin' people decent ——"

"Well, why shouldn't we? We can do it—you and I together."

He drew a deep sigh.

"I must say, Slim, ye do beat everythink for puttin' things on me."

But in the end we were both admitted at one of the Saturday evening meetings with, as usual, a large gathering of friends, and some bracing words from Straight. Pyn stood up with me as next friend, and little Spender did the same by Lovey. I have not said that during the ten days before I went to work Pyn blew in at the club during some minutes of every lunch hour to watch my progress. It was he, too, who found Lovey the job of washing windows, by which that worthy also had a chance of returning to honest ways. Indeed, though I cannot repeat it frequently enough, of the many hands stretched out to help me upward none was stronger in its grasp than that of the kindly keeper of the soda-water fountain to whom the club had given a veritable new birth.

Our admission as members had taken place while I was still doing the measurements at the memorial. By the time they were finished Coningsby had a new proposal. As it was the middle of July he was anxious to take his wife and two little children to the country for a month. Carpenters, plasterers, painters and plumbers were still at work on the building, and they couldn't be left without oversight. Would I undertake to give that—at a reasonable salary?

I had grown familiar with the work by this time, and had been able to throw into the furtherance of Coningsby's plans an enthusiasm largely sprung of gratitude. In addition I was getting back my self-confidence in proportion as I got back my self-respect. The fact, too, that in the new summer suit and straw hat to which the colonel's advice had helped me I could go about the streets without being ashamed of myself did something to restore my natural poise.

I could see that by taking this work I should really be helping Coningsby. He needed the rest; his wife and babies undoubtedly needed the change. It was not easy for a man with so important a piece of work as this on hand to get anyone satisfactorily to take his place. I could accept the offer, then, without the suspicion—which any man would hate—that it was being made to me from motives of philanthropy. I was really being useful—more useful than in taking the measurements for Mrs. Grace, which any novice could have done—and making a creditable living for the first time in years.

Then, too, I had a great deal of Cantyre's company. He spent most of the summer in town; chiefly because of his patients, but partly from a lack of incentive in going away. He explained that lack of incentive to me during one of the spins in his runabout to which he treated me on three or four evenings a week. Now and then I worked Lovey off on him for an outing, but he, Cantyre, was generally a little peevish after such occasions. It was not that he objected to giving Lovey or anyone else the air; it was that he suspected me of not really caring to go out with him. There are always men—very good fellows too—in whom there is this strain of the jealousy of schoolgirls.

On this particular evening I had been kidding him about his depression, doing my best to rouse him out of it.

"Oh, I'll pull round in time," he said in his resigned, lifeless tone. "If you knew the reason ——"

I did know the reason, of course. My conscience never ceased to plague me with the fact that though I could return Regina Barry's trinkets Cantyre's secret was a theft I couldn't get rid of. It was, indeed, partly to lead him on to confiding it to me of his own accord, so that I might know it legitimately, so to speak, that I brought the subject up.

"I suppose it's about a girl."

So long a time passed that I thought he was not going to respond to this challenge, when he said: "Yes."

"Wouldn't she have you?" I asked bluntly.

"She said she would—and changed her mind."

"So that you were actually engaged?"

"For about a month."

"Did she —— You don't mind my asking questions, do you?"

"Not if you won't mind if I don't answer."

"Then with that proviso I'll go on. Did she tell why she—why she broke it off?"

"Not not exactly."

"And haven't you found out?"

"Elsie Coningsby, she's her great friend, told me something of it. She said there were two kinds of women: Some liked to be wooed, and others weren't satisfied unless they were conquered."

"And you took the wrong method?"

"So it seems."

"Well, why don't you turn round now and take the right one?"

His dreamy, melancholy eyes slid toward me.

"Do you see me doing that? I'm the kind of bloke that would like a woman to conquer him. If it comes to that, there are two kinds of men."

He had told me so much that I felt it right to give him a warning.

"Since you say she's a friend of Elsie Coningsby's, I mayn't be able to help finding out who she is."

"Oh, I shouldn't mind that—not with you. As a matter of fact I should like to introduce you to her one of these days."

I broke in more hastily than I intended.

"No, no; don't do that—for God's sake!"

He swung round in amazement.

"Why—why, what's the matter?"

I tried to recover myself.

"Oh, nothing! Only you must see for yourself that—that after what I've been through I'm not—not a lady's man."

"Oh, get out!" was his only observation.

We lapsed into one of our long silences, which was broken when we turned back toward town.

"Look here, Frank," he said suddenly, "you can't go on living down there in Vandiver Street. Besides, the club will be needing your bed for someone else."

"I know," I said. "I've been thinking about it. I simply don't want to move."

"You'll have to, though."

"Yes, I suppose so."

He went on to suggest a small apartment in the bachelor house he was living in himself.

Now was the time to rent, before men began coming back to town. He knew of a little suite of three rooms and a bath—there was a café down below—which ought to be within my means.

As we passed the house we stopped and looked at it. I liked it and promised to turn the matter over in my mind.

Next day I broached it to Lovey. The effect was what I expected. He grasped me by the arm, looking up at me with eyes the more eloquent from the fact that they were dead.

"Y'ain't goin' to leave me, Slim?"

"It wouldn't be leaving you, Lovey."

"Y'ain't goin' to live in another 'ouse, where I shan't be seein' ye every day?"

"You could get a room near."

"'Twouldn't be the same thing—not no way, it wouldn't be. Oh, Slim!"

With a gesture really dramatic he smote his chest with his two clenched fists, and drew a long, grating sigh.

We were sitting on our beds, which were side by side in one of the dormitories. It was the nearest thing to privacy the clubhouse ever allowed us.

"This'll be the hend of me; and it'll be the hend of you, Slim, if I ain't there to watch over you. You'll never keep straight without me, sonny." He was struck with a new idea and, indeed, I had thought of it myself. "Didn't ye say," he went on as he leaned forward and tapped my knee, "that in them rooms there was one little dark room?"

"Very little and very dark."

"But it wouldn't be too little or too dark for me, Slim, not if I could be your valet, like. I could do everythink for you, just like a gentleman. My father was a valet, and he larned me before he couldn't larn me nothink else. I could keep your clothes so as you'd never need new ones, and I could mend and darn and cook your breakfasts—I'm a swell cook—I can bile tea and coffee and heggs—many's the time I've done it ——"

"All right, Lovey," I interrupted. "It's a bargain. We're buddies."

"No, Slim; we won't be buddies no more. We'll call that off. We'll just be master and man. I'll know my place and

(Continued on Page 97)

HERCULES POWDER CO.

Thirty Thousand Tons of Power

Picture yourself in Potomac Park, Washington, D. C., close to the towering white shaft of the Washington Monument. Then imagine that you see, lying across the lawn, an enormous yellow stick of dynamite; a stick greater in bulk than the Monument itself, thicker through than the height of an ordinary six story building and more than 450 feet long.

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And so the thousands of workers in the vast plants of the Hercules Powder Co.—plants that cover an area of more than 22 square miles—have been working with the loyal determination of making the year 1918 a record breaker of production.

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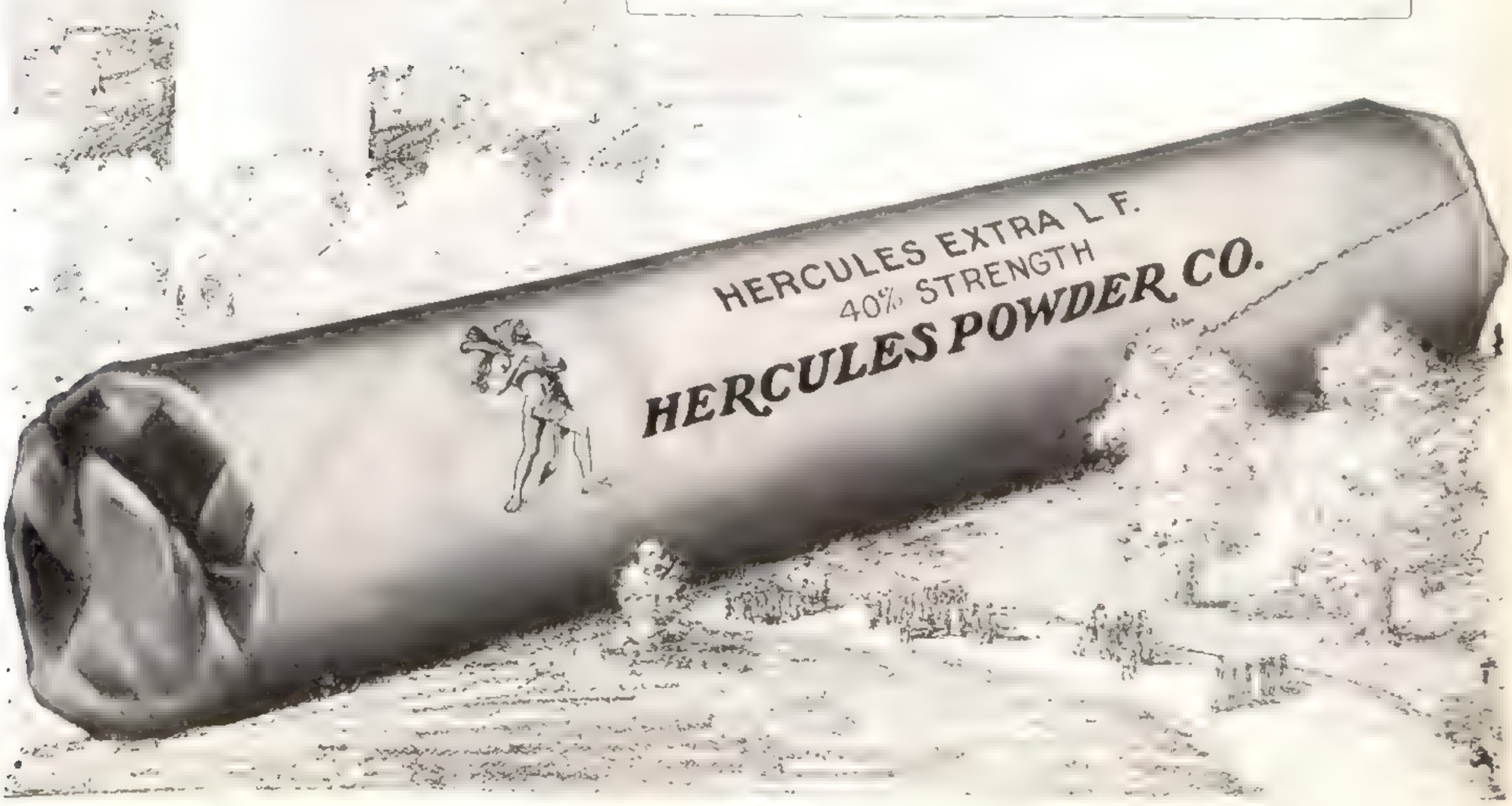

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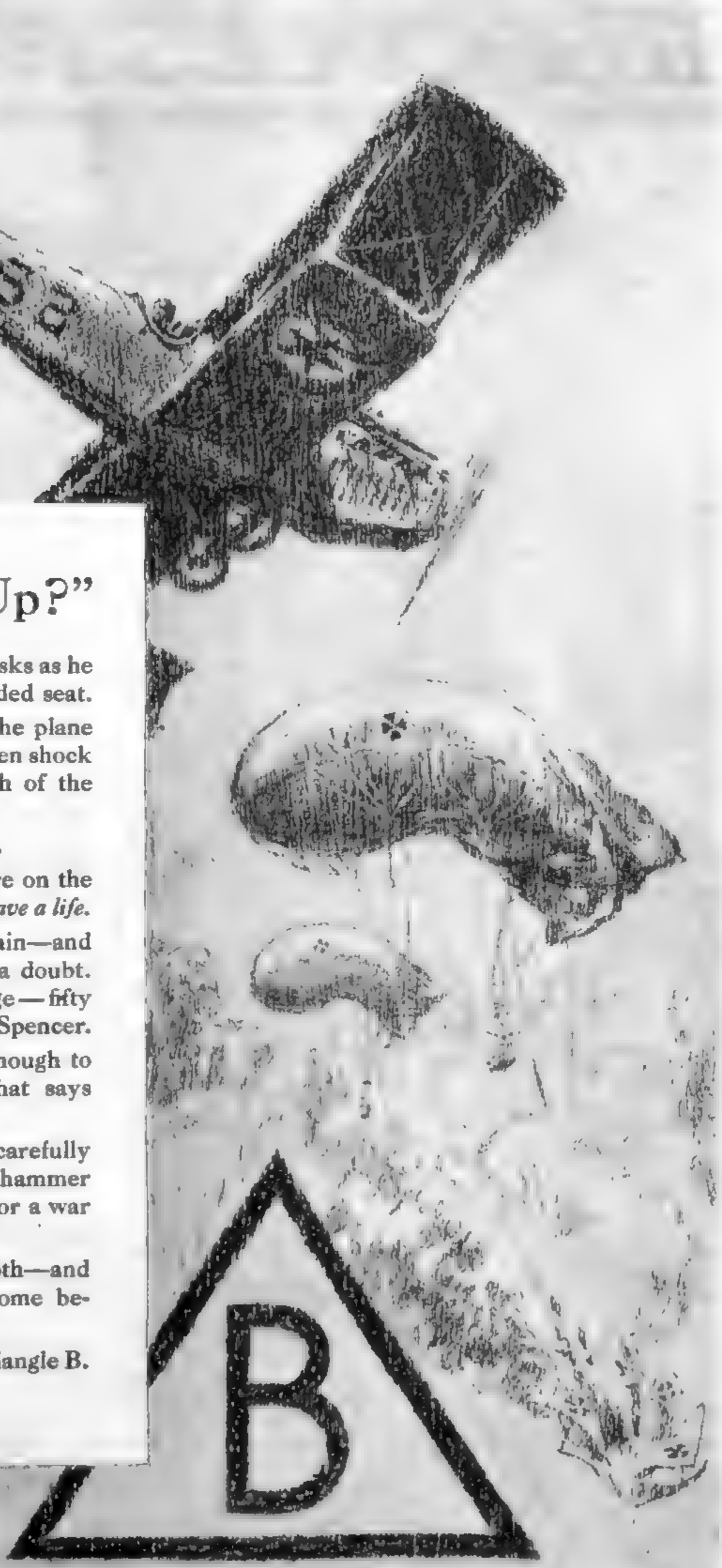
That bit of steel may not be big enough to carry the Triangle B trademark that says "Rely on me. I shall not fail."

But it is as carefully tested and as carefully forged as the great Triangle B drop hammer that crashes out a whole crankshaft for a war car at a single smash.

Both are Billings and Spencer. Both—and all the thousands of forgings that come between them—say "Rely on me."

They have been found worthy of Triangle B. They will not fail.



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(Continued from Page 94)

I'll keep it. I shan't call you Slim, nor sonny ——"

"Oh, yes, you must."

He shook his head.

"No; not after we've moved from the club. I'll call you Mr. Melbury and say sir to you; and you must call me Lovey, just as if it was my real name." He added, unexpectedly to me: "I suppose ye know it ain't my real name?"

"Oh, what does it matter?"

"It only matters like this: I ain't—I ain't ——" He got up in some agitation and went to one of the windows. After looking out for a second or two he turned half round toward me. "Ye ain't thinking me any better than I am, Slim, are you?"

"I'm not thinking whether you're better or worse, Lovey. I just like you."

"And I've took an awful fancy to you, Slim. Seems as if you was my whole family. But—but you're not, sonny. I've—I've got a family. They're dead to me and I'm dead to them; but they're my family. Did ye know that, Slim?"

"I didn't know it, and you needn't tell me."

"But if I was awful bad, sonny? If I was wuss than anythink that'd ever come into your 'ead?"

"We won't talk about that. Perhaps there are things that I could tell you which would show that there's not much difference between us."

"I 'ope there is, Slim. And she was terr'ble aggravatin'; a drinkin' woman, besides. I didn't drink then—'ardly not at all. It was after I was acquitted I begun that. And my two gells—well, bein' acquitted didn't make no difference to them; they'd seen. Only they didn't swear that way in their hevidence. They swore she fell down the stairs she was found at the bottom of, her neck broken; and bein' a drinkin' woman the jury thought—but the two gells knew. And when I was let off they didn't 'ave no more to do with me—so I come over 'ere ——"

I rose and went to him, laying my hand on his shoulder:

"Don't, Lovey. That's enough. I don't care who you are or what you've done, we'll stick it out together. The only thing is that we'll have to give up the booze."

"For good and all, Slim?"

"Yes, for good and all."

"It'll be awful 'ard."

"Yes, it will be; but the worst of that is over."

He seized one of my hands in both of his.

"Slim, if it's got to be a ch'ice between you and liquor—well, I'm danged if—if I won't"—he made a great resolution—"give up the liquor—and so 'elp me!"

So when I moved Lovey moved with me. Washing windows having become a lucrative profession he insisted on taking no wages from me, and on paying for his own food. In the matter of names we agreed on a compromise. "Before company," as he expressed it, I was Mr. Melbury and sir; when we were alone together we reverted to the habits of Greeley's Slip and the Down and Out, and I became Slim and sonny.

I was truly sorry to leave the club, for its simple, brotherly ways, wholesome and masculine, if never the most refined, had become curiously a part of me. I had liked the fellowship with rough men who were perhaps all the more human for being rough. For the first time in my life I had known something of genuine fraternity. I do not affirm that we lived together without disagreements or misunderstandings or that there were no minutes electric with the tension that makes for an all-round fight. But there was always some "wise guy," as we called him, to make peace among us; and on the whole we lived together with a mutual courtesy that proved to me once for all that it is nothing external which makes a gentleman. Finer gentlemen in the essentials of the word I never met than some of those who were just struggling up from the seemingly bottomless pit.

Thus the summer of 1913 became for me a very happy one. There were reserves to that happiness, and there were fears; but the optimism most of us bring to the day's work enabled me to face them. Of Regina Barry I heard much from my friend Cantyre, and I made what I heard suffice me. He was always willing to talk of this girl, whom he never named; and little by little I formed an image in my heart, which would never be anywhere but in my heart as long as I could help it. As long as I could help it I should not see her, nor should she see me. As to that I was now quite positive. Nothing could be gained by my seeing her, while by her seeing me everything might be lost.

If everything was lost in one way I was sure it would be lost in another. Because I have said little or nothing of the fight I was making you must not suppose that I was free from the necessity of making it. I was making it every day and hour. There were times when, if I hadn't had Lovey to think of, I should have yielded to that suggestion which had come to me as neatly as it had come to him of having a little fall. Falls were far from unknown among us. They were accepted as an unhappy matter of course. Some of our steadiest members had made full use of the three times the law of the club allowed them before finally settling down. I believed that I could exercise this privilege—and come back. But not so with Lovey! Once he failed in this attempt I knew he would be gone. As a matter of fact he would have failed at any time after the first week if it hadn't been on my account; so I couldn't fail on his. When I would have done it eagerly, wildly, I was withheld by the old motto of *noblesse oblige*.

And yet in proportion as I grew stronger I realized more clearly that my future was, as it were, balanced on the point of a pin. Once I had met Regina Barry, and her eyes had said "You are the man who stole my gold mesh purse," I knew it would be all up with me. She wouldn't have to say a word. Her look would bring the accusation. Then if I was weak I should go off and get drunk; I should drink till I drank myself to death. If I was strong I should shoot myself. There was just one thing of which I was sure—I should never face that silent charge a second time.

But as the weeks went by and nothing happened I began to be confident that nothing would. We reached the end of September and I never heard Regina Barry's name. Even Cantyre hadn't mentioned it, and didn't suppose that I knew it. I calculated the chances against our ever meeting. I built something, too, on the possibility that were we to meet she wouldn't know me again.

In this I got encouragement from the fact that one day in Fifth Avenue I met my Uncle Van Elstine. He didn't know me. He wouldn't have cut me for anything in the world; he was too good-natured and kind; but he let his wandering gaze rest on me as on any passing stranger, and went on his way. I argued then that time, vicissitude, a hard life and a mustache had worked an effective disguise. If my own uncle, who had known me all my life, could go by like that, how much more one to whom I could be nothing but a sinister shadow seen for three or four minutes in a rose-colored gloom.

So I reasoned and became a little comforted. And then by degrees my arguments were put to the test.

It was quite at the end of September. The memorial was now so nearly completed that Coningsby, who had returned to town, left it almost entirely to my charge. A new bit of work at Atlantic City having come his way he was closely absorbed in it. Mrs. Grace had motored up once or twice to consult me as to papers, rugs and other details of interior decoration. I found her a grave, beautiful woman who gave the impression of nourishing something that lasts longer than grief—a deep regret. Our intercourse was friendly but impersonal.

Once she was accompanied by a young lady whose voice I recognized as they approached the room in which I was at work. It was a clear, bell-like, staccato voice, whose tones would have made my heart stop still had I heard it in heaven. Mrs. Grace entered the room followed by a girl as Anglo-Saxon in type as her brother, only with a decision and precision in manner which he had not.

In my confusion I was uncertain as to whether or not there was an introduction, but I remember her saying: "Oh, Mr. Melbury, Ralph is so indebted to you for all the help you've given him. He says if it hadn't been for you he wouldn't have been able to get away from New York this summer."

She, too, regarded me impersonally, as her brother's assistant, and no more. I mean by that that she showed none of the interest good people generally display in a brand that has been plucked from the burning.

"Is it possible she doesn't know it?" I asked Cantyre the next time I saw him.

"Of course she doesn't. That would be the last thing Coningsby would tell her. We never speak of these things outside the

They Save Teeth Now in a New Way

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

They End the Film

Countless people are now cleaning their teeth in a new way. And modern dentists all over America are urging other people to join them.

The old ways proved inefficient. As millions know, they failed to prevent tooth troubles. Despite the tooth brush, tartar, decay and pyorrhea constantly became more common.

Some years ago the reason was discovered. It lies in a film—a slimy film—which constantly forms on teeth.

That film gets into crevices, hardens and stays. It resists the tooth brush, and most tooth troubles are now known to be due to it.

The film is what discolors, not the teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. And many troubles besides tooth troubles are traced to this germ-breeding film.

After years of research, a way has been found to combat it. Able authorities have proved this fact by adequate clinical tests.

For general use the method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we supply a special tube to all who ask, so the millions may quickly know it.

Let It Convince You

The Pepsodent results are quickly apparent. After a few days' use you will never forget them.

The basis is pepsin, the digestant of albumin; for the film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve the film, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

But pepsin must be activated. The ordinary agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth. For long that fact made pepsin seem impossible.

Now modern science has discovered a harmless, activating method. Five governments already have granted patents. It is that method which makes possible this efficient application.

Four years have been spent by dentists in proving the value of this product. Now we urge all people to prove it by a home test.

Send the coupon with 10 cents for a special tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

All this means that the film which wrecks teeth can now be effectively combated. And you will never cease to do that when you see what it means to you.

Cut out the coupon now.

SPECIAL 10-CENT TUBE

A size not sold in Drug Stores

THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 284, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find 10 cents for a Special Tube of Pepsodent.

Name

Address

Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station

PAT OFF.
Pepsodent
REG U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

(38)

club. If a fellow likes to do it himself—well, that's his own affair."

And then one day early in October I came face to face with it all.

I was standing at one of the upper windows looking down into Blankney Place when I saw a motor drive up to the door. I knew it was Mrs. Grace's motor, having seen it a number of times already. When the footman held open the door Mrs. Grace herself stepped out, to be followed by Miss Coningsby, who in turn was followed by . . .

I strolled away from the window into the interior of the house. I was not so much calm as numb. There were details about which I had to speak to Mrs. Grace, but they all went out of my mind. They went out of my mind as matters with which I had no more concern. A dying man might feel that way about the earthly things he is leaving behind.

I was, in fact, not so much like a dying man as like a man who in the full flush of vigor is told that he must in a few minutes face the firing squad.

So I stood doing nothing, thinking nothing, while I listened to the three voices as they floated up, first from the lower floor, then from the stairway, then from the floor on which I was waiting in this seeming nervelessness.

They drifted nearer—Mrs. Grace's gentle tones, Elsie Coningsby's silvery tinkle, and then the rich mezzo, which by association of ideas seemed to shed round me a rose-colored light.

Mrs. Grace and Miss Coningsby came in together, the one in black, the other in white. Both bade me a friendly, impersonal good morning, while Mrs. Grace proceeded at once to the question of rugs. Didn't I think that good serviceable American rugs, with some of those nice Oriental druggets people used in summer cottages, would be better than anything more fragile and expensive?

I made such answers as I could, keeping my eyes on the door. Presently she appeared on the threshold, looking about with interest and curiosity in her great dark eyes. Of the minute I retain no more than a vision in rough green English tweed, with a goldish-greenish motoring veil round the head like a nimbus. She impressed me as at once more delicate and more strong than I remembered her—eager, alert, independent.

"This is to be the men's smoking room," Miss Coningsby explained.

"Wouldn't you know it?" Miss Barry said lightly. "One of the nicest rooms in the house. I think the very nicest. It's wonderful how well men do themselves, isn't it?"

"Oh, but in this case it's Hilda."

"It's your brother first of all. You'll see. It will be the snuggest corner of the whole place, and they won't let a woman look into it."

She glanced at me—but casually. She glanced again—but casually again. As no one introduced me a greeting between us was not called for. But when Mrs. Grace finished her questions about the rugs and they were passing into the next room Regina Barry turned and looked at me a third time. It was now an inquiring look, and significant.

"Elsie, who's that man?" I heard her say after she had joined her companions. The reply gave my name.

"Oh!"

"He's been helping Ralph all summer. That's how he and Esther were able to get away."

"Oh!"

"Now we're going on to the day nursery ——"

But Regina Barry said: "Wait a minute. No; go on. I'll overtake you. I'm—I'm perfectly sure that that's the very man who ——" She added, as if forcing herself to a determination: "I'm going back to speak to him. Tell Hilda I'll be with her in an instant."

So I waited, repeating to myself the formula agreed on two or three months before, that I would see her first—and shoot myself afterward.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Safe to Friend Dangerous to Foe

The man in the Service has few worries about the safety of the folks at home when he knows that a trusty Iver Johnson Revolver stands guard over their welfare.

The Iver Johnson is always ready to strike in the defense of its trust.

Every family should have an Iver Johnson. It has no menace for its owner. Bumps, falls and other accidents cannot make it go off. The only way to discharge an Iver Johnson is by pulling the trigger 'way back.

There are Iver Johnsons to meet all needs; standard calibres, Hammer and Hammerless Models, Regular, "Western" Walnut and "Perfect" Rubber grips.

Free: Three Iver Johnson Booklets. Mention the ones you want: A—"Firearms" (shotguns and revolvers), B—"Bicycles," C—"Motorcycles."

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$300 for Christmas!

Sell us your spare time. You can easily make each hour bring you an extra dollar.

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Why not you too? You need not invest a single penny to learn all about our plans. Experience is unnecessary. Profits begin at once. Just clip off the coupon and mail it today.

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671 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Gentlemen:—Tell me all about your spare-time money-making plan. I'm interested.

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Sense and Nonsense

A Round Trip

AUNT MARY WELLS is one of the few "befo' de wah" darkies left in a little Kentucky town. Recently she was discussing with her employer the merry-go-round that was running up on the corner.

"Nawsuh, Mr. Malcolm," she said, "nawsuh, I don' ride on none o' dem things. Why, Mr. Malcolm, I've seen some o' these here fool niggers git on that thing and ride as much as a dollar's worth, and git off at the very same place they gits on at; an' I sez to 'em, 'Now you spent yo' money, nigger, whah yo' been?'"

A Slight Mistake

THE citizens of a Southern town persuaded a well-known character there that he could easily be elected to the governorship; so he inaugurated a campaign. But right in the middle of it an insidious whisper went the rounds that the candidate had been caught stealing chickens. Next day he circulated a card to offset these attacks. Here it is:

Vote for ——— for Governor
The Poor Man's Friend—A Protector of Widows and Orphans.

The statement that I was shot in the henhouse is an error. My candidacy is subject to the Socialist Party.

A Suitable Substitute

WHEN Admiral Sims told this tale at a Hands-Across-the-Sea dinner in London not very long ago some of the Britishers present chose to find in it a subtle reference to the antidrinking order that rules in the American Navy.

It was a bitter night in the Klondike—so the admiral said—and in the leading place of refreshment in the camp the miners were assembled, hugging a red-hot stove, listening to the roar of the blizzard, and drinking hot whisky punches.

Suddenly, above the whipping shriek of the wind and the sound of the frozen snow pelting against the frost-covered windowpanes of their snug refuge, was heard a faint cry without. Muffling themselves against the cold, two of the group went forth to investigate.

They found at the door a green prospector who had been wandering for hours in the storm. His dogs were half dead and he was frozen fast to his sled. They cracked him loose, brought him indoors, and by degrees thawed him out. Then all present hospitably escorted him to the bar.

"Stranger," said the genial proprietor, in a sympathetic tone, "you've had a blamed close call. I know you need something to brace you up; and I want you to understand that, so fur as you're concerned, the drinks—all of 'em—are on the house. What's it goin' to be?"

The newly rescued wayfarer thought a moment.

"I think," he said, "I think I'll take a seltzer lemonade."

The stupefied hush that fell over the assemblage was broken by the proprietor.

"I'm powerful sorry," he said, "but we're plum' out of seltzer lemonades. I'll tell you what, though—I've got a pair of white duck pants in my trunk that I'll let you wear!"

Since ——

SINCE that I may not tell you how I love you,
Since that I must be mute,
See—I shall praise all beauty round, above you;
Your name shall be my lute.

To me more dear shall be the blue of heaven
Because your eyes are blue;
In crimson roses shall I seek at even
Your lips' remembered hue.

I shall weave lyrics that are fashioned after
The music of your voice.
I shall hear echoes of your silv'ry laughter
Wherever men rejoice.

Never the starlight or the scent of flowers,
Never the glint of dew,
Nor aught of loveliness shall mark the hours
But I shall call it you!

—*Blanche Goodman.*

The Remarkable Story

Of a Flour That Won a Million Users Before We Said We Made It

A few years ago the Quaker mill experts decided to make a superlative flour, and to call it Quaker Flour.

It had to be a unique flour—the choicest grade that science could produce. For the Quaker brand on a patent flour would create great expectations.

They built and equipped the finest type of a model, modern mill. A master miller was placed in charge, without any cost restrictions.

A laboratory was fitted out to constantly analyze the flour. And the mill was equipped with a kitchen, to daily test flour in fine baking.

In that mill they produced, in a limited way, a remarkable grade of white flour.

Tested Daily in Our Kitchens

An Instant Sensation

As soon as grocers displayed Quaker Flour, nearly every lover of Quaker cereals wanted to try a sack.

The quality amazed them. It fixed a new criterion for flour. Soon thousands of housewives were talking this flour to their friends, and the demand outgrew our mill.

We built more model mills. Today we operate five of them, with a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels of this Quaker Flour.

Each mill has a laboratory and each has a kitchen, so every mill, in every sack, maintains this exceptional quality.

Now at least a million housewives have adopted this new-grade flour. And the evidence is that a million others would use it could they get it.

Won Its Own Users

All this came about without advertising. Women saw Quaker Flour, and they knew Quaker quality. Then the flour itself and the flour alone—won them from former brands.

It will do so with you when you try it. You will wonder how any new-day methods can improve a flour like this.

Ask your grocer if he has it. If so, have him send a sack. Then judge it for yourself

The Quaker Oats Company

Quaker Flour Mills

Akron, Ohio Cedar Rapids, Iowa Peterborough, Ontario
Sudbury, Ontario Saskatoon, Saskatchewan (2041)

Quaker Flour

THE man who has found shoes that suit him in every way is indeed fortunate. Thousands of such men are wearing Ralston shoes. So we now ask the man who isn't suited—whose shoes probably look good but fit badly, or that fit fairly well when new but soon lose their shape and wear out quickly—we ask this man to

—*buy* RALSTONS

These are times for buying wisely. The careful buyer will make his expenditure for shoes return him the maximum in comfort, fit and tasteful style.

He will find all these essentials perfectly balanced in Ralstons. This is so because for nearly a half-century our ever-improving methods of shoemaking have been bent on producing a good shoe at the lowest possible cost. The happy-medium price of Ralstons—from $7.00 to $10.00—insures a good shoe quality.

If you are a man hard to satisfy, go to the Ralston agent and buy a pair of Ralstons. Your feet will be agreeably surprised. Ralston's style will please you. And your purse will bear witness as to their serviceability. If you don't know the Ralston dealer in your neighborhood, write for his name, and at the same time ask for the Ralston catalog.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
BROCKTON (Campello Station) MASS.

The Ralston dealer will furnish you with a Ralston Christmas Gift Certificate. It's to be a "Useful Christmas" this year. Give Ralston Shoes.

the utmost in looks, comfort and wear at a happy-medium price

Ralston

Longwood Model

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES

(Continued from Page 19)

"I suppose you interviewed the taxi driver?" asked Caldecott pleasantly.

"Oh, yes. We know all about that and about your visit to the wrecking company. The collector thinks that that was all a bluff."

"Remember what I told you," said Caldecott warningly, "about the wisdom of the obviously unwise."

"I've never forgotten it," said the polite agent pleasantly. "Of course, you were having fun with Miss—er—Valentine. But I'd give a lot to know two things. First, how you spotted her ——"

"That was easy," interjected Caldecott. "She spotted herself."

"And then why you showed her the rubies."

"There wasn't anything else I could do," said Caldecott very earnestly.

The polite agent frowned. After a silence he shook his head and said: "I think that you are bluffing now."

"Not at all. She was the only one I could show the rubies to and at the same time retain them. If Anson Wheeler had been aboard I would have shown them to him of course. How could I make them disappear unless I proved first of all that I had them, and how could I bring them in unless first of all they disappeared?"

"I'll tell you what I think, Mr. Caldecott, and I am going to tell the collector so. I think you smuggle for sport."

"Not even for sport. Do you know what those rubies cost?"

"I understand a couple of hundred thousand dollars."

"As a matter of fact, not as much as that; but if I sold them here, wouldn't I sell them duty paid? Who would buy them otherwise?"

"A collector; one of those you say are unknown."

"I'd sell them to him in Paris and he would bring them over himself."

"Not if he asked you to do it and assumed all responsibility for their possible confiscation."

"Do you see any man doing that with one hundred and fifty thousand dollars?"

"You never can tell who would smuggle. I've known ——"

"We've all got a pet story of human inconsistency. Ah, here is the waiter! I thank you, gentlemen, for a pleasant half hour."

Joe looked sheepish as the waiter filled his glass. The other agent drank to Caldecott's health, ending with "May we all get what we are after!"

Caldecott escorted them to the door. There he said to the polite secret-service man: "You have brains, imagination and courage. I'd be desperately afraid of you if it were not for one thing."

"What's that?" asked the agent curiously.

"That I"—and Caldecott raised his eyes to the ceiling until the whites showed—"am innocent!"

XVI

ANSON WHEELER sat at his desk in the collector's room in the New York Custom House. He had just finished reading a letter asking Mr. Wheeler if he felt at liberty to accept an offer to become the president of the New Jersey Gas Company.

As the shares were listed on the New York Stock Exchange and therefore more or less in the public eye via the quotation tables and the hopes of easy money, it was desirable to have as the titular head of the organization somebody whose name would at once be familiar to newspaper readers as well as a synonym for efficiency and probity. Mr. Wheeler had all the necessary qualifications for the position.

Wheeler was wondering if he ought to wait for a still better offer, though he realized that there were not very many better positions obtainable.

He stared pensively at the lunette by Elmer E. Garnsey—the bow of an old ship on its way to a Greek headland whereon stood a temple of Poseidon—a sort of custom house of the gods. Thither the old Greeks had been wont to take gifts and votive offerings. And he remembered the old story of Bion, the atheist, to whom were shown the gifts of those whose prayers to be saved had been granted by the sea deity.

"Yes," quoth Bion; "but where are the gifts of those who were drowned after all their vows and prayers?"

Duties! There were those who paid them like good honest men and those who did not pay until Anson Wheeler made them, thereby gaining for himself the front-page reputation that had obtained for him the offer of the gas company's presidency.

He would answer:

"I feel at liberty to do whatever I think is right. What will be the duties and the emoluments of the president of the corporation?"

Anson Wheeler could afford to write far ruder letters than that.

A clerk came in, laid a card upon the desk before the collector and said apologetically: "He said you'd see him if I brought in his card."

Anson Wheeler frowned—on general principles, for he ruled by fear, which was all that he found worked with smugglers. This clerk must be discouraged. But he remembered that he wasn't going to be collector much longer and it was too much trouble to scold a civil-service caterpillar. He ceased to frown and read the card:

MR. CECIL CALDECOTT

He frowned again. Why should he not, at the sight of the name of the one man who not only had not been caught but actually had dared him to catch him and had laughed at him and refused to be bluffed or frightened?

Why had Caldecott come to see him? Could it be surrender?

He told the clerk: "Tell Charlie to come in"—he meant his confidential secretary—"and then admit that man."

The clerk hastened from the room before he could be scolded—the Lord only knows for what. Charlie came in, notebook in hand ready to take down dictation or conversation. A moment later Cecil Caldecott entered.

"Good morning, Mister Collector," said Caldecott pleasantly.

Anson Wheeler nodded shortly. Then, as though he knew what was coming and had duly prepared for it in order to save valuable time—his own—said: "He'll take down anything you have to say."

"You were afraid to use the word confession, weren't you? Are you sure you want that young man—that nice shifty-eyed young man, who will be here long after you've gone on your way to a fortune—do you want him to know what only you and I ought to know?"

"I have no use for secrets," said Wheeler shortly. "If you've got anything to say say it. If you haven't get out."

"Same old pose? Very well. Take this down, young man: I propose to give to the newspapers the details of how every man in this office, from the collector of the port down, has been trying for years to catch me smuggling; how he has been annoying me with thugs and asses from this office; how smuggling is carried on to-day as never before in the history of the New York Custom House. I will give to the newspapers full accounts of the *modus operandi* of our most successful smugglers. I will relate how, for instance, one man told the collector he was going to smuggle valuable gems, showed those very gems to his own spy, and then, under the very nose of the collector of the port himself, the little baubles were brought in, and how the payment of duties aggregating over a hundred thousand dollars, in one lot alone, was successfully evaded. Also how the collector knew all about it, and how the smuggler is not in jail, but living at a first-class hotel, not a cent poorer in pocket. Why is this state of affairs allowed to go on?"

Caldecott turned from the stenographer, who had been taking down his dictation, to the collector. He went on, his eyes fixed on Wheeler's:

"I will tell the reporters of the annoyances to which reputable business men have been subjected, and how one famous gem expert had fun with the collector in the matter of some Scotch grouse eggs and the Elkington pearls. By the way, nobody knows the present owner of the latter. I will also tell them how I, feeling nothing but pity for so childish a mind, came here to warn him to accept any offer of a position that any great corporation may have made him. He should do this before his pose is knocked into a cocked hat by the relentless logic of events and the light of pitiless exposure. Do you want me to dictate

Do your feet get "tired out"?

If standing or walking tires you out quickly; if your feet ache by the end of the day, the cause is not so much *natural fatigue* as *unnatural* strain of some part of the foot structure. When this strain is corrected by wearing

Wizard

Adjustable Foot Appliances

in your shoes, the relief is immediate and really amazing. You can walk with a buoyancy and ease you cannot now imagine. Wizards bring positive relief both to those who have aching feet and to those who know they have well-defined foot troubles, but who have not obtained relief with other devices.

Most foot troubles, such as callouses, fallen arches, etc., are due to some bone or bones of the foot in unnatural, strained position. Wizards support the bones in normal place, and in the most COMFORTABLE WAY.

The relief that Wizards give is due to an exclusive PATENTED principle, which cannot be obtained in any other device.

No metal is used—the support is formed by soft inserts in overlapping pockets—instantly adjustable for any shape of foot or any condition of foot trouble. The whole device is soft, featherlight, all-leather—you would never realize that it is in your shoe except for the complete relief it brings.

Painful callouses

are caused by pressure from unnaturally low bones in the ball of the foot. Relieve the pressure by wearing a Wizard Callous Remover in your shoes so that the rubber inserts support the bones just back of callous. This stops the pain immediately—the callous soon disappears.

Fallen arches

can be raised gently and gradually with Wizard Arch Builders. The overlapping pockets with soft inserts make it easy to build a support of any desired height or shape, changing as the condition of the arch improves.

Run-over heels

usually indicate a misalignment of the heel and ankle bones, which causes aching feet. Wizard Heel Leveler corrects this condition, stops the pain, and prevents shoe heels from running over.

At shoe stores everywhere

Wizard Foot Appliance Co.
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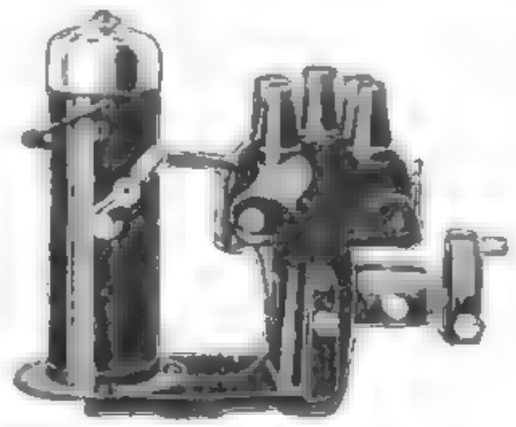

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QUALITY in an ignition system is measured by its *dependable* performance day in and day out in all kinds of weather and under all kinds of operating conditions.

When you consider that the entire motor performance depends upon the quality of its ignition, you can readily appreciate what it means to have a system into which has been built the combined engineering and mechanical experience of fifteen years.

ATWATER KENT MFG. WORKS
Philadelphia

SEE YOUR DEALER OR WRITE TO 4937 STENTON AVENUE

the story to this young man, whose notebook will be his unless you keep it now?"

"Charlie, leave me alone with this lunatic."

"And you need not take the notebook with you, Charlie. By saying this I save your chief the humiliation of having to ask you himself. Thank you, Charlie."

Caldecott took the notebook from Charlie's hand, closed it and laid it in front of Wheeler. The confidential stenographer regretfully rose—empty-handed—and left the room.

"Wheeler, one of the prime requisites of success in life is knowledge of men. In politics you need knowledge of the masses rather than of individuals. In business the reverse is true. You are all right when you are playing averages, but you will come a cropper if you don't mend your ways. No! Don't be angry!"

Caldecott waved his hand pacifyingly and pursued: "In all human likelihood you have already received several offers of far better jobs than this, which you have probably not accepted because if you continue to get as much from front-page space in the next six months as in the past four you'll land a whale. It's up to you to become a millionaire. But believe me, Wheeler, you'll have to read individual character better. Now, for all you've seen of me and all your men have told you, you still insult me by silly poses. I am here to talk business."

Caldecott made an end of speaking, and Anson Wheeler saw the steady cool gaze of the man who Col. Ira A. Glover declared was the champion goat-getter of the world. A thinker, a fighter, a man of brains and hard to read. But it was perfectly plain that for the first time in the extraordinary history of their acquaintance Cecil Caldecott was serious, without being any more frightened than when he was laughing at the collector's force.

"There is only one kind of business that you and I can do," said Wheeler quietly.

"Precisely, Wheeler," acquiesced Caldecott. "Your business is to see that all dutiable articles that come into this port pay the duties that the present tariff says they must pay. Am I right?"

"You are. Have you come to pay any?"

"Not exactly."

"Then you are wasting my time."

"Not at all. I have not come to pay any duties. I have come to ask you if you wish me to pay any."

"That," said the collector slowly, "is a damned-fool question to ask."

"Not at all. You are jumping at conclusions. You know I have bought the Meryonvilliers rubies for seven hundred and fifty thousand francs. Well, I can sell them to-day. What I want to know is: If I bring the rubies to the appraiser and pay the duty will you be asinine enough to make trouble, or do you want me to sell them to my man in Paris and have him smuggle them over?"

"Have you them here?"

"My dear Wheeler, that surely is a damned-fool question if ever there was one. However, I will give you my word that they are not in my physical possession nor in my office nor in my residence, nor in any of what you doubtless would call my hiding places, nor in the hands of any accomplice."

Caldecott was so obviously telling the truth that the collector bowed his head in token of belief.

Then he asked: "Are they in Paris?"

"If you constitute yourself into an animated catechism you are going to lose about one hundred thousand dollars' worth of duty. It is nothing to me whether you agree or not."

"You would have to take them back to Paris."

"Supposing I did? You couldn't search the luggage of five hundred outward-bound passengers. Of course, I wouldn't take them aboard the boat myself. They would go by messenger boy with a basket of fruit or a box of flowers to some young lady that I would know was sailing because I would be paying for her ticket. And I not only would not pay you a red cent, but I would tell my customer what I said I would—that is, how to bring them into New York right under your very nose, as I myself—er—might have done had I wished."

"You haven't got them in New York, or so you said."

"No. I said I didn't have them on my person or in my possession. I didn't say they were not in or near New York. Man alive, anybody would think I was trying to play you a dirty trick instead of trying to do my best to do you a favor."

"Why should you do me a favor?"

"For two reasons: In the first place it would save me time and money—the time and expense of having to go to Paris and return; a waste, since you would not make a penny more out of me; and second, I feel grateful to you for two things you did to me; not intentional, but you did them. On my honor."

Anson Wheeler looked at Caldecott and again saw the truth in the bluish-gray eyes. Why should Caldecott be grateful? He gave it up.

"I am curious to know what they are," said the collector.

"Don't be angry, Wheeler, but you have made me enjoy myself so much with your absurd notions about my smuggling, or rather about your insane desire to catch me smuggling, that it has kept me young. And second, if it had not been for you I never should have met Miss Valentine. You know, I firmly intended to use her as my intermediary in bringing in any—er—trifles I did not wish to—er—have in my valise. She was far cleverer, infinitely more artistic than a certain Mrs. Leslie that your predecessor sicked on me a year and a half ago; or Belle Allaire, under his predecessor, four years before that. I gave them some wonderful diamonds to bring in, hidden in the heels of old shoes of theirs which I ingeniously hollowed out for them in their staterooms—diamonds obtained from a theatrical costumer. The real diamonds were not in the heels of any shoes, collector! But Belle certainly was very pretty, very attractive. If only she had not been so confoundedly Circe-like!"

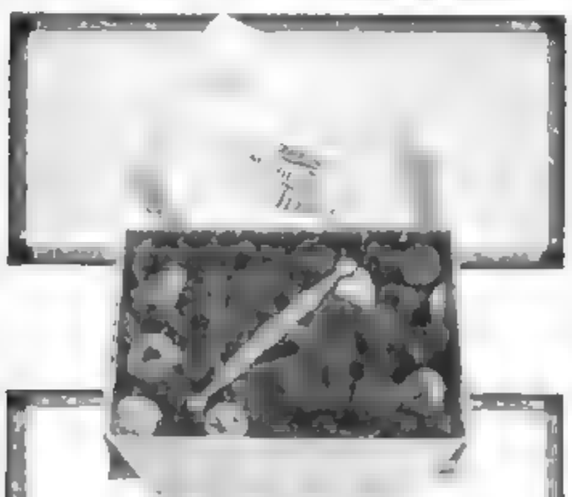
Caldecott frowned and then began to laugh—at some amusing recollection.

"I never heard the details."

"They are not interesting. Your predecessor was even more

(Continued on Page 105)

The Gem Expert Was Seen Going Into Turner's Room. Turner Was Sent Away to Comfort the Waiting Myrtle



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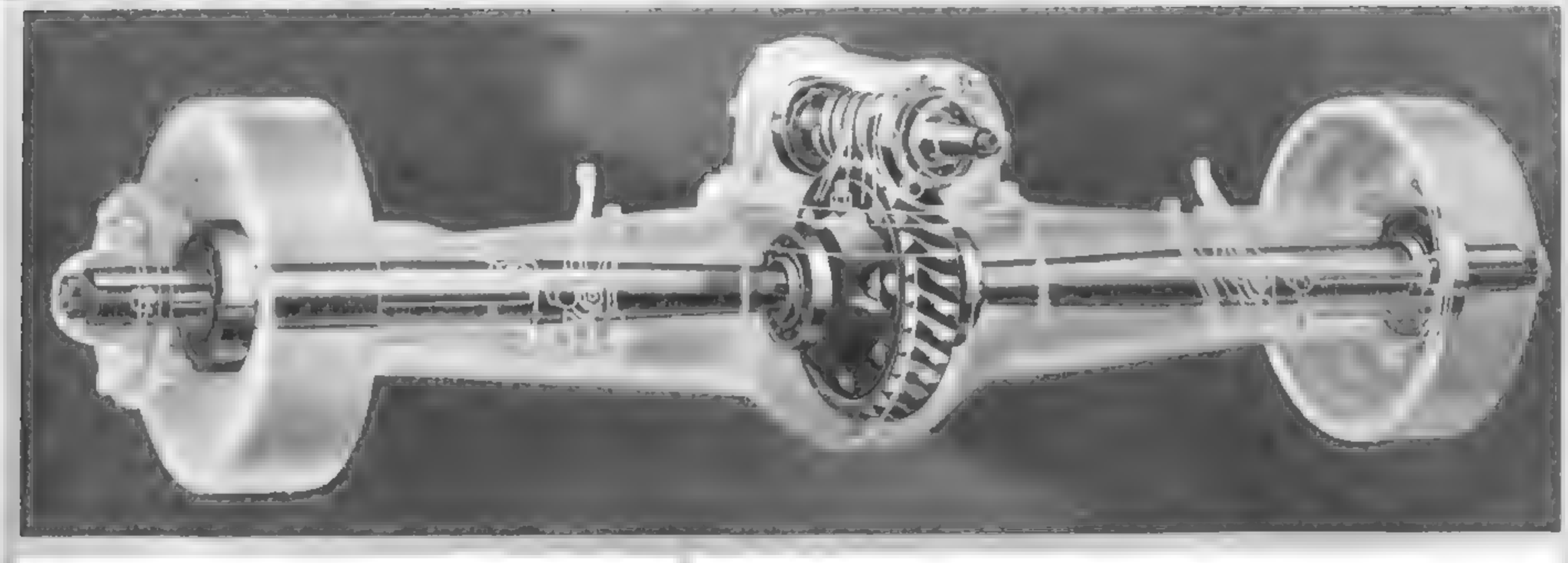
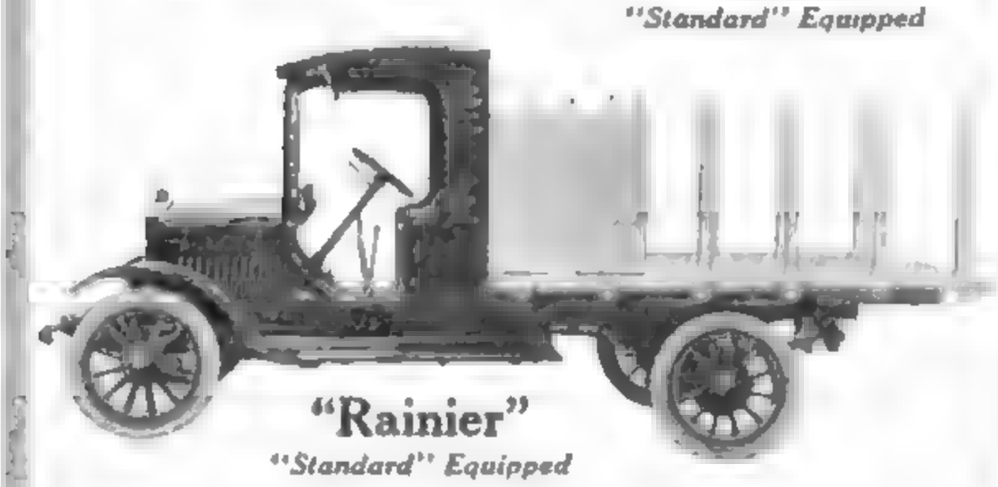
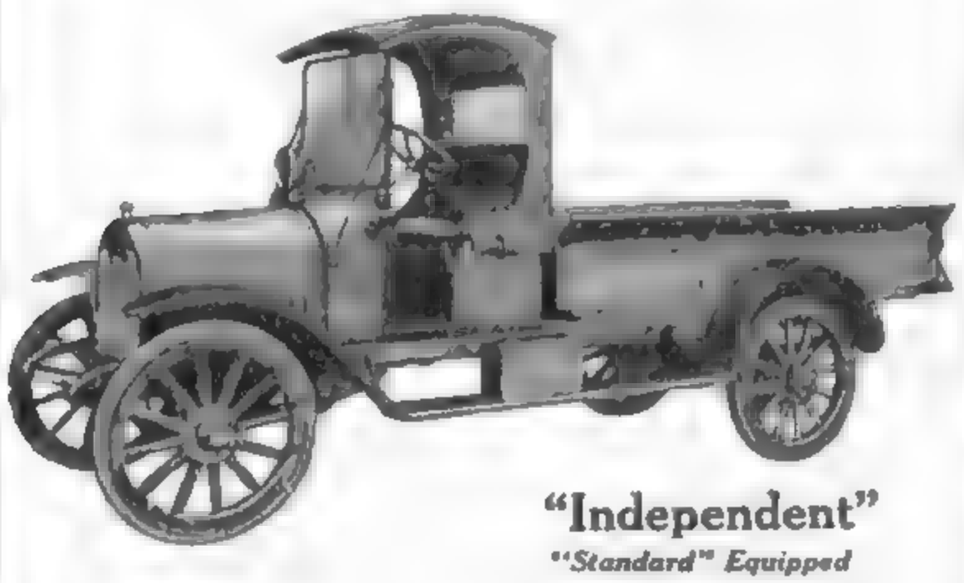


"Dearborn"
"Standard" Equipped



"Rainier"
"Standard" Equipped



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(Continued from Page 102)

stupid than you—er than you imagine, Mister Collector. But what I wish to know is: Do you wish to collect the duties on three very wonderful rubies which cost me a trifle less than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars?"

"If you say they cost you one hundred and fifty thousand dollars they must be worth double that."

"No. I buy cheaply; I don't steal. I'd buy for a dollar and fifty cents and sell for three dollars if I were a poor man. But I could not buy anything for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and sell it for three hundred thousand dollars without feeling like a thief. And I wouldn't pay one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for something worth twice that in order to make a profit of only five per cent. No! I paid one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and you shouldn't appraise them for a cent over one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars."

The collector shook his head with a smile, but Caldecott said very seriously: "You know very well that I know a great deal better than your appraiser what the market value of the rubies is. Do I bring the stones and give you the duty on what we agree the stones are worth or do I sell them in Paris to somebody who may never pay the duty on them? I am serious, collector."

Wheeler considered. He saw very plainly how he could explain Caldecott's payment of the duty in such a way as to make it appear a great personal victory for Mr. Anson Wheeler.

He said: "I'll accept your offer."

"You mean, you will not ask any questions or take any steps to annoy me?"

"Oh, we shall continue to watch you, of course."

"Watch away. I shall bring my lawyer with me with certain documents for you to sign. . . ."

"I sign nothing."

"Helen Blazes, you haven't even given me your word that you would not yield to the temptation of making me seem guilty of smuggling if you got the chance. Suppose I agreed to come to you some day, say, a week from Thursday at three o'clock, and you had me nabbed as I left my office on my way here. Where would I be? Somebody has to guarantee fair play. In any event why don't you intelligently wait and see what my lawyer wants you to do before you begin to say you won't sign anything?"

Anson Wheeler thought; and the more he thought the more he wanted the duty on those rubies.

"Mr. Caldecott, I'll take you at your word. I'll give you any assurance you wish that I'll play square, though my word of honor ought to be enough."

"It is for me," Caldecott assured him, "but you know what lawyers are. I never intended to keep Uncle Sam from getting the duty. It does not come out of my pocket, you know. But you were so sure I couldn't do it that I just had to—er—feel like doing it."

"I still would like to know how you did it," said Anson Wheeler curiously.

"Oh, that was easy. If I dared to trust accomplices I could smuggle Westminster Abbey intact into New York, and you'd never know it. But having to play a lone hand makes it more difficult, though of course much safer."

"But I don't see how you could. . . ."

"What you don't see," interrupted Caldecott pleasantly, "is how I did, not how I could. Of course, I could do it in dozens of ways, but I only did it in one."

"How?"

"You really wish to know?"

"Yes."

"Very much?"

Caldecott looked dubiously at Anson Wheeler. His expression made the collector answer eagerly: "Yes! Very much!"

"Then take this down in your own handwriting, dated to-morrow."

And Caldecott dictated:

"Referring to your favor of yesterday, in which you state that the Duke deMeryonvilliers, of Paris, France, has sold to you the three rubies known as the Meryonvilliers Collection and that for certain delicate reasons the Duke insisted upon the rubies reaching your New York office without the character of a parcel containing them being known to anybody, and that you expect that parcel to be in your possession within a few days, I beg to reply affirmatively to your question, to wit: If you will, as you say, take the rubies to the appraiser's office and pay whatever duty may be levied on them, this office will hold that you have complied with all the requirements of the law and therefore you will not be molested or in any way interfered with by anyone from this office.

"Yours truly,

"ANSON WHEELER,
"Collector of the Port.

"To Cecil Caldecott, Esq.,
"Jewelers' Guild Building,
"New York City."

Wheeler finished writing the letter, read it over very carefully and gave it to Caldecott, who also read it and handed it back to the collector, saying: "I shall write you a letter and send it by messenger. Then you will send this one back to me by messenger. To-morrow you and Miss Valentine will dine with me at the Ritz and after everybody there feels that everybody there is pretty nice and that everybody has been laboring under a misapprehension of the facts—why, then I'll show you how easy it is for anybody to smuggle—if only he has brains, nerve, money and a sense of humor."

"I don't know ——" began Anson Wheeler dubiously.

"I can promise you it will be a very fine dinner. But Miss Valentine ought to be there. I don't mind telling you that I think she is clever, but miscast here. You must accept my invitation for her. If, however, one or the other of you is not free, then you two name the night and we'll dine at the Ritz at seven. When will you see her?"

"Hold on a moment. I'll see if she is home."

He reached for his desk telephone and told his operator to get Miss Valentine.

After a moment: "Miss Valentine? . . . Mr. Wheeler speaking. . . . Collector's office. . . . Yes. . . . Very well, thank you. And you? . . . That's good . . . Miss Valentine, I have received a dinner invitation for you and me for to-morrow night. Are you free? . . . Fine! . . . The host is your friend, Mr. Cecil Caldecott. He is going to pay the duty. . . . No, he offered to do it voluntarily. . . . And he is going to tell us. . . ."

"To show you," corrected Mr. Cecil Caldecott.

"To show us how he did it. Ritz-Carlton, to-morrow night at seven. Good-by!"

Wheeler turned to Caldecott and repeated "To-morrow at seven! At the Ritz-Carlton!"

Caldecott nodded, smiled, hesitated and held out his hand.

"I might as well," he said, "if you are going to break bread with me to-morrow night. But you are going to feel sorry when you see how simply it was done."

"No, I won't, if I get the money," promised Anson Wheeler. "That is what I am here for."

XVII

ANSON WHEELER called for Miss Valentine in his motor and together they drove to the Ritz-Carlton. They found Caldecott waiting for them.

He was a model host. In the first place he saw to it that the dinner was admirably served. He gave to the menu the care that an orchestra leader should give to his program. He spoke entertainingly of his gem-hunting in India, in Africa, in China, in South America and in the wilds of Paris, London and St. Petersburg. He told them the inside history of how several "lost" historic gems had been recovered. In some of these recoveries he had been the Sherlock Holmes, and Anson Wheeler began to suspect that his host did not have to smuggle in order to make money. Of course, there remained the motive power of adventure, but Caldecott had told him repeatedly that smuggling was too easy to be sporty.

Caldecott led the conversation into politics, and Wheeler told him unprinted stories of political life, of big men among the leaders, of intrigues and betrayals, how nominations were secured and lost.

Caldecott listened as well as he spoke; indeed better, for by listening he enabled Anson Wheeler to show conclusively what a wonderful man Mr. Wheeler was, to know so much that newspaper readers didn't.

But there was no mention of what had happened to the Meryonvilliers rubies.

After the coffee, when the cigarettes were lighted, Wheeler said with a smile: "Caldecott, I may as well admit that though I

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They never wear out or rust. The safe way to ... Pictures, Clocks, Mirrors, Clothing, etc., without injuring paper or plaster. Easy to use.

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have had a very enjoyable dinner I am more than ever curious to know just how you managed to get rid of the rubies."

"Oh, I just told a customer what they were like and he bought them sight unseen, on my say-so. It's the only way to do. Unless you capitalize your knowledge so that it makes the practice of your vocation both profitable and frictionless you might as well remain an ignoramus—or a smuggler-catcher." And he smiled at Miss Valentine.

"That wasn't worthy of you," she said, in a tone a trifle too cold to be playful.

"It was a profound truth. Let us say, for instance, that you found me violating the law and that you told your chief: 'Caldecott has smuggled.' Would I go to jail? No; not until you told what you knew about me, and if your chief believed your story I'd be arrested. And after that his superiors would have to prove the case before a judge and jury. Now all I have to do is to tell a man: 'That is a very fine emerald. It weighs so much and is worth so much.' And what I say is not only accepted with faith but even with gratitude. My knowledge is an asset to me. It is capitalizable at many thousands a year. Your knowledge merely enables you to hold your job. Another person whose knowledge may be only half of yours probably gets the same salary. So you see ——"

"Yes! But did you actually bring the rubies in?"

"You really mean, am I a smuggler, don't you?"

"Yes."

"No man is a smuggler unless he is caught, because smuggling is not one of the natural crimes. Moreover, I am going into the movie business."

"I hear there isn't the big money there used to be," said Wheeler.

"Of course there is! More than ever. What's happened is that the public is more critical and no longer swallows motion-photography stunts for the novelty. If producers were not the biggest asses in the world, next to the directors and closely following the exhibitors and the professional smuggler catchers, there wouldn't be so much talk of bad business. I am going into it because it looks like a gamble and it really isn't. When you bet on what is good you don't gamble. The trouble is in knowing what is good; and I am betting that I know. I may be wrong. That's the gamble. But I'll always take a chance to learn how big an ass I am—or how accurate my judgment is."

"I gather you don't often lose," said Miss Valentine with a shade of mockery in her voice. She didn't relish being compelled to admire this man's brains.

"I have come very near it at times," said Caldecott slowly. "The last time was on the Meuse. I knew that you were on the boat for the purpose of leading me toward jail and a fine—to say nothing of the confiscation of the rubies. But I was crazy to experiment with your sense of honor. At the last moment I was afraid to take the chance, owing to circumstances beyond my control."

"To wit?"

"Something about Edna Valentine that made gambling unsafe and therefore unintelligent."

"I don't get that," interjected Wheeler with a tolerant smile. He forgave Caldecott. It was a wonderful dinner.

"It wasn't intended that you should. By the way, my motion-picture company has just produced a novelty in motion plays and I want you to see it."

"But, look here, Caldecott, you promised ——"

"The evening is young. You come and see the first C. Square picture. You won't regret it."

Anson Wheeler looked dubious, but Miss Valentine cried: "Oh, let's see it! I think Mr. Caldecott means to surprise us."

Caldecott looked at her curiously. She stared back and asked a trifle superciliously: "Must I always be stupid and blind?"

"We would get along famously, if we had to, don't you think?" he said.

She shrugged her beautiful shoulders, whereupon Caldecott said pleasantly to Wheeler: "You will have to be very good-natured to-night, Mister Collector."

Wheeler smiled uncertainly, not having the remotest idea of what Caldecott was driving at.

Caldecott's automobile took them to the C. Square Corporation's office on West Twenty-third Street. Walter Townsend, his director, was waiting for them.

"Miss Valentine, let me present Mr. Walter Townsend, our director. Wheeler, I think you already know Mr. Townsend!"

"You are the man who brought a photographer to take pictures of my office ——"

"And of yourself, sir," smiled Townsend.

"H'm!" muttered Wheeler. He shot a sharp look at Caldecott, who thereupon said cheerfully: "Come, collector!"

And he led the way, with Miss Valentine on his arm.

In the room where the screen was the two couples found seats somewhat apart, Wheeler and Townsend sitting beside each other.

Mr. Caldecott was able to whisper to Miss Valentine: "Would you really have delivered me into Wheeler's hands, tied hand and foot?"

"You must remember I asked for no confidences."

"No. You never vamped me once, like the others. I saw that you were subtle and dangerous; not because you were beautiful but because you were ——"

He paused.

"Finish, why don't you?"

"Some things are better left unsaid. They hurt the pride of young ladies who have no business to go into certain lines of—of business!"

The projecting machine began to whir.

"I don't know that I am called to explain my business to you," she began icily.

"No. But you are going to do it, anyhow, aren't you?"

She hesitated a moment; then: "I went into it because I thought it would be more interesting than journalism. What I really would like is the diplomatic end of the game."

She looked at him half defiantly. Then she looked sorry that she had explained. A person who makes self-excuses fights on the defensive and therefore loses, particularly when a man smiles a forgiving paternal smile.

"I understand," he said kindly. "It's in all the old novels about secret European diplomacy and international intrigues. But my dear child, you lack the very qualities that make for success. Of course you know you ——"

He paused and looked at her steadily.

"I know what?" she said impatiently.

"You know you don't play fair. Now, in a person who has your eyes and your hair and your complexion and your figure and your marvelous hands, unfair play is both crass stupidity and a breach of professional ethics. It should have been obvious to you when you met a man like me that the proper move was ——"

He ceased because she gasped. In letters of fire she saw the title on the screen:

MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES

This was followed by a picture of the three Meryonvilliers rubies—a masterpiece of beautiful color.

Then came the people who had worn the rubies—queens of the Orient and of the Occident, and their crowns. And the treasure caves of the Great Mogul, and the sword hilt of a mighty conqueror. The acquisition of the rubies by the great ducal family of France. Caldecott in his office. A man in Paris losing money at the roulette tables, and the cabling to New York's greatest gem expert—who looked surprisingly like Cecil Caldecott—receiving the cable and answering it. The haggling, the acceptance, the dickering by telephone with the great Wall Street operator, Mr. X. The latter's office with the magnate standing beside the ticker in the act of making the stock market contribute the price of the rubies, one million dollars.

A facsimile of the section of the tariff law relating to the duty on unset cut precious stones—twenty per cent *ad valorem.*

The duty—two hundred thousand dollars—well worth saving!

Views of the penitentiary!

Having agreed to show the magnate the rubies before asking for the twelve hundred thousand dollar check the gem expert immediately advertises for a secretary. Advertisement shown.

"That," explained Caldecott to Miss Valentine, "was because then I could know I was constantly watched; and then of course I wouldn't get careless; and then of course I couldn't possibly be caught. Do you see?"

"No."

"I do. Of course, the next thing was to organize a moving-picture company."

"Why?"

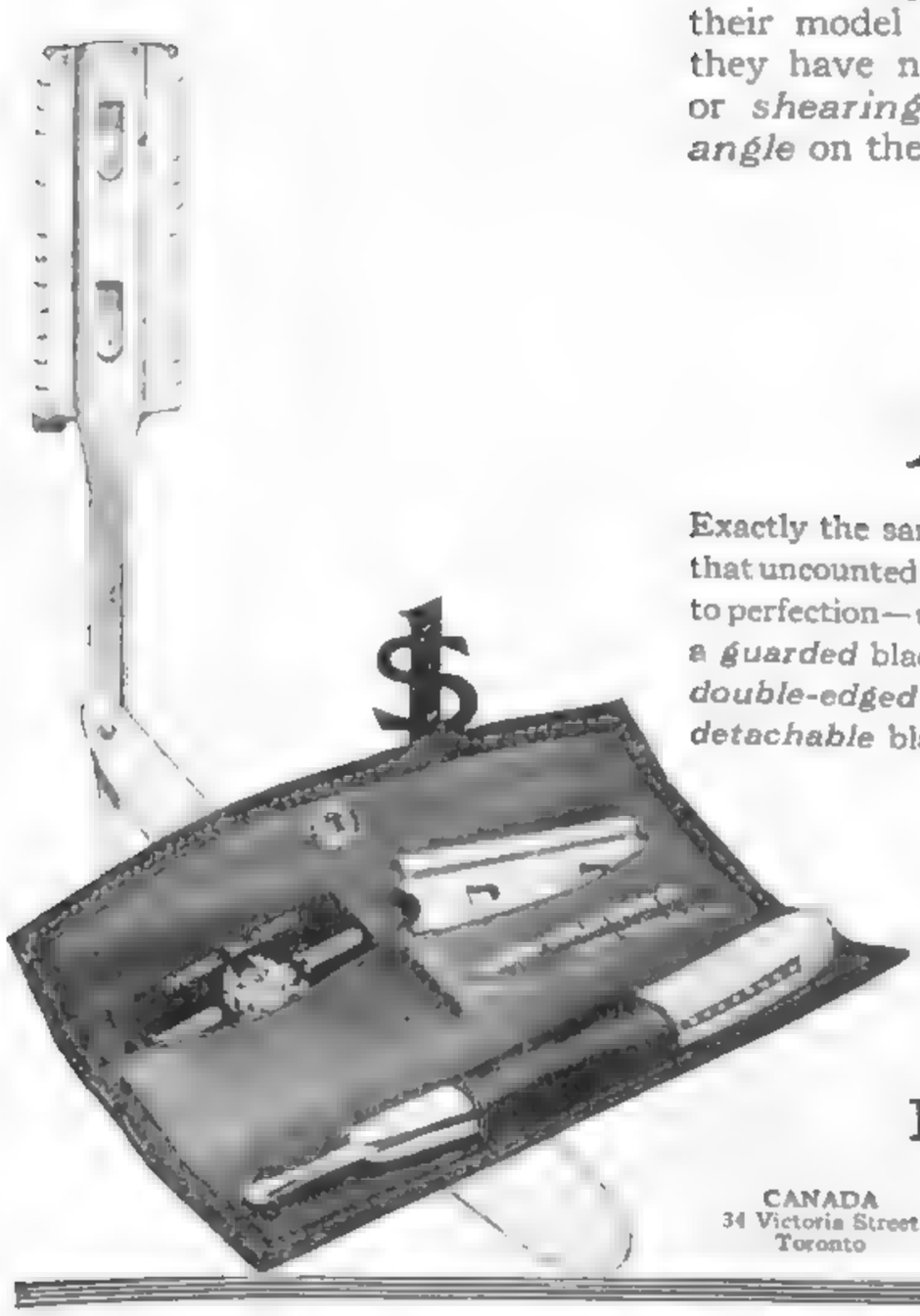
(Continued on Page 109)

George Washington shaved himself ~on Occasion

ONE of these occasions was when his faithful servant allowed his hand to slip—whereupon the General arose in his wrath and finished the job himself; for the Father of our Country was very properly fond of a good, clean shave.

And in his simple shaving kit may still be seen his equally simple razors. While their model is many hundred years old, they have never been bettered in *heft*, or *shearing width*, or *right shaving angle* on the face.

At such times when his old servant failed him, Washington would have appreciated the guarded, two-edged blade of the Durham-Duplex because he would have found it nothing more than his own well-loved model *made safe*.



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A Real Razor—made Safe

Exactly the same shape and balance in the hand that uncounted generations of shavers have brought to perfection—*with these extra advantages:* (1) a *guarded* blade that can't cut your face. (2) a *double-edged* blade for economy's sake. (3) a *detachable* blade for the luxury of a fresh edge at a moment's notice. (4) a *stroppable* blade so that you don't have to throw good steel away. And it's the longest, strongest, keenest, *best-tempered* blade on earth. Seven million shavers have found that the Durham-Duplex gives them more shaving mileage than any other razor. Get your Durham-Duplex *today*.

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The Greatest Shaving Mileage at Any Price

This set contains a Durham-Duplex Razor with an attractive white handle, safety guard, stropping attachment and package of 3 Durham-Duplex double-edged blades (6 shaving edges) all in a handsome leather kit. Get it from your dealer or from us direct.

Additional package of 5 blades at 50 cents.

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When the starter won't turn the engine over

COLD weather brings days when the starter has hardly enough power to turn the engine over. Often you have to use the hand crank, even on a light car.

It is time to look to your oil

The oil which has been correct in warm weather will now be found so stiff that it will not flow. Congealed in the engine base by the cold, it is not delivered to the fast moving parts by the lubricating system. Oil left on the bearing surfaces is used up before the entire supply is warm enough to flow properly. When your engine starts it is likely to overheat suddenly. Many a bearing has been burned out because oil that would not flow at low temperatures was used in winter weather.

Ordinary Zero oil, however, when exposed to the disintegrating heat of the engine—200° to 1000°F.—breaks down rapidly, forming a large part of its bulk in black sediment. An oil must be used that not only flows at all times but that also resists the heat of the engine.

Veedol Zero-Light is made so that it flows readily in the coldest weather and yet it has properties that prevent the formation of sediment under the terrific engine heat.

The danger from oil that breaks down under heat

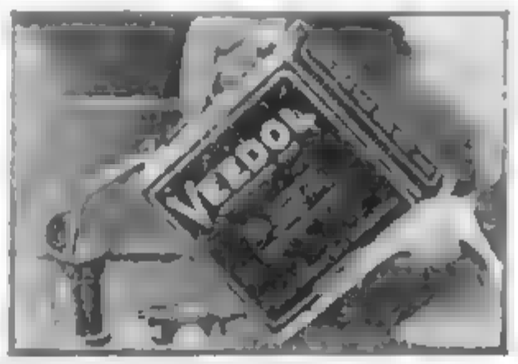
Sediment in your oil is the greatest cause of friction and wear. When oil which contains sediment is carried up to the cylinder walls by the pistons, the film becomes "patchy" and breaks. Rapid carbonization, contamination by gasoline of the oil in the crankcase, scored cylinders and broken piston rings are directly caused by breaking the piston oil "seal." Yet an oil which will flow in cold weather must be used.

After years of experiments Veedol engineers evolved a new method of refining by which an oil is produced that resists heat. This—the famous Faulkner Process—is used exclusively for the production of Veedol, the scientific lubricant.

Solving the sediment problem

The famous Sediment Test, illustrated above, shows how the sediment problem has been solved. The left-hand bottle shows a sample of ordinary oil taken from the crankcase of an engine after 500 miles of running. A great part of its bulk has become sediment.

The right-hand bottle contains a sample of Veedol, the lubricant that resists heat, taken from an engine after an identical test. The amount of sediment is reduced 86%. A million motorists have solved the sediment problem by using only Veedol in their engines.



Cold weather hints for motorists

To prevent freezing in the radiator, use wood alcohol or calcium chloride in proportions to meet weather conditions, or drain the water every cold night

If engine refuses to start in the morning pour hot water on intake manifold

Keep radiator covered at all times to conserve heat and hence gasoline

Disengage clutch before using starting motor

If stuck in deep snow partially deflate tires. Car will pull out immediately

If radiator steams immediately after starting it is probably frozen. Stop engine and thaw out with warm water

Veedol not only resists destruction by heat and minimizes the consequent formation of sediment, but also reduces loss by evaporation in your engine to a negligible quantity. You will get 25% to 50% more mileage per gallon with Veedol for this reason.

Make this test yourself

A simple test with your own car will show immediately the improvement which Veedol makes. Drain the old oil from the engine, fill with kerosene. Run the engine very slowly for 30 seconds with kerosene in the crankcase. Be sure to drain out *all* kerosene; then fill with Veedol. A test run over hills and on level stretches of familiar roads will show that your car has new pickup, less vibration, is quieter. You can top hills on high gear which formerly required stiff pulling on intermediate. Both gasoline and oil consumption will drop.

Buy Veedol today

Leading dealers have Veedol in stock. The new 100-page Veedol book describes Internal Combustion Engines; Transmission; Differentials, Oils and their Characteristics; Oil Refining. It also contains the Veedol lubrication chart. This book will save you many dollars and help you to keep your car running at minimum cost. Send 10c for a copy.

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Veedol Grease and Gear Compound

(Continued from Page 108

"My dear child, think a minute."

"You know very well there is no connection between the two things."

"Certainly there is. It always well when you have fun to make your fortune money for you. It is the only way of making sure of being overpaid. I had to get a man talked about so that he could bring the rubies ashore without danger. I therefore invented the Montana miner you are about to see, and his nephew."

There followed the pictures pretty much as Caldecott had suggested to Walter Townsend and Robert Turner, down to the proposal of marriage in the theater.

The scene shifted to Paris.

The gem expert was there shown obtaining the rubies from the Duke, then leaving Paris and going aboard the Meuse. A girl detective, who did not look very much like Edna, followed the gem expert and bribed the deck steward to put her steamer chair next to his. The same person, shown snooping about the gem expert's stateroom.

"I didn't do that," protested Miss Valentine irrepressively.

Caldecott laughed. Then he apologized.

"Well, I couldn't make her as statuesque as you. The audiences wouldn't get it. You used helplessness and sorrow and a heartbroken, soul-weary voice to do the trick, and those things don't reproduce well in pictures. I couldn't help but admire you. If I hadn't known what you were after the moment I saw you ——"

"You didn't know it at all," asserted Miss Valentine.

"I had on a French hat and a French collar and a French necktie such as no American would wear unless he wished to pass for a Frenchman. When you spoke to me in English after I answered in French it was like giving me your official card. Indeed, it was worse. It was like a woman."

"You rather like to dramatize all your actions with yourself as the superhero, don't you?"

"Oh, no."

The gem expert was shown in his stateroom throwing an alcohol lamp overboard after carefully tearing off a small piece of the label. Then he was shown placing the scrap where it would surely be found, trying one spot and then another. Then, rubbing a little melted chocolate on the carpet near the washstand and making a drop drip down the side of the stand as if it had boiled over.

"Do you know why I threw the lamp away?"

"No."

"In the first place I got the lamp so that the clever detective would know that I had it. Had I merely hidden the lamp under the berth and left it there you would have very properly suspected a plant. I knew you would find the piece of label and the chocolate drops and would think I had covered the rubies with melted chocolate and would give them to you to bring ashore in the box of candy. Of course, I never intended to do this, but I find a man has to keep a girl busy or else she won't be interested in him. Let her deduce to her heart's content and she will do anything for you."

"I think," she began angrily, "that I could kill ——"

"I really don't think you could—quite. But I begin to suspect that your greatest intellectual achievement has been your pale-gold hair; and, next, your baby complexion. You sometimes look the kind of a girl that a man wants not only to protect, but to do her thinking for."

Then came the various episodes such as the throwing overboard of the box of candy, the expert's examination at the pier, the reluctant confession of failure on the part of the inspectors, the trips to the Merriwether house, the Grand Central Station, the hotel and the visit to the Rollin Weeks Wrecking Company.

"Why all that?"

"To afford you the pleasure of guessing, and me the pleasure of making you lose time following false clews."

Then Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner was seen going on the steamer and Myrtle Montgomery beckoning from the pier to him to come and marry her, while he yelled, "I can't swim a stroke!"

Turner went into his cabin, the very same that the gem expert had occupied coming over. Putting on the life preserver he found under the berth Turner jumped overboard, was fished out, was duly embraced by Myrtle before all the reporters, and then whisked to his hotel—the same hotel at which the gem expert was stopping.

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Valentine.

"Of course!" laughed Caldecott.

Then the gem expert telephoned to the Wall Street magnate who bought the rubies and went into the office of the wholesale jeweler's to borrow one hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds to put into his bag.

"Would you have shot Turner if he had tried to take the bag away from you?" asked Wheeler.

"Certainly," replied Caldecott. "You see, I insured that bag in my business."

The gem expert was seen going into Turner's room. Turner was sent away to comfort the waiting Myrtle and the gem expert opened the life preserver and out of a hole in the cork slab carefully fished out the package containing the three rubies. He put them in the bag that held the one hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. After throwing the detective off the scent he went to the millionaire's library and gave him the rubies, which the magnate put away in a secret safe. From there the expert went to the custom house, to the private office of the collector of the port, talked earnestly to Mr. Wheeler, and then paid the duty, grinning broadly the while.

"That's why they took my pictures," said Wheeler.

"That's why," confirmed Caldecott.

The whirring of the picture machine ceased abruptly; then the lights went up.

"You took a big risk," said Wheeler in the condescending voice that all politicians acquire after they hold an office that gives them scores of subordinates, all looking for promotion. "I may say an unwarranted risk, when you put the rubies in the life preserver."

No risk at all. I had five ways of bringing them in. But I am not going to tell them to you. I think if she tried very hard Miss Valentine might induce me to tell her."

Miss Valentine's beautiful blue eyes—the color turquoises might have had if the Lord had intended turquoises to be really beautiful and therefore had soaked them in melted May skies—looked steadily into Mr. Caldecott's—which she now saw were no longer a warm gray blue, but a cold blue gray. They were the eyes of a man who would risk greatly and smile the while; whose active and ingenious mind was a veritable storehouse of curious knowledge, who had an interesting and decidedly attractive personality and a history like an entire shelf of romances. They were the eyes of a man strong and healthy and quick-witted and fearless, with secrets and surprises and fascinating depths and elusive phases and instant comprehension—a man to know, to be interested in.

"I wonder ——" she began perplexedly, unaware that she was expressing her doubts aloud.

"If you begin by wondering," interrupted Caldecott so calmly that it took away all semblance of rudeness, "you will end by doubting; and doubt is always failure."

She felt herself growing red, but not with anger, rather with chagrin. She didn't wish to know what he had smuggled or how, but rather why. But above all things she wanted this man to tell her with his own lips because he couldn't help it; because he could hide nothing from her. He was very unlike all other men. She had never met one like him before, and the reason was simple.

There was nobody in the world quite like him. He interested her because from what she knew of him there must be so much more of him to know!

She suddenly remembered a remark of his, something that he had told her on the steamer:

"My dear young lady, what you are pleased to call living is less a matter of life than of payments; we have to pay with some sort of coin for pleasure, for friendship, for love."

A resolute look came into her eyes. He could not see it.

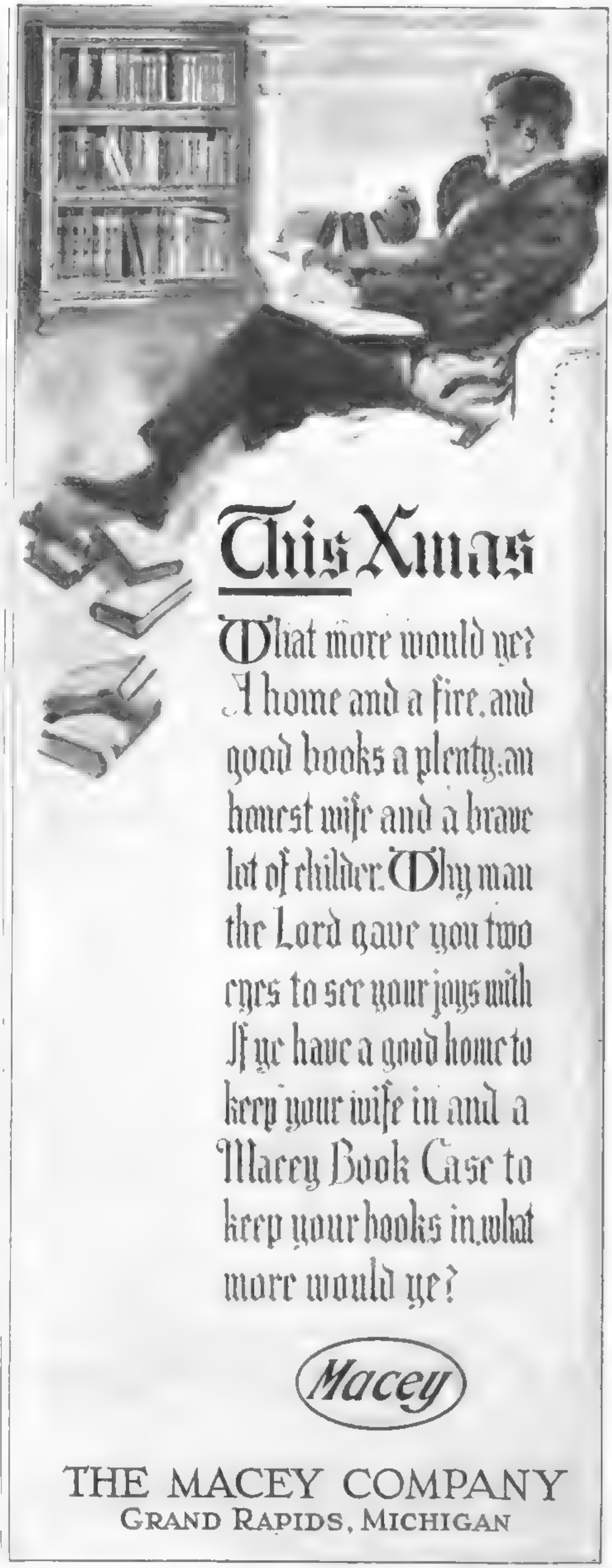
"Mr. Caldecott," she said, in a timid voice, "do you remember, on the steamer, you asked me ——"

She hesitated.

"I asked you so many things!" he smiled.

"Will you come to see me?" she whispered, "when you feel as lonely as—as you said?"

"I wouldn't be so cruel," he answered cheerfully. "There are nights that seem very long, but books were written to be read in bed by a man whose loneliness is merely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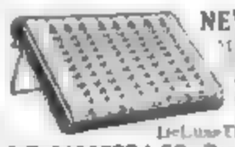

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rhetorical, manufactured for use on the deck of an ocean liner when a pretty girl has the next chair to his."

Then turning to Wheeler, he said in a lower voice: "Well, Mister Collector, what do you think of that picture? Are you going to let us use the scene in your office?"

XVIII

FOUR days later Mr. Cecil Caldecott was notified that a registered letter from Paris was at the general post-office awaiting him and that he must go thither and open it before the customs officials.

He telephoned to Mr. George G. Carnarvon, called at the latter's residence, and from there went to the post office. He entered the room where two United States customs men looked at him with unusual interest when he told them his name and his errand.

They took the parcel out of a safe, gave it to him and he opened it before their eyes. It was wrapped in many thicknesses of paper. They watched him unwrap it with flattering attention.

It was a small leather case. He showed it to them and said:

"I've spoken to the collector about this. Kindly get him on the phone and tell him I don't want to open the package except in his office."

"You mean the deputy surveyor, don't you?" asked one of the men.

"No," said Caldecott coldly; "I mean Mr. Anson Wheeler, collector of the Port of New York. If you think you know his business and mine better than both of us I've nothing more to say."

"I beg your pardon," said the inspector, and instantly called up the collector's office. Presently he said: "Yes, sir. Right away, sir," and rising said to Mr. Caldecott:

"He is waiting for you, sir. Do you mind if I walk with you?"

Caldecott laughed. "No," he said; "it will give me the happiest five minutes of my life to walk with a man in your business."

At the collector's office Mr. Anson Wheeler was waiting for them.

"Good afternoon, Mister Collector!"

"Good afternoon, Mr. Caldecott!" And he shook hands. Caldecott took from his pocket the little leather case, which was tied with a strong tape about it. The inspector nodded. It was quite obviously the same box that Caldecott had put in his pocket at the post office.

Wheeler opened it and took out the three rubies, each in its little black-velvet bag.

"Oh," he said cheerfully, "let's get the appraiser at once and get done with it."

They went to Colonel Glover's office, and there Mr. Watrous, the gem appraiser, who knew what was expected of him, began to hem and haw.

"Mister Collector," said Caldecott, "please tell Mr. Watrous right off the bat that if he appraises these rubies unfairly they go back to Paris. I think a value of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars ——"

"No, sir!" interrupted Watrous vehemently.

"Who would give over that for them?"

"I would," declared Mr. Watrous with a frown.

"I suppose," said Caldecott resignedly, "that I'll have to pay on one hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"On two hundred and fifty thousand dollars you mean."

"Like hell! Mister Collector, please! They are going into bond, and from there we'll send them back to Paris."

"Mr. Watrous," said the collector with an Olympian jocularity, "what is our bargain price to Mr. Caldecott?"

"Two fifty," promptly answered Watrous.

"Come on, Mister Collector, I told you I would ——"

"Is two hundred thousand dollars fair, Mr. Watrous!" the collector asked.

"Not to the Government," said Watrous, frowning furiously.

"Nor to my family," put in Caldecott angrily.

"Since both of you think it's wrong it must be right," said the collector. "You will pay the duty on two hundred thousand dollars, Mr. Caldecott, please."

Caldecott took from his pocket a wallet, and from the wallet four certified checks. He examined them, selected one, gave it to the collector and put the rest in his wallet.

"I came prepared to pay it, but I didn't expect that I'd have to."

"No? I'll bet you a cigar that what you had in your pocket would pay the duty on more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars," said Watrous.

"You are wrong," Caldecott told him gravely and passed a cigar to the appraiser, who thereupon smiled and shook hands with him. He also smiled.

In the collector's office Anson Wheeler spoke to Caldecott.

"So your movie was all a fake!"

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, you just got that parcel from Paris with the rubies in it."

"Well, of course, I might have had imitation rubies on the boat for Miss Valentine's benefit and ordered the real ones sent on from Paris a couple of weeks after my departure so that if you caught me with the fake ones I would have had the laugh on you anyhow."

"Oh, was that it?"

"Or," pursued Caldecott imperturbably, "I might have had fake ones sent from Paris so that there could be no comeback about the duty in case you refused to accept my offer. I'd use them to legalize the duty payment."

"But I don't see how that would help you. Besides, they were genuine."

"Oh, I might have had the real ones in my pocket in a replica of the package that came by mail; and I would give the appraiser the genuine ones in front of witnesses, and then after I paid the duty I would walk away with both boxes in my pocket—just like this, collector!"

And with a friendly wave of the hand Mr. Cecil Caldecott quickly left the collector's room.

Anson Wheeler jumped to his feet as the door closed.

"Damn him!" he cried, and shook his clenched fist in a southerly direction.

He was still at it when Miss Valentine walked in.

"Why, what's the matter? I came to say good-by and ——"

"Did you meet Caldecott?"

"Yes," answered Miss Valentine, and frowned.

"Did you speak to him?"

"No, I didn't," she snapped. Then with an inexplicable hopefulness in her voice she asked: "What has he done now?"

"Well, he paid forty thousand dollars duty on the three rubies. He got a parcel by registered mail from Paris in which he said the rubies came."

"He said he did!" sniffed Miss Valentine.

"When I told him that he hadn't brought the rubies in hidden in the life preserver he smiled and said maybe those he showed you were fakes."

"They were not!" contradicted Miss Valentine vehemently.

"Well, he admitted that perhaps your friend Caldecott was only joshing me and that he might have had the two jewel cases in his pocket."

"It is quite possible that he did," said Miss Valentine thoughtfully; "but he carries his fun, as he calls it, too far. Granting that he really had two packages in his pocket and that one contained fake rubies, we can at least find out who his customer is now."

"That's true," said Wheeler, and rang for his private secretary.

"Do you mean to say you didn't have him followed?" asked Miss Valentine incredulously.

"Well, I got a certified check for the duty and ——"

"Just like a man!" she groaned.

"It isn't too late; he can't be very far. Come on," said Wheeler. Together they rushed down.

At the foot of the stairs Miss Valentine asked scathingly: "Now, Mister Collector, out of which door do you think he left? You take that one, and I'll see if he went out on this side."

They met a minute later.

"Of course, it is hopeless now," she said disgustedly.

"He will have to go to his office ——" began Wheeler.

"Not for at least three days," she said with conviction.

And she was right. The rubies she had seen were the famous De Meryonvilliers rubies and Caldecott was not needed at his office.

(THE END)

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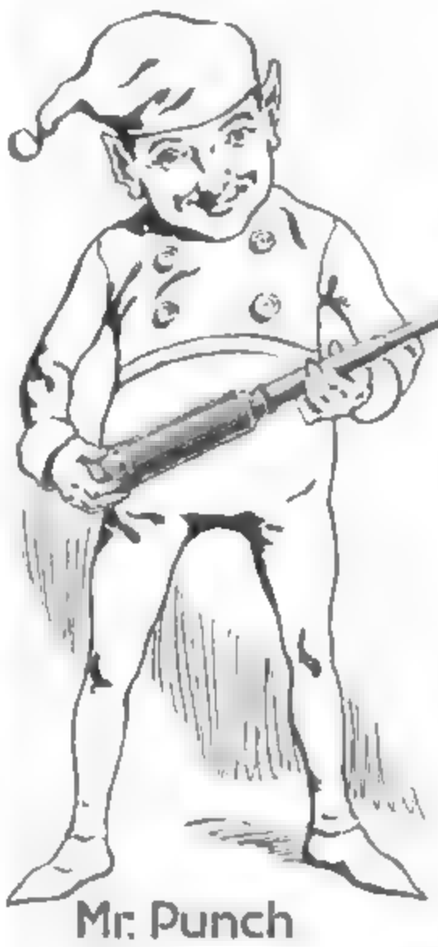

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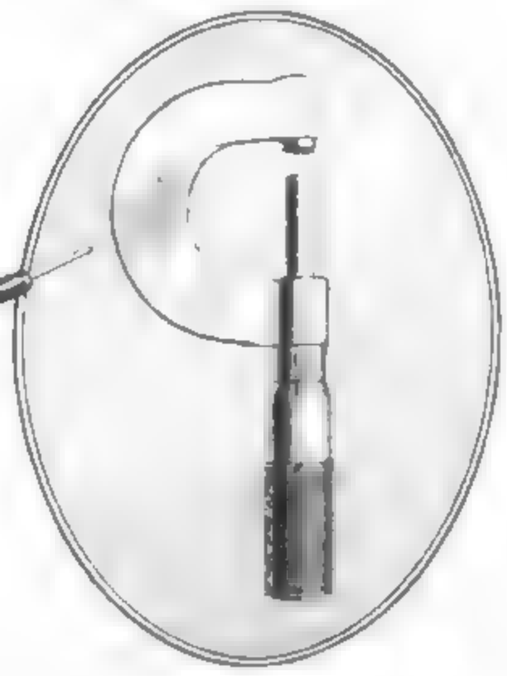
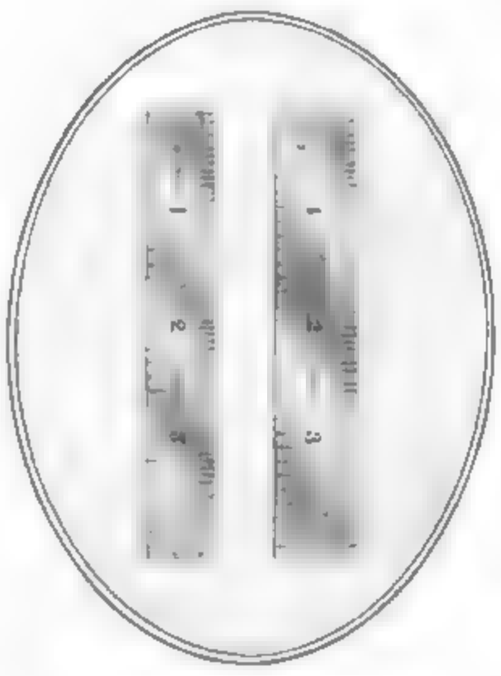
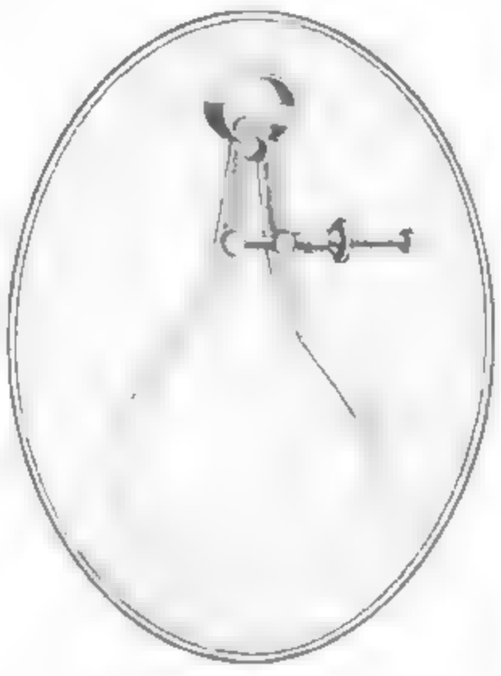


Steel Rules



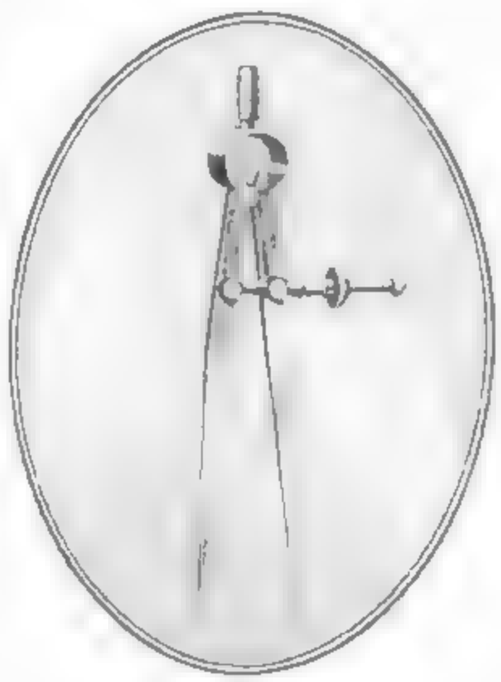
Calipers

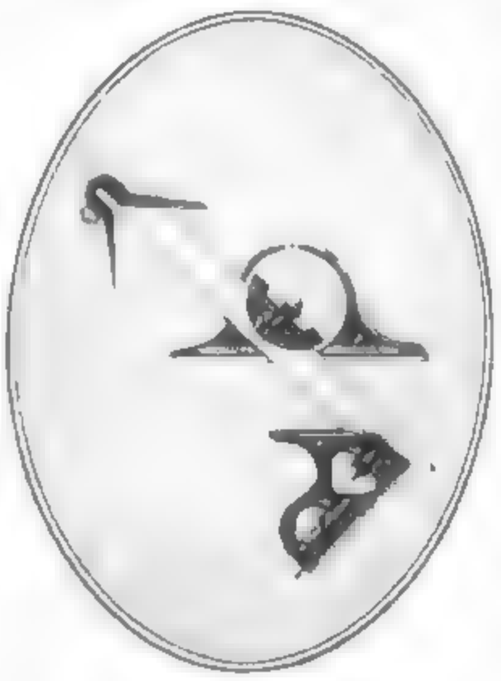


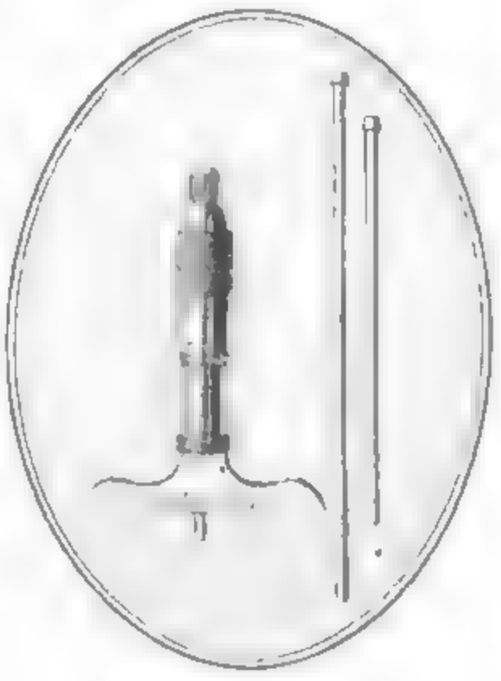
Dividers

Combination Squares

Depth Gauges



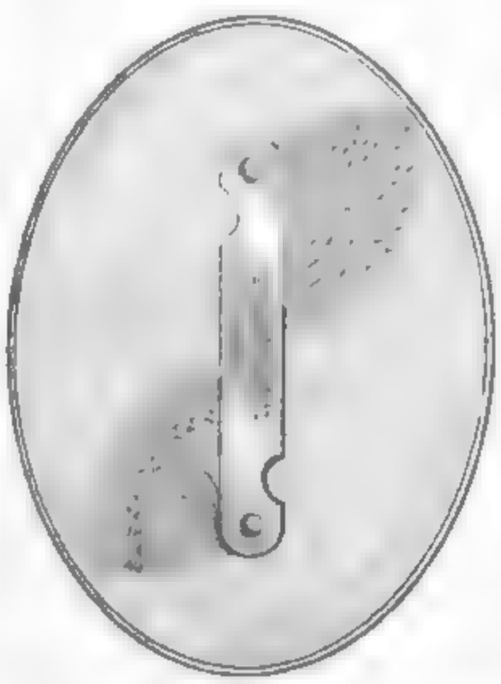


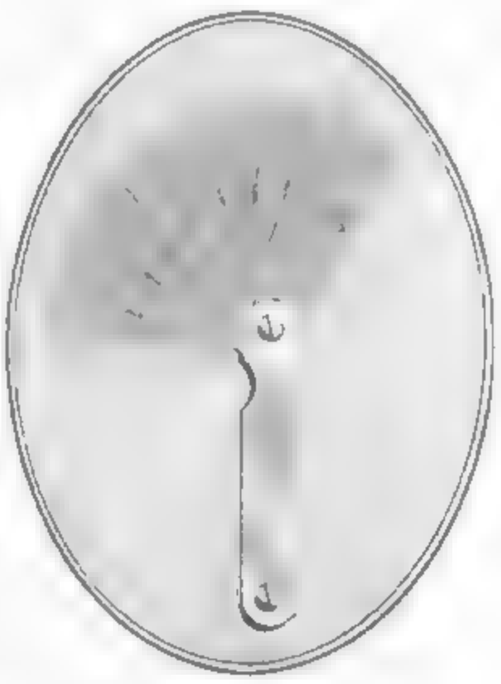


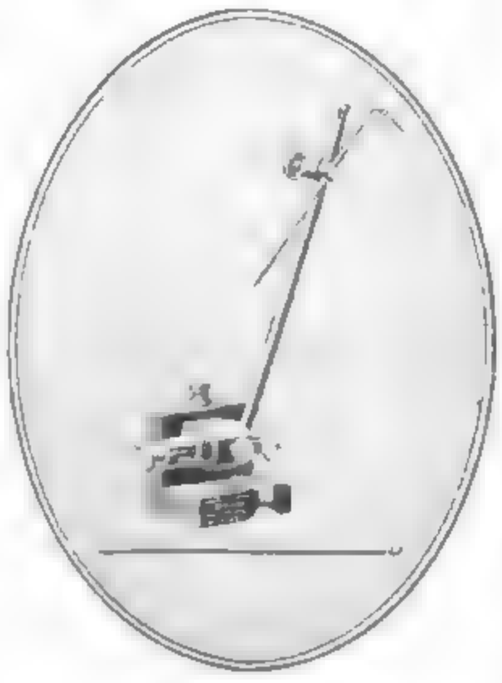
Screw Pitch Gauges

Feeler Gauges

Surface Gauges







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MADE IN GERMANY

(Continued from Page 22

"But this condition of war, which extends to every class and individual, is not socialism. It is the patriotic development of individualism, where we all unite our efforts to support the Government, and for the time being and for that specific purpose surrender to the Chief Executive of the Government all means of production and all means of communication that can be better controlled by him in producing and transporting more supplies than by individual enterprise. I don't believe Mr. Baruch has any idea that government control will continue beyond the war; or that he would have such control continue. He has been too successful as an individualist to be willing to become simply a cog in a government machine, just like every other cog, and devoid of greater intelligence than the hundred million other cogs. That would be socialism as I understand it, and I don't believe Mr. Baruch could now reduce himself to a common cog if he tried."

"But Secretary Morrison says that the 'work or fight' amendment to the draft bill was meant as a reflection on union labor?"

"More evidence of class sensitiveness or phrase-making, in my humble judgment. Mr. Morrison sometimes reminds me of a character in an old comedy who had just one short line, 'I wonder if he means me,' and repeated that line every time any other character made any remark about anybody or anything. The substance of that amendment is already in the law of May 16, 1918, and President Wilson has used his power under that law to bring the Bridgeport strikers to a sense of their responsibility to the Government. That amendment was also in line with the editorial of Mr. Gompers, which I suppose meets the approval of Mr. Morrison. This is not a good time for any responsible leader of men to 'wonder if he means me' when any legislation is proposed to help win the war."

Mr. Hay's Model Speech

"What do you think about Mr. Gompers' mission to Europe?"

"John Hay was one of the most popular and successful ambassadors we have sent to England in the last half century. When Mr. Hay arrived in London his fellow craftsmen in literature gave him a banquet, and as it was just before the war with Spain, the world was curious to know what he would say. But John Hay the literary man and John Hay the Ambassador of the United States were two different characters. Mr. Hay delivered a delightful talk to his fellow literary men on the subject of Pumpkin Pie as the most typical product of Uncle Sam. We all enjoyed Mr. Hay's humor over here, and I understand that the Englishmen caught on; but the curiosity as to the policy of the United States was not satisfied by that speech. On foreign policies Ambassador Hay spoke only to the Prime Minister or to the Queen of England, and then as directed by the Secretary of State or the President of the United States. There are some old forms and customs which I would preserve, and this is one of them. I would have our ambassadors represent our foreign policies as directed by the President, and save a babel of tongues as to this, that or the other policy of the American people. If I were in the President's place I think I would have John Hay's Pumpkin Pie speech reprinted and have every American visitor to Europe supplied with a copy as a model for speeches and interviews while out of the country during the war."

"Are you opposed to labor unions?"

"Oh, no. In these days of great combinations of effort, labor must be organized as well as capital. But I suppose I would be called a scab by some of the radical labor men because I have on occasion exercised the right to work regardless of prejudice, rule or even law. When I was a boy out in the Wabash country I worked in the field with a black man, and saw my father's horse and cow sold at auction to pay the fine for that offense against a well-established prejudice of that day. My father was a Quaker and had emigrated from North Carolina that his children might escape competition with slave labor, and though Indiana was a free state it had what were called the Black Laws, which practically prohibited the employment of free negroes as laborers. The Woodward family in our Quaker settlement fell heir to an estate in Alabama. There was a plantation, some money and a good many slaves. The ownership or inheritance of slaves was contrary to the Quaker conscience, and this inheritance became the subject of sober consideration by the Quaker meeting, to which the heirs submitted the question. The men's meeting discussed it and the women's meeting considered it, and then in joint session they decided that the heirs should accept the inheritance, bring the slaves to Indiana, manumit them, and use the money realized from the sale of other property to purchase land on which they should be settled as freedmen.

"My father was selected as the agent to go to Alabama and carry out the plan of settlement agreed upon at the Quaker meeting. He went South and in due time returned on a steamboat with about fifty thousand dollars and half a hundred negroes. The report of his coming up the Wabash with those negroes caused a commotion in that part of the country, and a considerable crowd met the boat at the landing to prevent the negroes from coming ashore. It was something of a mob, with the usual mob spirit. But the captain of the boat gave father a big pistol, and he at the head of his black immigrants walked down the plank. He was not stopped, for the crowd had a feeling that the nonresistance doctrine of the Quakers would not be observed on that occasion.

"The negroes were formally manumitted and settled in a colony of their own on a tract of land purchased with the money part of the inheritance, and they became thrifty colonists in time, not as communists but as individualists. There were several carpenters and blacksmiths as well as farmers and house servants among them, and they needed outside work in the beginning. The Quakers, being responsible for the immigration, did what they could to help them. The Indiana Black Laws were something like vagrancy laws in some parts of the country now, and made it unlawful to employ any negro who had not given bond that he would not become a public charge. The laws were capable of being used to prevent any black man from securing work, and they were so used in that section of the state, where the majority of the people had come from the South, were in sympathy with slavery and bitterly hostile to the Abolitionists."

Laws Against the Right to Work

"My father employed one of these negroes to work on his little farm and my brothers and I worked with him while father was kept busy with his practice as a country doctor. There is where I broke the union rule, I suppose. The Black Laws were invoked and my father was haled to court for violating the law. The trial attracted much attention and T. H. Nelson, of Terre Haute, defended father. He produced evidence and compelled the judge to admit that he had been shaved that morning by a negro who had not given bond, and that he had another negro as a servant, contrary to that law. But the judge in his instructions to the jury held that the services of the barber and the house servant did not come within the prohibition.

"My father was fined to the limit of the law as a warning to the Abolitionists. He was a stubborn Quaker and refused to pay the fine. Friends offered to pay it for him and the Quaker meeting offered to raise the money, but he said 'Nay, nay; the court has adjudged the penalty and it may collect the fine according to the law.' So the sheriff came and took the horse which father had ridden in his ministrations to the sick, those of his persecutors as well as those of his friends, and sold it at public auction.

"The old saddle horse did not bring enough to pay the fine and costs, and the sheriff seized my mother's favorite cow.

"I was young and undisciplined then, and that sale made an indelible impression. I have ever since been somewhat prejudiced against laws or rules which denied a man's right to work. I am not opposed to collective bargaining as to wages or hours, but I am opposed to the collective boycott which says that a man shall not obey the first divine command that he shall eat his bread in the sweat of his face."

"Have you found much class consciousness among the people?"

For his Xmas

If a woman could know what *bliss* it is for a man to shave with a perfectly keen blade, she would give him a Twinplex for Xmas.

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"They'll give us this territory exclusively"

"Here's a letter about that Detroit Battery sales proposition. It looks like a winner for us, Tom. They will give us exclusive sales rights in the territory we have organized for our other lines, or more if we can handle it. From what I can find out they've got a *real* replacement battery, and they make a battery to fit every car. Practically every car owner here is a prospect. We can appoint sales agents under us and I can't see why we won't be able to clean up. The battery repair business alone is a big thing."

"Those fellows over in Ashton county are certainly going strong with this proposition. I talked with Thompson over the 'phone yesterday and he said it took them only three weeks to get organized and making money. Their sales have shown a steady increase as they have become more familiar with the battery business. He told me to get in and get in quick—said the Detroit Battery is the best he ever saw for replacement purposes."

"If that's the case, I guess we'd better wire and accept this proposition. It looks like a life saver for us."

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We are daily lining up with motor car and accessory dealers in all parts of the country. More than 1100 Detroit Battery Sales Stations are doing a big, profitable business—and with the cut in motor car production the replacement business is bound to increase. This is a rare opportunity. Batteries are essential, the cars now in service must be kept running—replacement batteries are being sold by the thousands. Get out your pencil, figure. Your overhead is just as heavy as ever, and your income is cut off. Why not take advantage of this high class, substantial proposition and make even more money than with your previous business when it was in full swing? We have one of the most complete battery plants in the country, an abundance of raw materials and an organization of skilled workmen.

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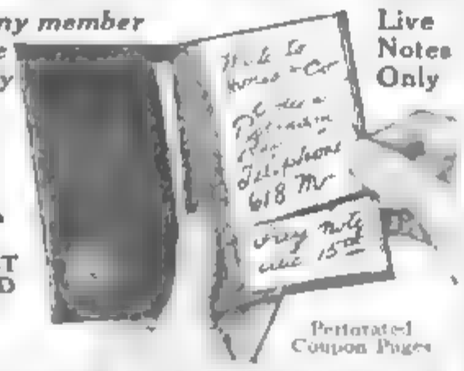

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"No; when you get down to the people and away from the so-called leaders. Out in Danville we have just folks who know each other and pretty generally respect each other. I suspect that is true of almost every community, except the great cities, where the newspapers try to create a Four Hundred; but that is largely if not entirely social camouflage; and I have been inclined to accept New York multimillionaires as folks since I have seen them here in Washington working along with other folks to win the war, and working for a dollar a year, while some of our classes are striking for a dollar an hour. I found some of these plutocrats were old acquaintances whom I had known as clerks in government departments years ago, and they came back with the everyday work habits they had of old. I have also noticed that the railroad presidents and directors, the men who controlled the telegraph and telephone systems and other big enterprises representing billions of private capital, have gracefully accepted the action of the President in taking control of their properties for war emergencies.

"And on the other hand I have noted that Director General McAdoo recently felt called upon to remind the railroad workers that since the Government took control of the railroads he had increased their annual pay by nearly half a billion dollars, making necessary largely increased freight and passenger rates to the public, and admonishing them that they must not assume a public-be-damned attitude toward the public just because they are now on the government pay roll. I hadn't heard that expression for nearly forty years, and it sounded strange in a general order from the Director General within six months after the Government took control of all transportation facilities as a war measure.

"But the great majority of us are of the masses, American folks pulling together to win the war, and it is a poor time for any part of the population to talk about classes or to set themselves apart from the rest of us and claim special privileges either to obtain exemption from fighting or to earn greater profits because of the war. I don't believe that the workingmen—there are forty millions of them—want to be other than folks. We are a lot of folks living in communities from Maine to California, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. We have a pretty fair acquaintance with and opinion of all other folks with whom we come in personal contact as fellow townsmen or country neighbors; for someone well said that it is difficult to hate a man whom you really know. We sometimes acquire prejudices against people living in other states or communities from reading newspapers and hearing Chautauqua orators who thunder against an imaginary class, which, like the 'milk-sick,' is always over in the next county. But when these attacks are brought home to us we generally get back to the relation of folks, and are sometimes like the old lady at the camp meeting who met the preacher's declaration of the doctrine of infant damnation with 'I thank my God that is a lie.'"

Our Ancient Spirit of Liberty

"I have had some experiences of this character which gave me a much greater appreciation of the people whom I call my folks out in Danville, folks who include railroad workers, miners, shopmen, farmers and business men; and when this war began do you know that the first call under the draft did not touch Danville, because more than our quota had already volunteered and were in the Army? I'm kind o' proud of my folks, but I suppose every other man in Congress has folks of whom he is just as proud, and if we could assemble all the hundred million American folks in Europe so that the Kaiser could see them he would understand that he is not dealing with classes.

"This 65th Congress has appropriated and authorized the expenditure of $53,000,000,000 for the conduct of the war against Germany. That is more money than was disbursed by this government in peace and war from the date of its organization in 1789 down to April 6, 1917, when we declared war against Germany. We also have more men in the Army and Navy ready to fight than were engaged in all former wars, including that of the Revolution. Can you find a better answer to the complaint that the American people have ceased to be devoted to the cause of liberty—liberty for all mankind everywhere as well as at home—than this outpouring of men and money in the years of 1917 and 1918 by the unanimous vote of Congress and with practically the unanimous approval of the masses of American men and women? No, the ideals of the American people have not changed. They are still the same as they were when the Republic was established 140 years ago. I have little patience with those who prate about the decadence of the spirit of liberty in this country and howl for socialism or pure democracy in a land dedicated to liberty, equality of opportunity and justice in the beginning, and so gloriously upheld in this year of our Lord 1918."

"You haven't mentioned the Non-Partisan League."

"Well, I don't know much about that organization except from hearsay; but when the farmers get off the reservation they generally go the limit and indulge in all the ghost dancing that is known to them. It has always been so; perhaps because the farmers are freer in their actions, political and otherwise, than are city men. They live in closer touch with Nature, have more natural elements to contend with, and when drought or flood or grasshoppers come or things go wrong they are just as likely to blame the Government as God. The grange movement was radical in its beginning, and so was the Farmers' Alliance, the first following after the greenback craze and the latter embracing W. J. Bryan and free silver."

Old as the Envy of Cain

"Jerry Simpson was probably the most radical socialist we ever had in Congress, and he was elected by the farmers of Kansas. William Allen White, who is considered an authority on Kansas and Kansan reforms, at that time said: 'Nowhere else is the American socialist so earnest, so outspoken and so unhampered by scruples as in Kansas.' They called the Kansas movement the new socialism, but Mr. White said it was the old socialism, as old as the envy of Cain, and that the only new thing about it was the conditions left by busted booms in Kansas, where people who had expected to get rich on borrowed capital adopted the phrase 'the rights of the user are paramount to the rights of the owner,' and grew hysterical about mortgages until they followed Mrs. Lease's advice to 'raise more hell and less corn and wheat!'

"I suppose the Non-Partisan League is the result of another like condition in the Northwest, where the farmers are in the majority and are trying to correct the mistakes of Nature and their own by making laws that benefit only themselves. I am told that in one of the states controlled by the league they have enacted a law to tax all city automobiles to secure revenue for good roads, and provide that none of this revenue shall be used to build or repair any road within five miles of a city. That is class legislation pure and simple, and yet it is a fair sample of socialism as it is put forward by those who adopt it as a slogan; the same kind of socialism that Haywood had for the I. W. W. and Debs had for his party—government for a class.

"There is one difference between the farmer socialist and the city socialist, however. The farmers are not much given to internationalism. They are inclined to concentrate on their own grievances and not worry about the rest of the world. The Non-Partisan League is appropriating lawmaking to its own uses in the Northwest, and they may try to do the same thing in Washington, but I doubt if they will get very busy about the general condition of the world. I don't know of any international farmers' movement, for after all their grievances our American farmers know that they are better off than the farmers anywhere else in the world, and they do not care to come into too close competition with them, not even those across the Canadian line. I guess that the farmer is not more selfish than the rest of us, but he is not educated in altruistic phrase-making, and his selfishness is confined to a more restricted area."

"But there have been honest efforts along socialistic and communistic lines?"

"Yes, honest and earnest efforts no doubt from the beginning of time, but they have all proved to be dreams, as beautiful as soap bubbles in the sunshine—and just as frail when they come in contact with the earth. The philosophers dreamed such dreams before the beginning of the Christian era, and they put their dreams in books, just as have the theorists of this

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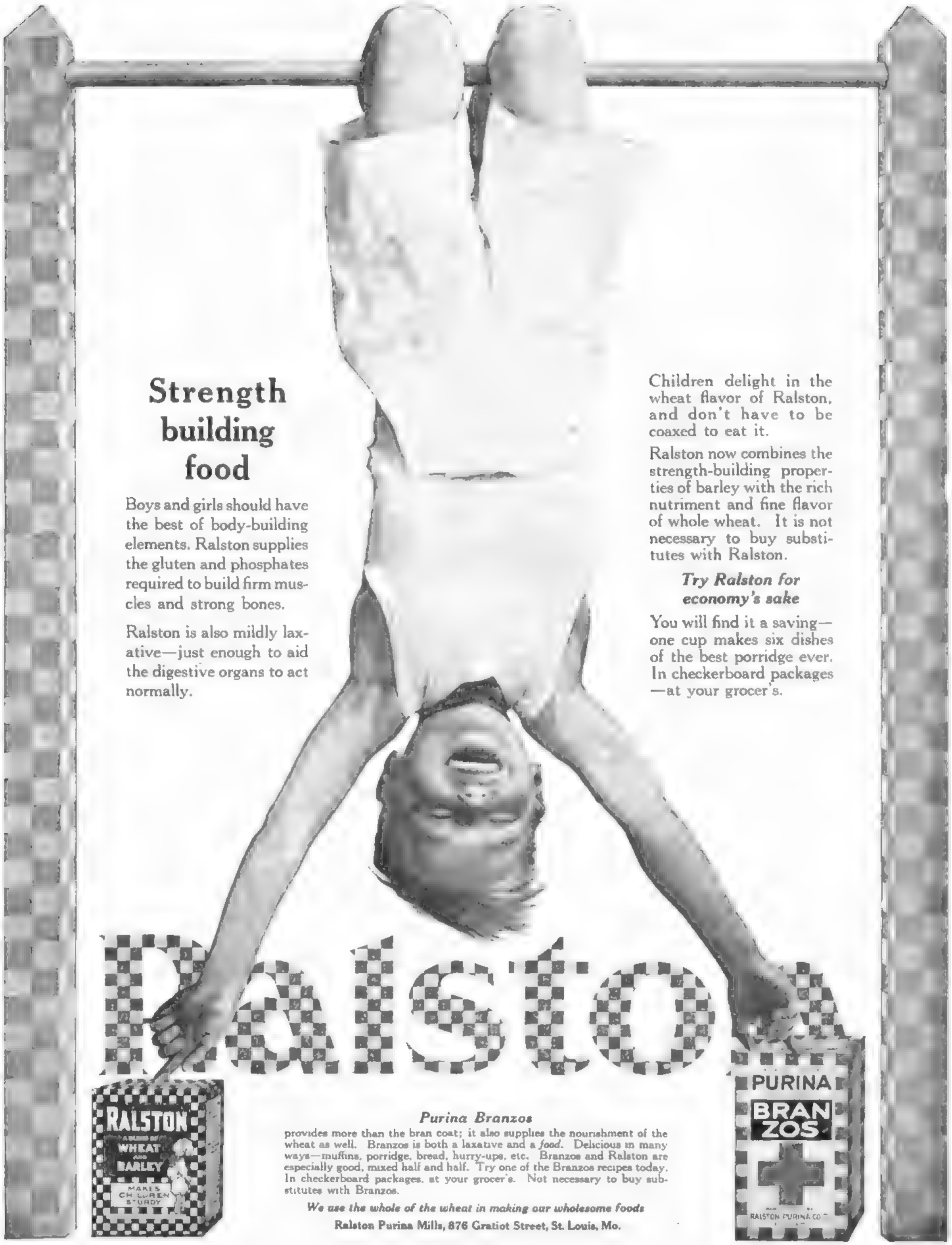

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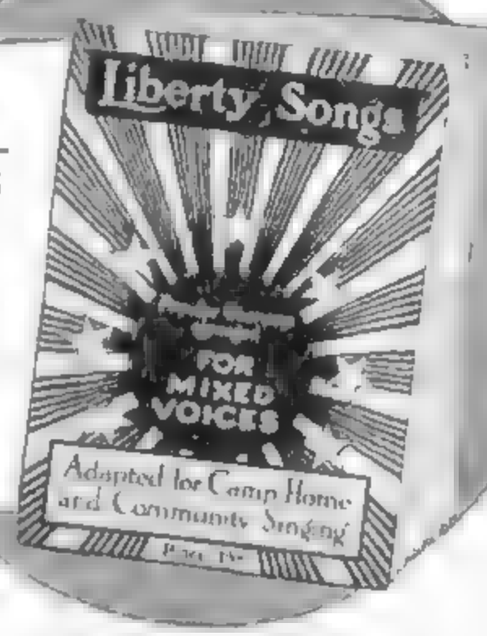

(Continued from Page 114)

later time, but I do not know of any effort they made to make their dreams real. Some of the early Christians tried to follow the teaching of Peter and 'had all things common,' but they did not make a success as did the religious orders of the Middle Ages—the Benedictine, Dominican and Franciscan monks, who renounced property, marriage and citizenship. Those monks made the greatest success in communism that has been recorded, and though I have great admiration for them I don't know where the human family would be to-day if all the men had become monks and all the women nuns two thousand years ago.

"We have had experiments in communism in this country, some of them very earnest. I think the most notable experiment was out on the Wabash in Posey County, Indiana, by Robert Owen. I once heard Robert Dale Owen tell about the origin and failure of communism at New Harmony. A German by the name of George Rapp established a communist colony there in 1815, bringing his colonists from Würtemberg in 1803 and first settling in Pennsylvania. They were schismatics from the Lutheran Church and they recognized Rapp as their leader by divine right. They believed in the Biblical injunction of holding all things in common, that celibacy was better than marriage, and that they should be one in heart and soul, but Rapp was an absolute dictator.

"In 1813 Rapp purchased thirty thousand acres of government land in Posey County, Indiana, on the banks of the Wabash and not far from its confluence with the Ohio. He moved his colony there in 1815, built a village and called it Harmonie. He had about eight hundred people, men and women, all Germans. They were industrious and frugal and were remarkably successful in a material sense, their per-capita wealth increasing from twenty-five dollars to two thousand dollars in ten years. But Rapp for some reason tired of the location and planned to go back to Pennsylvania. He commissioned George Flower, who had helped to establish a colony in Illinois, as his agent to dispose of the property. Flower interested Robert Owen in the colony. Owen was a successful cotton manufacturer at New Lanark, Scotland, and had built up a great business, but he had ideals. He had figured out that the revolution which machinery had brought to Great Britain would enable that country to have a productive capacity equal to the manual-labor power of two worlds as populous as this one. The figures astounded him and the failure of the workingmen to better their condition depressed him. It was about this time that George Flower visited Owen and told him about the German community at Harmonie. The hard-headed and soft-hearted Scotch manufacturer saw visions of success for a world-old idea in a virgin country, and he returned with George Flower to America, visited Harmonie and paid Rapp one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the plant."

Owen's Experiment

"He then went back to Europe and interested other idealists in his plan to make Harmonie a truly ideal community. He did not intend to follow the communism of Rapp, which had built up a beehive of industry. He could not with his Scotch teachings get away from the home, the hearthstone, the family, wives, mothers and children. He wanted the humanizing influences—flowers, art, music, education and the luxuries of life. He changed the name to New Harmony and he planned for homes with sweethearts and wives, children and schools, music, literature, culture, religious and political freedom and equality. He brought back from Europe scholars, scientists, artists, musicians and intellectuals of every sort, all filled with enthusiasm over the idealizing of Rapp's materialism. Robert Dale Owen declared that there was not at that time, 1825, such another combination of cultured people to be found in a small community anywhere in America

"But Owen extended his invitation to all people who cared to come and share in this new Eden, and within a year he had colonists from every state in the Union and from nearly every country in Europe. There was no discrimination, and vagrants from other colonizing schemes, waifs from the latest religious heresies, and ne'er-do-wells of all sorts came to join the colony; and Owen, with his ideal of liberty, equality and fraternity, took them all in. They were all to enjoy the same remuneration for their labor and they had a new and ideal democracy. They had schools and churches, an amusement hall with weekly dances, lectures on art and literature, a newspaper, pictures and flowers, and a very happy community for a year while Owen paid the bills; and Owen sunk about three hundred thousand dollars in the experiment. Then came failure, failure not only as a financial proposition but failure in its idealism, for the serpent crawled into New Harmony just as he did into Eden, and there were heartburnings, jealousies, ambitions and scheming, and in May, 1827, New Harmony ceased to be a community.

"Robert Owen went back to his cotton mills in Scotland just two years after he began his work at New Harmony, and his son said of the experiment: 'It found favor with the heterogeneous collection of radicals, enthusiastic devotees to principle, honest latitudinarians and lazy theorists, with a sprinkling of unprincipled sharpers thrown in,' but it failed. Robert Dale Owen remained in this country and became a distinguished literary man, a member of Congress and a diplomat; and though he continued an idealist he admitted that he and his father had made a serious mistake in trying 'an industrial experiment with equal remuneration to all men, the diligent and the dilatory, the skilled artisan and the common laborer, the genius and the drudge.'"

An Antidote for Socialism

"There was another and more commonplace settlement in Southern Indiana, only a few miles east of New Harmony. Over in Spencer County a poor Kentucky family settled in 1816 and built what was called 'a half-faced camp,' or a rude hut closed on three sides and open to the weather on the fourth side. This camp was in the woods, and in that hut a boy used the fire shovel for a slate and a bit of charcoal for a pencil in writing out words and sentences and in doing sums. It was from that camp a youth walked fifteen miles to borrow a grammar from another backwoodsman in 1825, and if he had kept on for another fifteen miles he might have walked straight into New Harmony about the time when Robert Owen was surrounded by the greatest galaxy of educators and cultivated men and women to be found anywhere in the West at that time, and a perfect heaven of books.

"But the youth had not heard about New Harmony and its plan of cooperation, universal education, universal suffrage and universal happiness. He borrowed the grammar and returned to the half-faced camp in the woods, to study and in time develop the strength and purity of expression that made the Gettysburg Speech a world classic. I am rather glad that Abraham Lincoln did not hear about New Harmony, Robert Owen, and his great idea to make one big family of a lot of indiscriminate people in 1825. It might have made him a dreamer like the others who gathered there, and lost him to the country and the world.

"The Hoosiers have followed the ideals of Lincoln rather than those of Robert Owen, but they are not a prosaic people. Literature is almost as prolific as politics in Indiana, and both are of the plain folks. I sometimes wonder if the cultured men and women who assembled at New Harmony would have understood and appreciated James Whitcomb Riley as we of this generation do; or have given as hearty encouragement to other Hoosiers who have contributed to American literature, in romance and poetry and Fables in Slang. I fear they would have been quite as critical of the literary ideals of the present-day Hoosiers as they would have been of Hoosier politics, which is the nearest approach to perpetual motion that has ever been developed, because it is universal and continuous, keeps the people on a political pivot and alive to the duties and privileges of citizenship. It is not socialistic in any way, but it is a good antidote for the socialism which would substitute for citizenship of the state and the nation, citizenship of the world.

"I would let the socialists emigrate to Russia, where there now appears a good field for the abolition of all kinds of patriotism and a return to the political ideals of the cave men. I would let the parlor socialists and the college socialists go as a part of this emigration, for they are but dilettant Bolsheviks. We can spare them all because their ideas are too altruistic in expression and too savage in action to be encouraged in this country. Some college professors

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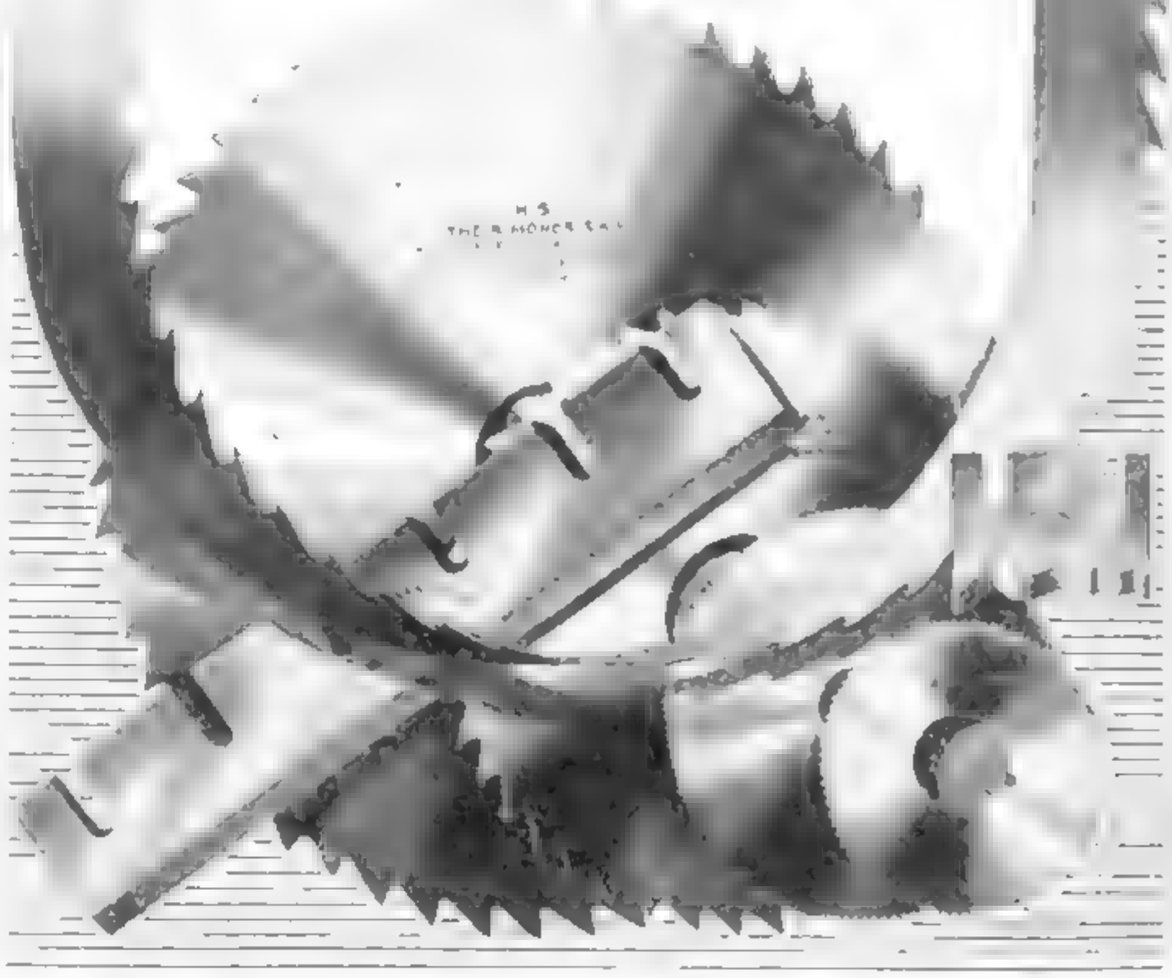

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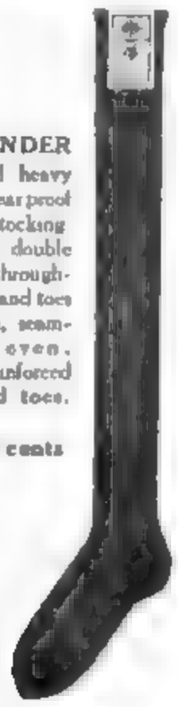

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appear to have become infatuated with internationalism and are in large measure responsible for a lot of this effort to expand citizenship beyond home and country, and I have heard that they learned this in German universities. They remind me of the expression of one of my farmer constituents who called some college professors 'edicated idiots.' I haven't any use for that kind of education, especially when it is so expansive that in considering the universe it leaves out home and country, and sneers at patriotism as the last resort of knaves. Let us hold on to the old ideals that are of the home, country, individual effort and individual rewards for effort, with citizenship as the cornerstone of the state.

"We had another English settlement in Edwards County, Illinois, which did not become communistic, whatever the intentions of the founders when they came to this country. It was established in 1817 by two Englishmen, who like Robert Owen were men of considerable wealth, education and culture. Morris Birkbeck had been an extensive and successful farmer in England, and George Flower a man of wealth, education and travel; both had met Jefferson, were friends of Lafayette, and had become acquainted with Edward Coles, a large Virginia planter who visited London. Through these acquaintances Birkbeck and Flower decided to come to America and establish a settlement, using their wealth and agricultural experience to transplant the most advanced methods in farming, bring the best breeds of sheep and cattle with them, and invite immigrants from their own part of England to make the settlement one of harmony as well as of intelligence and experience.

"They finally located their settlement in Edwards County, just across the Wabash River and about twenty-five miles from the Rappist community at Harmonie, Indiana. They purchased several thousand acres of government land, part of it prairie and part timber land, and there they located the village of Albion, which is now a flourishing town and the county seat.

"But the followers of Birkbeck and Flower did not have a ready-made community awaiting them as did the friends of Owen. They had to contend with conditions which other pioneers to the West faced, with wild wet prairies, flies and mosquitoes, and ague, from which none escaped. It was a condition that called for individual initiative as well as coöperation, where only an individual stake with prospects for the future gave men the courage to fight on and win. Then the two leaders became estranged soon after locating their settlement. Both fell in love with the same woman, the foster daughter of Birkbeck, who was a widower. She married Flower, and the long and close friendship of the two founders of Albion ended, their settlement divided into Birkbeckites and Flowerites, and rivalry, jealousy and strife endured where harmony was to have been the foundation."

The Eve of the Eden

"The two leaders never became friends again, but they both became coworkers with Governor Coles in his great contest against repealing the clause of the first state constitution prohibiting slavery in Illinois. Edward Coles had sold his plantation in Virginia and emigrated to Illinois, where he manumitted his slaves. He had an experience like that of my father, and was prosecuted and fined for employing negroes in defiance of the Black Laws of Illinois. He was elected governor of the state in 1822, and his administration faced one of the greatest contests we ever had in Illinois, over an effort to change the constitution so as to recognize slavery. Birkbeck and Flower threw themselves whole-heartedly into that contest and contributed much to the defeat of slavery in Illinois. It was their only coöperation after they located at Albion.

"Their settlement waxed strong, and the English settlers showed the same dogged determination as other pioneers in their contest with the wet prairies, until Albion became the center of one of the most typical American communities in the state. When Birkbeck and Flower located their settlement Edwards County extended from the Ohio River to the Canadian boundary and included more than half of Illinois. The state and the West owe a good deal to that English settlement and the two men who founded it and sank their fortunes in the venture. They had just as high ideals as Robert Owen, and it may be that rivalry in love had something to do with their not following the ideal of New Harmony to a roseate blossoming and an early decay. They followed, by force of circumstances perhaps, the slower and more practical plan which has developed America—individual effort, individual reward and the hearthstone as the family center. Perhaps a woman spoiled another theoretical Eden in its beginning, and again served to remind us that after the expulsion from the first Eden the ground produced thorns and thistles as well as good fruit. At any rate, Albion became, like other Illinois settlements, a virile Western community of individual efforts, individual ambitions and individual rewards, and the very opposite of socialism.

"I have been told that the greatest ambition and the greatest disappointment of George M. Pullman was his model community of Pullman. Mr. Pullman had made a great success as an individual worker and the head of a corporation, had gone from a poor inventor to the place of a rich and famous captain of industry; and when the company built its new shops just south of Chicago he insisted on carrying out a dream in which communism and paternalism were combined. He purchased a large tract of land and laid out the town of Pullman. He employed the best-known architects and landscape artists to plan a model town, and in a year or two there sprang up like a beautiful mirage a city with all the conveniences and embellishments that were then believed to be possible in such a settlement. There were parks and drives, a beautiful lake with pleasure boats, one of the finest opera houses in the land, a library, churches and schools, model houses for the employees of the Pullman shops with water, gas, electric lights, bathrooms, and all the latest sanitary conveniences; and all built at the expense of the Pullman Company for the convenience of the employees, to make them contented and happy, and at a reasonable, almost a nominal cost to them."

The End of a Rosy Dream

"Philanthropists, welfare workers, artists, publicists and communists from all parts of the world visited Pullman and praised the wise mingling of business combination and consideration of the welfare of the employees which Mr. Pullman had developed. The best theatrical companies were engaged for the theater, the latest books and current literature for the library, the best teachers for the schools, sanitary experts looked after the streets and public utilities, and Pullman was an artistic realization of Robert Owen's dream at New Harmony; but it lacked one essential: It was a dream that had never been realized and was not to be realized by Mr. Pullman.

"The company owned the town, and the residents could not hope to own the property that they occupied. They were denied the one great privilege of American citizenship. They could not tear down and rebuild or remodel their houses, use the bathrooms for coal bins, tear up the streets of cedar block and try asphalt, regulate the police or vote franchises to other companies. They could not mortgage or take mortgages on the property, trade one house for another or for a vacant lot on which to build according to their own plans. They could not in fact engage in the great game of individual enterprise, and soon there was dissatisfaction in this Eden of a corporate enterprise because it did not represent individual ownership.

"Instead of a philanthropist Mr. Pullman came to be regarded as an overlord, and the condition was ripe for the labor agitators who came to organize the Pullman shops, foment a strike which others managed to expand to all the railways of the West, tie up all traffic, develop riots in Chicago with great destruction of property, and even stop the United States mails until President Cleveland exercised his authority as Commander in Chief to order the Army into Chicago contrary to the wishes of the governor of the state, and end the lawlessness.

"So ended Mr. Pullman's dream of a workingman's paradise under the fostering care of a corporation. Pullman soon became a part of Chicago, lost its identity, and the mirage that had rested over the southern shore of Lake Michigan dissolved in the fierce heat of American independence and individualism.

"No, you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and you can't change human nature from intelligent self-interest into pure idealism—not in this life; and if you could what would be left for Paradise?"

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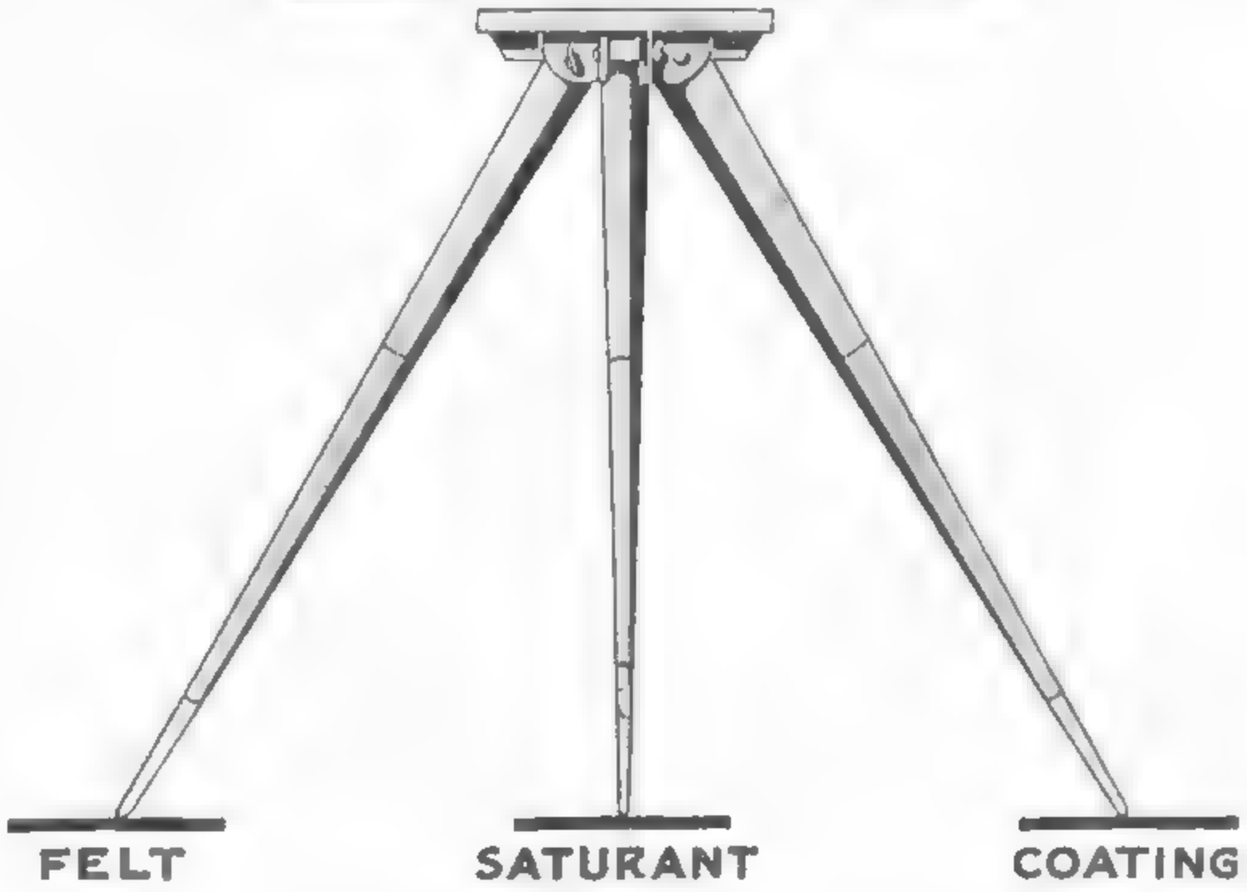

The Tripod of Ready Roofing

There is much more to ready roofing than appears on the surface. You can't judge a roofing by its looks alone.

The three principal elements of ready roofing—felt, saturant, and coating—may be compared to a tripod. This tripod supports the quality of the roofing. If one leg fails, quality suffers. When you buy Ru-ber-oid you know that no flaw will develop and a leaky roof result. The tripod which supports Ru-ber-oid Quality is sound at every point. Briefly, here are the facts:

Felt

The backbone of ready-roofing is felt Upon its quality, primarily, depends the life of the roofing.

The highest quality of roofing felt is made from rags. Substitutes for rags are waste paper, straw, and clay. If these substitutes are used extensively a felt results closely resembling cardboard. Cardboard is not a good roofing material.

The enviable reputation enjoyed by Ru-ber-oid during the last quarter of a century is due largely to the fact that only the highest grade of felt has consistently been used in its manufacture.

Saturant

The saturant, properly compounded and applied, preserves the felt and will remain unchanged for many years. *It will not evaporate.*

Inferior saturants—similar to "road oils"—used in manufacturing some low grade roofings, will begin to evaporate as soon as introduced into the felt.

The saturant used in Ru-ber-oid is the result of many years of patient experimentation. It is forced into the felt under heat so that every pore is filled.

It stays where it is put and will not evaporate appreciably even at 500° Fahrenheit.

Coating

The function of the coating is to seal in the saturant.

Coatings are made of asphalts and other bituminous materials. There are hundreds of materials available and a thousand possible combinations and they all *look* alike. Each one, however, acts *differently* when exposed to the weather.

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RU-BER-OID ROOFING

DRAFTED

(Continued from Page 30)

Robin, laughing, swept the bottles off the shelf and, gathering them in his arms, pushed open the door and disappeared. Presently from a distance out of the darkness came the jingle of breaking glass.

"Mother!" ejaculated Eleanor. "Did you ever!"

It was a long time before Mrs. Rowell was able to fall asleep that night. She lay in a daze, disturbed and puzzled at the change that Robin's mere physical presence had wrought in her. Hitherto, since her husband's death, she had always regarded herself as the head of the house—the judge whose opinion in domestic matters was final and from which there could be no appeal. Now suddenly she found that she no longer had the same confidence in herself. She had ceased to be the dominating influence. It was not that she was any the less wise than before, or that Robin was particularly more so. It was not a question of mentality. It was something less and something more at the same time.

As she lay there in the silence of her bedroom she recognized that there was in the house a physical personality that compelled her loyalty; an overpowering vitality that was master of her obedience; a will that commanded hers; a spiritual force that was irresistible, perhaps because it was a part of a still greater force that was moving the whole world. It enveloped her, took her in its arms, carried her off and swept her away. And she yielded to it with less and less resistance, for she found yielding sweet.

It was not that she had changed, but that she no longer cared. He was so strong, so young, so masterful! At his bare word she found herself abandoning all her most cherished traditions, her standards, her shibboleths—her principles, almost—for others which, without explanation, he substituted with a smile. He had gone away a boy; he had returned a man—a God, almost. He was wonderful, that creature of her own body! Beautiful!

There was a creaking of the dried treads of the staircase. Someone was descending cautiously.

"Who's that?" she cried sharply.

"It's me—Robin!" came the voice of the Wonderful.

"Where are you going?" she demanded.

"I can't sleep upstairs," he answered. "It's too confounded stuffy."

"Well, what are you going to do?" she persisted.

"I'm going out to sleep under the trees," he replied.

She said no more.

The windows of Mrs. Rowell's room, which was on the ground floor, faced the east. No ray of the rising sun ever penetrated them, for Grandpa Rowell's spruce trees presented an impassable barrier, not only to wind but to light. Even in midsummer the room was always in darkness and, had it not opened into the kitchen, would have been too dank for habitation. She was awakened the next morning by a peculiar and startling sound. Someone evidently was chopping kindling wood near by—Robin probably.

"How nice of him!" she thought. And then, as the blows continued ominously, she realized that there was plenty of kindling—a huge pile of it, in fact, right by the door. Occasionally the blows ceased for a few moments and there would be a soft swishing sound. Also, she remarked innocently that there was a great deal more light in the room than usual. What could he be up to?

Then she hastily rose and hurried to the window. Horrified, she perceived that he was in the act of cutting down an evergreen. Two others lay as they had fallen. Quickly she threw open the window to prevent further sacrifice. This profanation—this wanton destruction—was too much! Genuinely shocked and angry, she was on the point of making an indignant outcry when her eye was caught by the rhythmic movement of his body as he swung the ax above his head and brought it down in a shining, sweeping arc. How lithe, how muscular he was! The personification of youth, grace and power.

Fascinated, she stood there unable to protest, helpless to protect her property against this young Apollo who, for the time being, seemed bent upon destruction. Thud! Crack! The ax buried itself in the soft wood. Robin threw back his head and shook his hair free from his forehead. He was in his khaki trousers, his gray woolen shirt open at the collar, and the white pillar of his neck gleamed like ivory in the sun. He wrenched the ax free, swung it into the air and brought it flashing down again, with huge enjoyment.

Was that Robin? Was that her son? Had that glorious sun god been fashioned in her womb? Was he hers? Flesh of her flesh? Her heart sang in exultation. Let him go on! Let him go on! Only let her see him once again send the ax driving through the air in its silver semicircle! Let him do as he liked—this creature of the wind and sun. Let him cut them down, one after the other, until none should be left.

Just then he happened to glance up and see her at the window. And he smiled; and she smiled back at him.

"Mother," he called, "I'm going to cut down the whole darned grove!"

She did not protest. What was written was written. An hour later twelve spruces lay in a neatly trimmed row and the eastern side of the house was filled with a blaze of sunshine. From her window, from which before she could see only the thick branches of the evergreens, she now could look up into the clear dome of the sky. And a weight seemed somehow to have been lifted from her heart. She went about her work, humming to herself with interludes of "Well I dunno! I dunno." But there was no use worrying. It was done—Grandpa Rowell or no Grandpa Rowell.

Robin, after a prolonged toilet, disappeared mysteriously after lunch, remarking rather secretively that he shouldn't be back much before six o'clock. Before going, however, he stood for some time gazing inscrutably at the big elm, which still enveloped the roof of the farmhouse like a shroud. His mother watched him in an agony of apprehension. There was no knowing what he might do. Then he caught sight of her face and laughed.

"It's all right, mother!" he called. "I'd like to; but I don't quite dare. I'm afraid I'd stir up a ghost."

He did not come back for supper, and the two women waited nervously for him until nearly ten o'clock. At length they heard him singing on the road in the darkness:

"There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams!"

And a moment later he entered, beaming, and tossed his cap into his mother's lap.

"Where have you been?" she asked in a tone of mild reproach. "Here you've been at camp all this time and the very first thing you go tearing off away from home on the only evening you've got left!"

But her exception was *pro forma*. She hardly needed to be told that something cataclysmal was coming. The sky had been falling all day.

"Oh, I've just been down to the judge's," he answered with assumed carelessness. Then he burst out: "Sally and I are going to get married to-morrow!"

When Mrs. Rowell finally went to bed the air was so sultry that, for the first time in months, she considered leaving her window open. She was happy in an utterly dumfounded, almost shamefaced fashion. It had never entered her head that Sally Tucker would be willing to marry Robin. The Tuckers were highly educated people—a sort of county family; and the judge held mortgages all over the township.

She felt almost as if she had been a party to putting something over on the Tuckers, inside whose portal she had hitherto never been invited. But this was no more extraordinary than any of the other things that had been happening. Undoubtedly she and Eleanor would be asked over to the judge's for Sunday dinner. She wondered whether her black dress was good enough. They would all be so observing!

She tossed uneasily. The atmosphere had suddenly become almost stifling. She could not remember whether she had left the window open or not. At length she got up and felt her way in bare feet across the room until her hand touched the sill. Outside, the night was like a black, woolly overcoat. From somewhere came a faint rumble, hardly more than a shudder.

"Guess we'll get thunder," she hazarded sleepily to herself. Then a glow appeared

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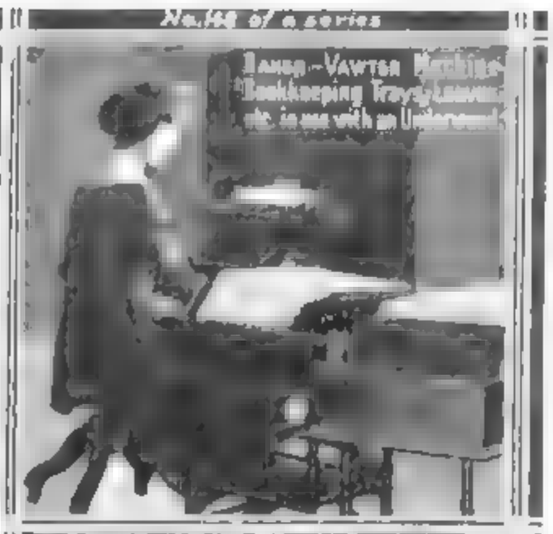

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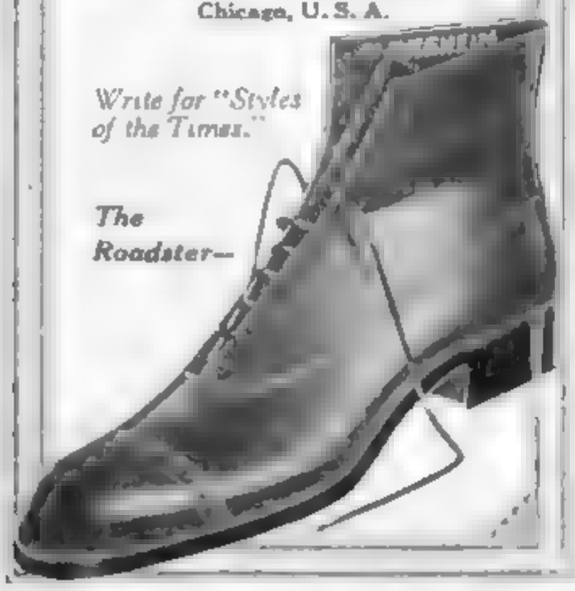

for an instant on the horizon; and a long time afterward, as it seemed, she heard a sound like that of a wagon crossing a remote bridge. A minute later the sky flared out in double patches and far-off reverberations interplayed, unwound themselves and died slowly away.

The world seemed to be smothering. There was a heavy silence, as if the whole night was listening intently for something to happen. Then a tiny adder's tongue of white darted down the edge of the black frame of the universe and there came shaking across the sky a noise as of tearing clapboards.

Unexpectedly Mrs. Rowell became aware that the perspiration upon her forehead had turned cool. The ghost of a breeze drew through the window and moved almost inaudibly among the trees. The night turned in its sleep. A consciousness of activity made itself felt, due to causes outside the scope of human perception. Something behind the clouds was straining to break.

There! To the north the dome parted and two white zigzag streaks leaped earthward, filling the heavens with a fading glare, and followed after a few seconds by a distant detonation. During that lapse of time Mrs. Rowell could see dense masses of vapor rushing toward the zenith. There was going to be a storm—a good one. She wondered whether all the windows were shut. Her forehead was quite dry now.

"Eleanor!" she called. "There's going to be a thunderstorm!" But her voice did not seem to carry. The air was dead. From near by came a clattering peal. The storm was almost upon them. "Eleanor!" she shouted again. "Eleanor!"

She could hear vaguely somebody moving beyond, in the kitchen. She tried to close the window, but found herself unable to do so; some change in the atmosphere made it stick. And now she could hear the roar of the coming wind and see amid the flashes the bowing of the tree tops. The tension had suddenly been relieved. In its place she felt a terror of imminent destruction. Above, there broke out an ominous crackling. "Eleanor!" she shrieked.

A flash came from beyond, but she did not flinch. She was awaiting the horror just over her head. The crackling was running across the arc of the sky, this way and that, ripping and tearing like a herd of angry, growling monsters.

One of the monsters gave a long drawn-out mutter of rage. The night winked rapidly. Immediately over the house a grand piano fell down three successive flights of stairs, coming nearer and nearer every instant, plunging to earth in a near-by field.

Then there came a stupefying crash, and the sky was split by a dazzling sheet of flame that lighted up every detail of the yard outside. She heard Eleanor calling faintly, but she could not move. Then another piano tumbled down, followed by another and another. In the darkness her arm was clutched and, turning, she found Eleanor, in her nightgown, trembling beside her.

"Mother," panted the girl. "We'll never live through it!"

Directly in front of them the sky was rent apart for an instant, revealing tier on tier of clouds, like the side wings in a burning theater, through which they gazed terrified into a molten, glowing furnace. With a roar Thor attempted to strike them down with a hatchet of white flame.

They reeled toward the bed, the girl thrusting her slender body rigidly against that of her mother and clasping her with frenzied fingers. Through the cotton nightdress Mrs. Rowell could feel the quivering of her muscles, the violent beating of her heart, her involuntary shrinking at every flash as, amid the shattering, great slices of incandescence blinked about the house.

Then, with a rattle as of a million snare drums beaten by a million iron rods, the rain drove down upon the roof, pouring off the eaves in solid sheets and leaping up from the ground again to be flung against the windows.

The flimsy old house shook and shivered as the wind tore at the doors and shutters, and added its wailing to the turmoil of rain and thunder. The room was filled with a flickering, ghostly illumination, punctuated with blinding glares accompanied by earsplitting claps along the very ridgepole.

In a paroxysm of terror the two women reverted instinctively to a primitive anthropomorphism, calling silently upon the Deity not to destroy them, yet convinced that he intended to do so.

"Robin!" shrieked Mrs. Rowell.

"Robin!" echoed Eleanor faintly, her teeth chattering.

With one arm about her daughter, the mother felt her way to the door and, guided by the almost incessant flashes, through the kitchen to the stairs leading to the attic. Here they were almost as if in the very heart of the storm, for the rain pounded on every side of them and the roof reverberated like a hollow shell to every roar of the thunder.

Half fainting, they dragged themselves up the stairs as one rending peal would be drowned by another, only, in turn, to be overtopped before its culmination by a stupendous concussion that seemed to mean the end of the world.

"Robin! Robin!" cried both the women when at last they gained his threshold.

But he was not at the window. Neither was he standing by the door. He must have gone out. Could he have left them? A flare like that from a star shell lit up the room and they sought the bed instinctively. Another, and they saw that Robin was there—asleep!

He lay with one arm thrown behind his head, his face toward the window, his chest rising and falling regularly, unconscious of the tumult, serene in the deep slumber that belongs alone to carefree youth. For a moment the mother and daughter regained their courage. They sat down upon the bed, holding hands.

And in the midst of this demoniac dance of the elements the storm hesitated. For a brief space their blinded eyes were relieved by an uninterrupted period of darkness. The wind held its breath.

Suddenly there came a flash so brilliant that it seemed to tear their eyes from their sockets, accompanied by a shattering explosion directly outside the window, which blazed with fire. The house trembled. A curious burnt smell tinged the air. A semi-silence descended, filled with strange whisperings and the gurgle of the water from the eaves, pregnant with foreboding.

And then there came a deep heart-rending sigh, a mysterious rustling. The air pulsated and quivered expectantly. The frame of the dwelling vibrated and a piece of plaster fell from the ceiling upon the washstand. The rustling increased, rising gradually to a roar and followed by a crash that dwarfed all that had gone before. Instinctively they both cried out.

Robin stirred slightly, turned his head, and lifted himself on one elbow.

"What was that?" he asked drowsily. "Did I hear something?"

"We're struck!" chattered Eleanor. "The house has been struck!"

Robin was out of bed in an instant, his arms round the two trembling women.

"It's all right!" he assured them. "The house is safe, and so are you!"

"But it struck something," insisted his mother. "What could it have been?"

He drew them toward the window and looked out. The storm was moving away, though the lightning still glinted across the fields. In the darkness they heard something almost like a chuckle.

"Well, *I* didn't do it, anyhow!" said Robin in a semiapologetic tone.

"Didn't do what?" demanded his mother hysterically.

"Didn't hurt the old elm," he replied. "But it's gone, anyhow. That's where it struck."

The next morning the whole house was flooded with sunshine, bursting through every window and searching out every nook and corner. On the ceiling over Mrs. Rowell's bed it danced in a myriad tiny globules reflected from the pools of water beneath the eaves.

Lying there she felt a sense of happy lassitude, of spiritual relief, of joyous anticipation. They had escaped. It had been a terrible storm, but they were still alive. And then she remembered, with a pang, that the old elm was gone. In her delight at the sunlight she had forgotten all about it. Nothing would ever be the same again! Nothing!

Eleanor was already up at work and in a few moments her mother joined her. Was it the same kitchen? This grimy, smoky cavern, with its sagging ceilings covered with dampspots—Africa and South America outlined in mold? Impossible! Yet there was the stove and there was the table, and through the doorway of the parlor she could see the stuffed owl and the picture of Windsor Castle done in cork.

"Dusty old bird!" she thought. "I wonder why I ever kept it."

Then the warped, discolored floor under the sink and about the thresholds engrossed her attention. The windows were incrusted with hitherto unnoticed dirt. There were the marks of a leak over the fireplace. The carpet was full of holes.

"There's a lot to do here!" she muttered. "I had no idea it was like this. I must get at it right away."

Then she realized it was only because the shadow of the great elm was not there that she was enabled to see these things. The family tree! Quickly she stepped to the window. There it lay, a majestic wreck, a tumbled mass of boughs and foliage, the remnant of its splintered trunk rising from the earth like a huge broken column in some antique excavation.

And from where she stood she could see, to her astonishment, that the interior of the trunk was so rotten and decayed that only the outer shell was left; that the tree when standing had been a menace to the house and all who lived within, as well as to those who might be passing by.

"It certainly was a lovely tree," she sighed; "but—I'm glad it's gone."

Just then she heard the murmur of voices and, looking up, saw Robin and Sally, his arm about her waist, stroll laughing from behind the mass of wreckage.

And slowly, in a dim, half-formulated way, it came to her that the storm was like the great war, which was overturning and extirpating all that was rotten and evil which the world had inherited from the past—just as the lightning had struck down the elm.

Vaguely she realized that something of the same sort had happened, was even at that moment happening, in her own life; for just as the shadow cast upon the house by the tree had now given place to a welter of glorious sunshine, so the shadows of habit, of prejudice and of tradition were being swept away from her own mind by the new light of common sense.

A breeze had sprung up, fragrant with the scents of autumn—of a world dying that another world might spring into being; and it caught the white smoke as it rose from the chimney and drove it away in fantastic dancing shapes, as if the ghosts of Grandpa Rowell, Great-uncle Jabez and Aunt Eliza were being exorcised and driven forth forever.

And before her, in their stead, she saw, in her son and his beloved, the prototypes of the new generation of glorious young manhood joyously going forth to battle in the cause of democracy and freedom, and the no less courageous young womanhood that would await its return and help it construct a new world upon the débris of the old.

But the boy and the girl, standing beside the ruins of the tree, thought of none of these things; for it was the moment of their young love, and they saw only the sunrise that was tinting the mysterious mountain peaks of their future with gold.

And as the mother thus fondly watched them the boy looked down at the girl with a smile; and she pressed more closely to him and, closing her eyes, raised her lips to his.

Prof. Brander Matthews to The American Boy Magazine:

Extracts from a letter written by Prof. Brander Matthews to The American Boy—

"* * * I am moved, first of all, to congratulate you on the magazine. You seem to have a definite ideal; and, what is more, you are generally successful in attaining it. This ideal, as I deduce it, is, * * * to help these boys to become men who are manly, self-reliant, resourceful. * * * I think that I read a large majority of your stories; and I was glad to see how the clever writers achieved 'interest' without inventing impossibilities or even improbabilities. * * * The total effect of your fiction is wholesome. It tends to inculcate independence and self-reliance. *It would help a healthy boy to become a healthy man.*"

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Steady his mind *NOW* as boy-visions broaden into fascinating pictures of his future. He must be *prepared* if you would give him his "fighting chance"—to be a captain in the world's rebuilding!

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The American Boy has the most important audience in the world—the coming American generation. And, The American Boy is edited with a *full appreciation of the responsibility that imposes!* It gives genuine delight throughout the entire year—every month a new number containing a wealth of fascinating and helpful reading and beautiful illustrations. *It instantly catches the interest of today's boy*—and holds that interest! It is made for boys by men who know boys—not only what boys *should* read *but what they will read!*

THE AMERICAN BOY

"The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazine for Boys in all the World"

publishes clean, wholesome stories that provide friends for your boy—friends who return each month, their good influence accumulating and molding your boy by raising his ideals, quickening his ambition, and correctly fixing his standards in transition years. Stories that carry a good moral but do not preach; that stir a boy to think; that instruct but do not ostensibly teach; that show resourcefulness, skill, moral courage, heroism—but are entirely free from crime and the wishy-washy. That is The American Boy standard! But—

The American Boy is not all fiction! It will inspire your boy by telling the achievements of other boys; it will post him on new inventions and reveal to him wonders of nature. Its departments instruct him in electricity, manual training, science, photography, hunting, trapping, fishing, woodcraft, zoology, bird study—and everything made plain by hundreds of photographs and drawings. It is a continuous inspiration!

Fathers, *Mothers, Christmas is the milestone in your boy's life! Give him a new and happy start with a year's subscription. Begin with the big and joyously good 1918 Christmas Number of The American Boy. Present it to him Christmas morning. It will delight the boy more than any other gift.*

Sparkling 1919 Features

For next year, The American Boy's program is the richest and broadest in all its nearly twenty years of publication.

Edwin L. Sabin has prepared a remarkable story of the building of the Union Pacific—proportionately more remarkable than some of today's marvelous achievements.

Great war features are in preparation. The American Boy has two representatives at the front—Clarence B. Kelland, the contributing editor, and Walter K. Towers, formerly managing editor of the magazine. They know what boys like and *should read* about the war.

Ralph D. Paine continues to give The American Boy *true* stories of navy heroes of the present war! Donal Hamilton Haines will have another of his popular and valuable serials entitled "The Dragon Flies," a fascinating, informative story of the aviation service. James Willard Schultz, who lived among Indians 40 years, has written another of his charming serials.

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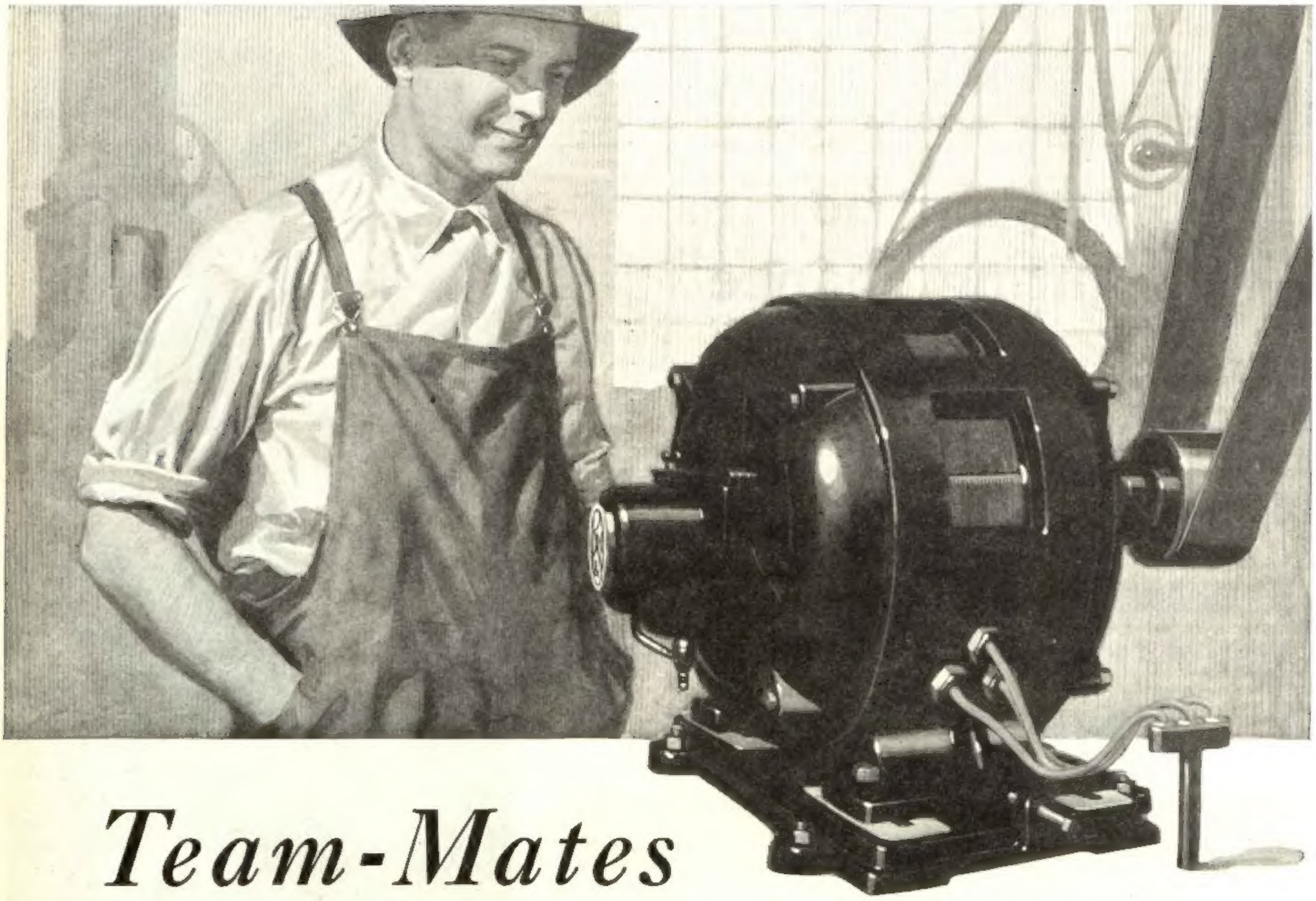

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It increases his pay by increasing his efficiency, by increasing output. He is pleased, the foreman is pleased, the production manager is pleased—everybody happy.

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A pound of P. A.!

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PRINCE ALBERT tobacco in the pound crystal glass humidor—all dolled up like old Mr. Santa Claus on the tick-of-twelve—is certainly a barrel of joy bells, a handout of holly, a tip-top-turkey, all in one! As the gift-of-gladness there isn't anything in its class all day Christmas!

¶ For, Prince Albert is the smoke-that-wins-the-smiles; the little old happy thought that picks the spikes out of the atmosphere around the tribute-table early in the a. m. and keeps the sunshine flowing into jimmy pipes ever after!

¶ You can't buy anything he'll appreciate so much! Because, Prince Albert's quality, fragrance and flavor will meet every taste and satisfaction desire he ever expressed! And, make-a-memorandum here: Prince Albert can't bite or parch! That's because it is made by our exclusive patented process that *cuts out* bite and parch!

¶ Take this tip: You can send this Prince Albert holiday-handout to the boys training at home camps! Say, what would punch in greater Christmas happiness than this joy'us gift? Only, get busy early, and keep clear of the last minute rush on P. A. and on the mails!

¶ Prince Albert in the pound crystal glass humidor (with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in perfect condition) is the distinctive Christmas package, all fussed-in-festal-finery, and equipped with a make-merry tag! Then, there are the handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors, the tidy red tins, and, the toppy red bags—a size to fit every need! You put P. A. on his list and let him in on regular jimmy pipe joy!

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Calendar shows varieties, months during which they are prime, and uses. "C.D." means used for both Culinary and Dessert. "D" means for Dessert only. "C" means for Culinary only. Notes at end of line are just little suggestions.

October—November
1. Grimes (C.D.) fine eating and baker
2. Jonathan (C.D.) excellent eating

October—November—December
3. Winter Banana (C.D.) golden sauce

November—December
4. Delicious (D.) wonderful eater
5. Wagener (C.D.) good all around

November—December—January
6. Spitzenberg (C.D.) quality through
7. Ortley (C.D.) good baker

December—January—February
8. Staymas (C.D.) good all around

Dec.—Jan.—Feb.—March
9. Rome Beauty (C.D.) champion baker

January—February—March
10. White Winter Pearmain (C.D.) fine for salads

February—March—April
11. Winesap (D.) premier eater

February-March-April-May
12. Arkansas Black (C.) long keeper

March—April—May
13. Newtown (C.D.) grand eater

Go by the calendar—and you will not blame the apple

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adds enticing flavor to unsatisfactory war breads. You'll like the fruity, spicy flavor. Sealed jars protect its goodness. Try it and save half the cost of creamery butter.

Buy them by the Box —they cost less

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